FACTUAL
Virginia Country Squires * * * * 6
Souls At Sea * * 33
John Doe, Explorer 92
Flying Fishes * * 182
FICTIONAL
Drug Store * * * 3
The Unbelievers * 12
Italian Street Song 49
The Kidnaping * * 68
UNUSUAL
Ice Without Water 16
The Electrical Detective * * * 56
HISTORICAL
First War Correspondent * * * 29
Trouble at Astor House * * * * 76
Perry and the Samurai * * * 187
SATIRICAL
All-Star * * * * * 45
Beauty and the Beast * * * * * 97
PERSONAL
About Aaron Bohrod 67
I Never Went To College * * * * 72
SEMI-FICTIONAL
The Abbé * * * 179
REGIONAL
City In a Garden * 81
QUIZZICAL
Game of Monikers 71
CULTURAL
Giver of Light * * 19
Monet Paintings 19-26
Rattner Sketches 39-44
Portraits * * * 59-65
Bohrod Painting * 66
A Note on Liszt * 87
Ivory Apes and Angels * * * 99-106
Renaissance Jewelry * * 171-178
PICTORIAL
Composition * 107-117
Sports * * * 118-119
Street Scenes * 120-123
Animals * * 124-127
Children * * 128-135
Landscapes * 136-139
Seasonal * * * 140-143
Marine * * * 144-147
Portraits * * * 148-153
Studies * * * 154-165
Human Interest 166-170

COVER: La Silence by Bernardino Luini (*c.* 1475-1532). The Louvre, Paris

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

MARCH, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for

MARCH

1938

TEXTUAL FEATURES

FACTUAL:

Virginia Country Squires — Sherwood Anderson — 6
Souls At Sea — Thomas McCarry — 33
John Doe, Explorer — Frank Clay Cross — 92
Flying Fishes — Lieutenant C. Adair — 182

FICTIONAL:

Drug Store — Christopher Morley — 3
The Unbelievers — Princess Elizabeth Bibesco — 12
Italian Street Song — Jo Sinclair — 49
The Kidnaping — André Birabeau — 68

UNUSUAL:

Ice Without Water — Robert M. Hyatt — 16
The Electrical Detective — R. DeWitt Miller — 56

HISTORICAL:

First War Correspondent — Tom Mahoney — 29
Trouble At Astor House — Allen Churchill — 76
Perry and the Samurai — Edward M. Barrows — 187

CULTURAL:

Giver of Light — George Slocombe — 19
A Note on Liszt — Carleton Smith — 87
Ivory Apes and Angels — Ralph Cannon — 99

SATIRICAL:

All-Star . Parke Cummings — 45
Beauty and the Beast — H. W. Hanemann — 97

PERSONAL:

About Aaron Bohrod — Harry Salpeter — 67
I Never Went to College — Calvin Kinney — 72

SEMI-FICTIONAL:

The Abbé . . . Sylvia Lyon — 179

REGIONAL:

City in a Garden Louis Zara — 81

QUIZZICAL:

Game of Monikers — A. I. Green — 71

METRICAL

To Lucasta On Going To the Dogs . . Vincent Starrett — 11
Chicago . Thomas Casey — 75
The Sharp Coast — Robert P. Tristram Coffin — 90

MARGINAL:

Telling Tales — Manuel Komroff — 5, 15
The Commercial Announcer — Tracy Perkins — 70
Boss vs. Secretary — Fred C. Kelly — 181

PICTORIAL FEATURES

COVER:

La Silence by Bernardino Luini (*c.* 1475-1532). The Louvre, Paris.

ART REPRODUCTIONS:

PAINTINGS BY CLAUDE MONET

Still Life: Apples, Grapes . . 19
Old St. Lazare Station, Paris 20
Boats In Winter Quarters, Étretat 21
The Artist's Garden at Argenteuil 22
Haystack in Winter 23
Étretat, Morning 24
Bordighera, Trees Near the Sea 25
Nymphéas 26

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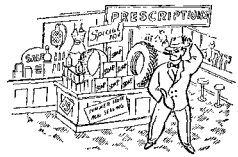
DRUG STORE

ABOUT A MAN WHO BOUGHT A NOTION AT THE CROSSROADS OF AMERICAN MERCHANDISING



HE needed shaving soap, and the specialty displayed in the window looked like a good buy. "SHUNBURN—both a shaving cream and a burn preventive." Always a pushover for advertising suggestion, he thought of trying a tube; and then remembered. Where he was going there would be neither sunlight nor whiskers. But hadn't he read once, in some fool detective story, that the beard goes on growing for a while? Is it possible? Another of the innumerable ignorances that torment us, he thought savagely. The whole performance is a hopeless random struggle against the unknown and the unfair. Excellent to be at last disillusioned, quit of everything.

He looked down the crowded aisles without seeing any sign of what he wanted.

Beside him was the long lunch fountain. All the high stools were occupied; people even standing behind the sitters to reach and jostle for their sandwich and soda. Electric fans roared overhead; with pleasure he saw a creamy froth of Chocolate Julep (horrible!) blown onto a stout man's white Palm Beach waistcoat. I guess that'll teach him, the poor dumb Elk, was the watcher's thought. The chatter of the women infuriated him. How can they palaver while inventing oozy whipped cream and tomato triple-deck sandwiches and balancing bags and parcels on their slopey laps? One of them had hooked her absurd high heel into the footrail and was twisting an attractive silk leg to free it. Her bag flopped from her lap with an interesting soft thump: he could imagine the fantastic miscellany of secrets inside it. In mere habit he picked it up. She thanked him with a friendly smile. If she only knew. All these cheerful people, agog with their own doomed affairs, filled him with proud bitterness. He'd show them. Very soon now, with dignity and finality, he would put the world in its place. He even knew exactly what he was going to say . . . .

The tobacco counter was next. A man was lighting up. In the gust of the fans a rich eddy of Havana tingled his nostrils. How long since he had smoked a good cigar? Why does other people's smoke always smell so much better than one's own? Another symbol of life's idiocy. Suddenly he remem-

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bered old nights of stag enjoyment: The Boys around the green poker board, the smooth click of shuffling cards, the blue haze of pipes.

Across the aisle were tables piled with books. He found himself bending his head sideways to read the titles, though really (he thought) why should I take the trouble? *How To Meet and Dominate Your Fellow Men*, said one. He smiled grimly. Extraordinary job lot of stuff: cook books, mah jong, religious manuals, international peace, textbooks on potatoes and forestry and aviation. Somehow he had always thought of himself as a great reader, though it was long since he had opened anything but detective stories. On another table were larger volumes, evidently by more important authors. *The Complete Works of Voltaire* . . . . he was a pessimist too, wasn't he? Rebellious, angry, sad? Always meant to find out what Voltaire was all about. It used to sound good, "a quiet evening alone with a book." Curl up with a good author . . . instead of curling up with too many highballs. Try it some day . . . absurd again. But those big books, brightly lithographed wrappers and many pages of type, were tempting.

Still he didn't see what he was hunting. Beyond the books he was suddenly among belated vacation gear, now selling off at discount. Bathing suits, rubber caps, sandals (called *espadrilles*, for Basque-ing in the sun he supposed). Clever merchandising, he reflected: sell you bathing suits so scanty you're fried by the sun, then double on you with demulcent and lotion. A man was buying a waterproof beach bag. Suddenly, a vision of dazzling shores. He could feel hot grains beneath his shoulders, between his toes. The lacy glitter of a thin shawl of foam, flung up the slope and suddenly blotted out in dry sand. The soft even rumble of the surf. If one could get away to a place like that, away from meaningless noise, hurry, bicker, the furious chase to catch up, to meet obligations . . . even if only a few hours with immensity . . . well, it was too late now.

Yet he couldn't help wondering, as he walked down the long passageway, what next? Here in a booth a young woman was demonstrating an electric cocktail shaker. "Just plug in at any light socket," she was saying. He was about to ask, D.C. or A.C.? but what did it matter? She plugged in; the vessel emitted a dull churning buzz. No thanks: surely it would make even the most ginsome pickmeup taste like pineapple malted milk. But the ingenuity of humans! Really, people who can think up such things. Why had he never thought up anything?

He came to toys. Tin clockwork trains. Sail boats. Boxes of small carpentry tools. It must be fun to teach kids.

Colored toothpicks to impale cocktail sausages. Cameras. Photo enlargements. A girl on a pier with a wide sun hat and the latest zipper-shorts. Suddenly he seemed to be in a sort of feminine region. Two-tone slacks and

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elastic *maillots* had now simmered down from Newport to Rockaway and were making their last appeal. "Garagemen were the inspiration for these mustard overalls with green monogram" he read of one garment. He was a little profane. Then a waft of perfume struck him: almost the same as one he remembered. What was it: Emeraude? Adieu Sagesse? The shapely mammal in the huge photo simpered at him. Why preserve with the heartless lens the look of a moment long vanished, the instant that can never come again? He refreshed his bitterness by gazing on Bath Salts. Cora was always crazy about Bath Salts, but she never used them herself, always saved them for visitors . . . Angrily he averted his eyes from all the dreadful exhibits classified as Hygiene.

Notepaper. Lovely smooth sheets of cream and palest blue; waiting for a pen. All the letters he might have written. Just one letter, at the proper moment, might have . . .

Here, at last, hidden at the back of the store, beyond the liquor department, was the drug counter. A little man in a white coat peered from behind a proscenium of labeled bottles. He seemed impatient as the customer hesitated. It was not easy, thought the latter, to say what he had so carefully planned, through the apertures of a pyramid of laxatives. It was impossible.

"I guess I've come to the wrong counter. I just wanted some shaving cream."

He retraced his path through the various and exciting solicitations. I'm damned if I'll commit suicide, he said; Life's much too amusing.

—Christopher Morley

TELLING TALES—I

If he is an enemy then let's take him into our confidence and let him advise us. For surely the advice of an enemy may be more valuable to us than the counsel of a friend.

While these were not the actual words of Lincoln, they were part of his principle.

He did take several of his political enemies into his cabinet and at one time was very much criticized for doing so.

But with Napoleon it was quite different. He was not very tolerant. And his guiding principle was something else. One day some members of his staff presented to him a recommendation.

They proposed in it that one of Napoleon's faithful colonels be elevated to the rank of general. His record was distinguished and without a blemish. The years of service and the battles in which this colonel took part were all listed in the recommendation.

"I do not want to see all this!" cried the Emperor. "All I want to know is this:—Is he lucky?"

—Manuel Komroff

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VIRGINIA COUNTRY SQUIRES

THEIR JUSTICE WAS HOMESPUN, THEIR COURTS THE FOLK THEATRE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

THERE were thousands of them. In some states they were called "justices of the peace," in others "squires." Virginia Squires held the little neighborhood courts in which were tried the chicken stealers, the small damage suits—as when a farmer's horse gets into another's corn—the assault cases, some of the liquor cases, petty thefts of all sorts. When I was a boy we had a Squire as a neighbor. He had a tremendous voice.

The man was an early riser and in the summer was abroad at five. He stood on his front porch. Seeing a neighbor three or four blocks away, he began a conversation. His voice rang through the little town and honest citizens, awakening, cursed the Squire.

Still the man was liked. He laughed with his whole body. His fat belly shook and he waved his arms. He had a trick he could do with the muscles of his stomach. He drew it in and then let it fly out. Grasping a small boy he embraced him enthusiastically. The stomach was drawn in, taking the boy with it, and then it was let fly. The breath was knocked out of the boy. He fell to the ground and the Squire stood over him, roaring with laughter. All the bystanders laughed too. Such a man could be elected Squire over and over. No one could beat him.

The Squires are nearly all small farmers. In Virginia, where I now live, three Squires ruled over each squirarchial district. The size of the district was fixed quite arbitrarily. In our county we had three such districts and therefore nine Squires, while in the next county, but slightly larger, there were seven districts and twenty-one Squires.

The Squire received no salary but was paid one dollar for issuing a warrant and two dollars for trying a case. When the prisoner was found guilty he must pay the costs, the Squire's fee, the fee to the officers who serve the warrants, and the witness fees.

The court of the Squire was held in the winter in a farmhouse living room and in the summer on his front porch. In most of our Virginia farmhouses there is a bed in the living room. The Squire's wife is working

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in the kitchen. You can hear the rattle of pans. When the case interested her, as for example when the fatherhood of a illegitimate child was to be determined, or when there was some other misdemeanor that came directly into the world of women, she came in her kitchen apron, and stood by the door listening.

There was always a crowd present. Men and women had come from all the neighboring farms. In the summer, children were playing on the lawn before the house and the women had fixed themselves up. They sat stiffly on chairs brought from the house, in their stiff clean calico dresses. They whispered to each other.

The Squire's court was the theatre of the countryside. Here the tragedies and comedies of the neighborhood were played out to an appreciative audience. For the smaller cases there was rarely a lawyer present. The country people are suspicious of lawyers. They are a necessary evil, at times, but it is best, when possible, to go on without one.

And the Squires were also happier when there were no lawyers present. A lawyer is always telling you how to do things. He has ideas about the procedure of a court. He brings law books with him. "In such and such a case, State of Vermont, volume so and so, page so and so."

"Eh! The devil! What have we to do with Vermont?"

In a Squire's court the man or woman being tried is personally known to the Squire. "Well, Jim—or Lizzy, what about it, eh? Do you agree to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

Often several people are talking at once. Lizzy has had a fight with Martha Smith. On Sunday evening Martha went to church and got to flirting with Lizzy's husband. Lizzy saw her talking to him in the road. Then, on the next day, Lizzy and Martha met in the same road. There were words and a fight started. Lizzy got a black eye and Martha had her face scratched. It was Martha who took Lizzy with a warrant.

"I wasn't doing a thing. I ain't that kind of a woman," Martha says.

She begins to testify, and in the midst of her testimony makes a statement that seems to Lizzy an untruth. "You lie," screams Lizzy from her place on the Squire's front porch. Both Lizzy and Martha have to be held back by their friends or they would go at it again, right in the Squire's court. The man about whom all this fuss is being made sits sheepishly under a tree. The other men are laughing at him. He is filled with resentment. His wife should have gone on home about her business. He and the woman Martha weren't up to anything. Now the men of the neighborhood are whispering together and laughing. His wife has got him into a fine mess.

The Squire may not pass on a case involving a felony, where there is a prison term hanging over the accused.

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He may, however, ask questions, find out if there is enough evidence to justify the man's being sent to court or to the next meeting of the grand jury. During prohibition most of the liquor cases became felonies. The stiff penalties they put on for violations of the liquor laws, cut down the number of cases that formerly belonged in the Squire's court. It cut his income.

In the court of Squire McHugh, who is an old man of eighty-two, the case of Jim McGrew is being heard. Jim is a thin-lipped, smiling man of forty-five, who has a slight limp. His case has attracted wide attention, and neighbors have come to court from all the surrounding cornfields.

It is such an unusual case, that the Sheriff, who took Jim and his two sons, Harold and Burt McGrew, has come over from the county seat, and the county Prosecuting Attorney has come.

It is obvious that these two men are bent on convicting Jim and his sons, who are accused of chicken stealing.

But Jim is slick, with a hard good-natured slickness, difficult to get past.

There have been chickens missing from the neighborhood for months. It isn't a question of a few chickens. Mrs. Sullivan, a widow, lost fifty-two fine hens in one night, and John Williams, a prosperous farmer, lost thirty.

The hen-houses were safely locked at night and there was no noise, not a sound. On the night when Mrs. Sullivan's hens disappeared she was lying awake. She declares she did not sleep a wink all that night. She remembers having locked the door to the hen-house. They were just gone. Not a sound from the hen-house.

In these days, when almost anyone can own a cheap car, a carload of chickens may be lifted in one neighborhood at night and be a hundred miles away by daylight. A man, who looks like a farmer, drives up to a dealer in poultry in some distant place. He sells the chickens, gets the money and leaves. The hens are shipped off to a distant market. How are you going to identify chickens after they get into the dealer's shipping crates?

The man named Jim McGrew lives in a little house on the side of a hill and has six children. They are all in court, with Jim's wife, and look like a brood of young foxes. All of them have sharp eyes, like Jim's, and you can get nothing out of them. The whole neighborhood knows that Jim never works. He lives in one neighborhood until it gets too hot for him and then moves to another. Wherever he goes things just disappear.

He's slick. In spite of themselves the Squire and the neighborhood farmers, who have gathered in, admire his smartness.

They might have got him one time —there was a hen-house, filled with fine friers, back of a rich man's house —but for Jim's brood of kids. When Jim operated he could scatter kids all

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over the neighborhood. People said they had a system of signals. A dog barked or there was the mew of a cat. Then Jim got out into the road and came moping along, as innocent looking as you please.

He likes to smile at the Sheriff with that cold smile of his.

"What are you doing here, Jim?"

"Well, Sheriff, if you want to know the truth, I came out here to get some whiskey. A man was going to sell me some. I guess he saw you here and he lit out."

Whiskey indeed. Jim was after the friers.

The Prosecuting Attorney is after something now. He scents a liquor case. "Where does he live, that fellow who was going to sell you that liquor? What's his name?"

"I don't know." That smile is playing about Jim's lips.

The Prosecuting Attorney is asking him to describe the fictitious man who was to sell Jim the liquor.

"Well," Jim drawls, "he had two gold teeth, like you got, and had grey hair, like the Squire there." He points out the more respectable men present. The fictitious whiskey seller had eyes like this one, wore a hat like that man over there, had on a suit of clothes like the man over there leaning against the tree.

In the Squire's court everyone talks when there is something to say. The Squire can't be too dignified. He is a man of the neighborhood. He stops the procedure of the court to borrow a chew of tobacco from the man accused. He and the Sheriff and the others will get the man if they can. It is a game. Most law cases, even in the higher courts, are a good deal that way.

In the case of Jim McGrew, the Prosecuting Attorney had something up his sleeve. He and the Sheriff had got Jim and two of his brood of kids on a country road at midnight, two or three nights before. It is true there were no chickens in the car that night but Jim had in the car several empty bags and there was a heavy wire-cutter.

And now, almost any night, for two weeks, there had been chickens missing from hen-houses in just that neighborhood. The hen-houses had all been stapled and locked and the staples had been cut with just such a heavy wire-cutter.

They had taken Jim and his kids to jail and one of the kids had talked.

Then afterwards, when he was brought into the presence of his father, the boy had tightened up. "Yes, I did say we stole the chickens but it was a lie," the boy declares. He says he was betrayed into telling a lie. There had been a trick played. They had made the boy think his dad had confessed. It is all right, the Prosecuting Attorney says, smiling at Jim, who smiles back at him. "Maybe we can't get you this time Jim, but we have got the kid."

He explains to Jim that he can send the boy up for what he calls

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"perjury." The idea frightens Jim. Perjury is a big, dangerous-sounding word. Jim gets up from his seat on the grass, his back against a tree in the Squire's yard, and calls his wife to one side. The Prosecuting Attorney is smiling at the Sheriff and the old Squire is smiling. They have got Jim. Jim's wife is a heavy woman with a shrewd face. She and Jim whisper together.

"They can get the kid for telling a lie, eh? Can they send him to jail?"

"Well, I guess they can send him to the reform farm."

"Huh," says Jim, "one of my kids going off there, eh?"

Jim comes back and calling the Prosecuting Attorney to one side holds another whispered conversation.

The crowd is tense now. "You ain't got no case against me and you know you ain't, but I don't want one of my kids stuck. You went and scared the kid and made him tell a lot of lies. What is the least you will give me if I come through?"

It is agreed that the Prosecuting Attorney will ask the Squire to be as light as he can on Jim and Jim confesses. It is to save his kid. They have got Jim this time but all the men in the crowd feel a certain sympathy for him. The Squire feels it too. He will let Jim off light. And so Jim makes his confession to the Squire and to the men and women gathered in the Squire's yard. He makes it as dramatic as he can. After all, even in a chicken-stealing affair there is such a thing as art, and Jim is an artist.

He tells how it was done, how he and the kids have been working, how he got Mrs. Sullivan's chickens and John Williams' lot. There was a night when he and his kids got the chickens right from under the Sheriff's nose. They had their car parked within a quarter mile of the house.

Jim is making the Sheriff cringe a little as he tells his tale. He takes a shot at the Prosecuting Attorney, too. "We would have got yours if you had kept any chickens," he says. Then he takes the jail sentence that has been agreed upon with his characteristic cold little smile and is marched off.

As for the people who have come to the trial, they all feel they have got a good show. They go away along the road talking it over.

"After all, he stuck to his kid," they say, as they go back to the fields and to their work in the corn.

In Virginia, recently, they have done away with the country Squires. All the minor cases in the state are now handled by a special trial judge. He is an employee of the state and gets a salary. The fee system has been abolished. There is little doubt that abstract justice is now getting a better break but there has been a loss too. These Squire courts were our folk theatres, ourselves and our neighbors the actors.

Their disappearance has taken something very colorful out of our lives. —SHERWOOD ANDERSON

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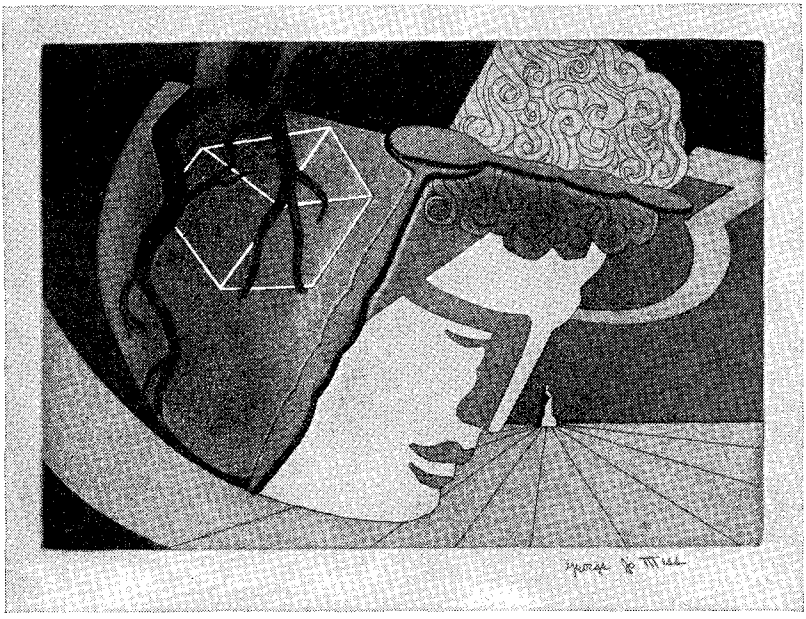

TO LUCASTA
ON GOING TO THE DOGS

When I am cut in marble, deathlessly,
And on a granite base my fame is blown;
When children gather round my feet of stone
To play at bandits, in the shade of me;
When little Pekes and Bostons disagree
Or come to terms around my costly throne,
You will be sorry that your telephone
Was busy yesterday at half-past three.

You will be sorry that you were unkind,
Remembering old quarters of an hour;
Something inside the thing you call your mind
Will scurry like a dead leaf in a shower;
And all that might have been had you been smart
Will be an ice-cube in your fickle heart.

—VINCENT STARRETT

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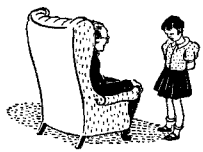
THE UNBELIEVERS

THERE ARE SOME SUBJECTS ON WHICH EVEN A CHILD CAN STUMP EVEN THE WISEST OF UNCLES



THE child said: "I want to know something about God. Not just stories—I mean not something I have been told—'not out of the Bible.'"

The wise man said—wise men are always uncles—"What do you want to know about God?"

"Just something, I don't know, but with a beginning and an end to make it more amusing."

The uncle: "Once upon a time—do you want it to begin like that?"

"Once upon a time—of course—God was a long time ago."

The uncle: "Do you want it to end they lived happily ever afterwards?"

The child: "Well that wouldn't be religious, would it? Besides I want the end to be a surprise."

The uncle: "Once upon a time there was a number of people who believed in God, but they wanted God to believe in them."

The child: "Why?"

The uncle: "They were like that—honest, rational."

The child: "What does 'rational' mean?"

The uncle: "It means a man who doesn't know how to believe."

The child: "What a pity."

The uncle: "So they demanded proofs."

The child: "What is a proof? They can't have been ordinary people. They must have been odd—what sort of people were they?"

The uncle: "Men and women."

The child: "Just men and women?"

The uncle: "Yes."

The child: "Then why did they want proofs?"

The uncle: "You know what a dog is?"

The child: "A spaniel."

The uncle: "You have got a spaniel."

The child: "Of course."

The uncle: "Then you know what a dog is."

The child: "Caesar."

The uncle: "Caesar. You see they wanted to be sure of their God. As sure as you are of Caesar."

The child: "Did they want him to have paws and ears?"

The uncle: "Yes. But they never knew—"

The child: "Please tell me the story."

The uncle: "A number of people

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decided to believe in God, adding God to their belief in themselves."

The child: "Does God believe in other people?"

The uncle: "Don't interrupt—they were strong minded irritable people genuinely preoccupied by tangles of faith and doubt."

The child: "I don't understand—didn't they believe in God?"

The uncle: "They thought they did. But they wanted to be sure."

The child: "Do you mean that they asked Him if he was God?"

The uncle: "Yes."

The child: "How very rude. You don't ask people if they are themselves. Then what happened?"

The uncle: "Well, as you know, mortals always ask God for miracles."

The child: "A miracle must be great fun. Turning one thing into another."

The uncle: "The great miracles don't change things—they add to them—"

The child: "Making a two into four?"

The uncle: "Or into four millions, which is the same thing."

The child: "But what happened to the people who believed in God yet wanted God to believe in them?"

The uncle: "They ended by wanting to be right."

The child: "But then there isn't any story."

The uncle: "Well, there were a number of people who believed in God."

The child: "You said that once before. But what was He like?"

The uncle: "They didn't want to know what he was like but they wanted to know what he could do."

The child: "Do you mean that they spied?"

The uncle: "They asked for miracles!"

The child: "All those good men and women?"

The uncle: "Well, they thought it would be easier to explain God if there was a miracle."

The child: "Why did they want to explain Him?"

The uncle: "That was what God wanted to know."

The child: "But where does the story begin?"

The uncle: "Once upon a time there were a number of men and women—"

The child: "Were there no children?"

The uncle: "Probably—I only know about one child."

The child: "Why do you know about her?"

The uncle: "Because she had a kitten."

The child: "What was the kitten called?"

The uncle: "Cleopatra."

The child: "Why Cleopatra?"

The uncle: "That was her name. The good men and women worshiped God, but their neighbors were like you. They said, 'Why do you worship God and how do you know that there is a God?' "

The child: "How did they know?"

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The uncle: "They knew because they were good."

The child: "And were their neighbors bad?"

The uncle: "They thought their neighbors were bad because their neighbors did not believe in God. But they wanted their neighbors to be good."

The child: "Why?"

The uncle: "Good people somehow or other always want other people to be good."

The child: "Why don't they want them to be different?"

The uncle: "Because then they won't go to Heaven."

The child: "Won't Caesar go to Heaven? I wouldn't want him to be like me even if I were good."

The uncle: "Do you want him to go to Heaven?"

The child: "Well I'd want to know first if he'd like Heaven."

The uncle: "You have no faith."

The child: "I always say my prayers."

The uncle: "What do you pray for?"

The child: "I pray for things other people don't know about. What did those good people pray for?"

The uncle: "They prayed for miracles because they wanted to show their neighbors that they were right about God—"

The child: "And did the miracles come?"

The uncle: "Yes, they came—masses and masses of miracles—"

The child: "Too many miracles?"

The uncle: "Perhaps there were a few too many—"

The child: "What sort of miracles?"

The uncle: "Thunderstorms and things like that."

The child: "But you can have thunderstorms without a miracle."

The uncle. "Yes. But those would be accidental thunderstorms. The good men and women begged the Almighty to send thunder on July the 12th at four-thirty so that they could recognize His voice—"

The child: "They thought His voice ought to sound like thunder?"

The uncle: "Yes. And on July the 12th at four-thirty there was a thunderstorm and after that thousands and thousands of people joined those good men and women and they founded a church and many miracles were vouchsafed to them."

The child: "But did they never ask for anything sensible?"

The uncle: "Well, there was the little girl I told you about—Cleopatra was ill and she prayed to God: 'Oh Lord, if you save my kitten I will give you my soul.'"

The child: "And did He save the kitten?"

The uncle: "Yes."

The child: "And did He take her soul!"

The uncle: "Hers was the only soul He took."

The child: "What happened to the others?"

The uncle: "One by one the good men and women died. One by one

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they approached the Judgment Seat with the utmost confidence."

The child: "Why? Because of the miracles?"

The uncle: "Because of the miracles. The first one said: 'We humbly beseeched Thee, oh Lord, to send us a thunderstorm on July the 12th at four-thirty p.m. and of your Gracious mercy you answered our prayer.' 'Why,' asked God, 'did you want a thunderstorm?' ('I told you,' said the little girl, 'that they ought to have asked for something more sensible.') The good man was for a moment taken aback. Then he said: 'We did not want a thunderstorm, oh Lord, but a sign.' 'A proof,' commented God acidly. And, turning to one of his ushers, he said: 'Take these unbelievers to Hell.' "

The child: "But didn't they believe in God?"

The uncle: "No, only in miracles."

The child: "And the little girl went to Heaven?"

The uncle: "Yes."

The child: "But when God saved the kitten wasn't it a miracle?"

The uncle: "Yes. But the little girl was asking for the life of the kitten, not for a proof of the existence of God. You see, she wasn't being particularly rude."

There was a pause.

The uncle felt that he had dealt with truth in an admirably truthful manner. But the child was dissatisfied.

"It was easy for God to like the kitten," the child said, "but oughtn't He to have forgiven those tiresome people. Wasn't it a little bit His fault if He deliberately sent them so many miracles?"

"That," said her uncle, somewhat nettled, "is another story."

—Princess Elizabeth Bibesco

TELLING TALES—II

Until the very end George Moore retained his keen critical literary faculties and, if anything, they seemed to become sharper and more biting than they had ever been before. One day about a week before he died his publisher visited him. Moore, ill in bed, asked about the news in the publishing world. "Well," replied the publisher, "there is nothing very new excepting that we were talking in the office this morning about Joseph Conrad and how strange it is that his books stopped selling so suddenly."

"He never wrote fiction anyway," replied the ill man.

"But you must admit, Mr. Moore, that Conrad did achieve a style of his own."

At this the dying man sat straight up in bed and with great indignation cried: "What! Style you call it! Why it is nothing but the wreckage of Robert Louis Stevenson floating on the slops of Henry James!"

—Manuel Komroff

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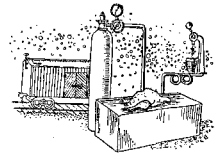
ICE WITHOUT WATER

WHEN YOU COMPRESS 450 CUBIC FEET OF CARBON DIOXIDE INTO ONE, YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE



You drink it in soda pop and seltzer water. Miners use it to blast coal. Packing houses kill pigs with it. Forest rangers extinguish fires, machinists drive rivets, mechanics run motors and the world preserves fruits and vegetables because of it. Doctors utilize its curative powers. It is odorless and colorless and the very breath you exhale from your lungs contains it. It is the chemical miracle of the age. CO_2—dry ice to you!

This amazing product, the base of which is carbon dioxide gas, has more applications than Blitzer's Bitters of 19th century fame. And, while its use has become widespread only in the last few years, its origin goes back to 1644 when J. B. Belmont, a Dutch chemist, recognized carbon dioxide as a gas, distinct from other gases, and peculiar in many ways. Startling as that discovery must have been, it was not, however, until 1722 or thereabouts when Michael Faraday astounded his colleagues by liquefying gases, that the ball was really started rolling.

And it was not until many years later—1922—that the first cake of CO_2 was produced commercially. This first attempt at "ice making without water" proved so expensive that most businesses passed it up as uneconomical. But today there are a score of dry ice manufacturing plants in the United States, and twice that number in Europe. And from the original $150 cost per ton, it has tumbled to $35.

Few people know what dry ice really is.

It was through a strange contradiction of Nature that this amazing product was made available to consumers at a price they can all afford to pay. In California's Imperial Valley, where the summer temperature hangs at about 125 degrees, is a body of water known as the Salton Sea. Near the southern end of this sea is an area famous for its "mud volcanoes," tiny replicas of big volcanoes that bubble constantly, giving off weird vapors. A few years ago a chemist, intrigued by these vapors, made a series of tests and discovered that these miniature volcanoes were sending out 99.6 per cent pure carbon dioxide—from what is probably the

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greatest natural field of the gas in existence.

It was a valuable discovery and before long a regular oil well rig was set up and a shaft sunk into the muddy earth. When the drill reached the 600-foot level it tapped a pocket of gas that hurled steam and sandy water high into the air, and nearly demolished the well. Today that well and several others around it are producing the largest quantity of the purest carbon dioxide gas known to man; and this in turn is converted into fifteen tons of snowy, 109-degrees-below-zero dry ice every day.

As we have said, the uses of CO_2 are almost numberless and according to scientists we have hardly scratched the surface yet. But refrigeration is, of course, the most important use and in this field it has tremendous advantage over water ice. Enormous pressure is required to make CO_2 first a liquid, then a solid cake. When dry ice "melts" in open air, it passes directly back into a gas again and does not require any drainage systems. Consequently, all perishables are kept cold and dry at a temperature three times greater than water ice. Another distinct advantage is its lesser bulk. Refrigerator trucks that formerly had to carry 700 pounds of water ice, now carry only 50 pounds of dry ice, and attain the same results.

Shipping lines and ocean-going vessels are rapidly installing dry ice compartments in their units. Recently, when grain ships were strikebound in San Pedro Harbor, millers became frantic about their tons of spoiling corn in the holds. In desperation, they consulted one of Los Angeles' dry ice manufacturers, who saved the day. The corn on board was 120° hot because of internal combustion, that same phenomenon that causes haystacks to catch fire without evident cause.

Moreover, rats, mice and insects, plus a tiny fungus growth, were getting into the grain and ruining it. Chips of dry ice were scattered through the fermenting corn, and the ships' holds were sealed up. The next day the temperature had dropped to 74° and all the pests had been suffocated by the carbon dioxide gas! Since that day, dry ice has saved more than 500,000 tons of grain in California ships.

This experiment led to another important field for dry ice—fumigation. If pests in a ship were exterminated by the use of this product, then pests in other places could likewise be killed.

Before long there will be a safe, economical dry ice insect and rodent exterminator in the market.

Killing hogs with CO_2 had its inception in a Chicago packing house. It was known that if you sat in a room filled with carbon dioxide gas (which contains no oxygen) you would gradually drowse off to suffocation. A pig when frightened or hurt, immediately discharges a sort of lactic acid through its body. Hence the lard

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from a butchered hog often turns rancid with this taste. So it was that hogs were "put to sleep" by the CO_2 process and butchered without pain or fright, thus eliminating all chances of spoilage.

But these are just a few of the uses for dry ice. Aircraft manufacturers have discovered that intense cold is the best thing for softening aluminum alloys used in airplane rivets. Further, it makes the metal contract. Today, airplane rivets are first frozen with dry ice before being inserted in their holes; after which they are flattened down, expanding as their temperature rises, so that they are tighter than any machine could force them.

Even in golf CO_2 has its place. One rubber company chills golf balls so their centers will not get out of shape when being wound.

And still that's not all. It takes 450 cubic feet of carbon dioxide to make one cubic foot of ice. A piece of this substance placed in a glass jar would, after a few minutes, explode with tremendous force, as the ice changed back into its 450-times-as-large gaseous state.

Working on this theory, A. B. Everts, supervisor of Cleveland National Forest in San Diego, recently demonstrated a light, fast-acting piece of fire-fighting equipment that uses evaporating ice to put 125 pounds of pressure behind a 150-foot stream of water from a hose.

Chemists declare that the action of volcanic heat on beds of limestone is the cause for natural carbon dioxide in the Salton Sea area. This is the process for converting the gas into solid blocks of dry ice: The natural carbon dioxide gas is piped into a converting plant. Huge Diesel engines power compressors which reduce the gas to 1-450 of its former volume under enormous pressure. Then it is chilled with ammonia to 40° below zero and becomes a liquid; at 109° below it turns to "snow." This flaky product is put in a 275-ton hydraulic vise, where it is pressed into 250-pound cakes of dry ice, ready for its container.

But this is not the only process for making CO_2. As a matter of fact, the methods of manufacturing are almost as numerous as the uses. Carbon dioxide is found in the air, the water and the earth. Before the discovery of the Imperial Valley source, dry ice was made as a by-product of alcohol fermentation, or by the use of coke and limestone. Recently in the East, chemists found that big smokestacks were a source of CO_2. And that is where some of it comes from.

Waste gases and smoke are passed through towers before going up the stacks. Lye trickling down the towers, combined with ammonia, produces a chemical reaction that extracts the precious refrigerant.

Of man's many allies, dry ice certainly is one of the greatest, and the future will reveal countless other uses for it. —ROBERT M. HYATT

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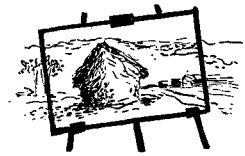
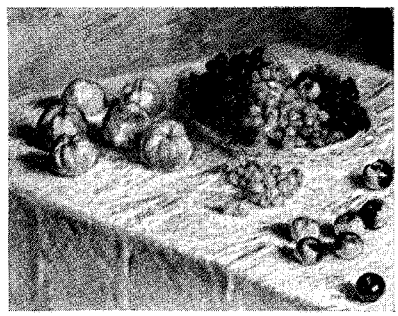
GIVER OF LIGHT

CONCERNING CLAUDE MONET, WHO RE-CREATED NATURE IN THE IMAGE OF ITS REFLECTIONS



IN 1883 Monet and the other Impressionists were invited to exhibit in London, a city then less reactionary in its judgment of painting than Paris. During the next six years opinion veered slowly but steadily in favor of the new school, but its members were nevertheless excluded by the French Ministry of Fine Arts from the immense galleries of painting and sculpture which formed part of the Universal Exposition of 1889. The most conspicuous among the painters and sculptors ignored by the authorities were Monet and Rodin. Both artists accordingly organized jointly a private exhibition of their work in the Georges Petit gallery. Monet showed several hundred canvases, the product of his immense if unrewarded industry during the twenty-five years which had elapsed since his seascape, *La Pointe de la Heve*, had been favorably noticed at the Salon of 1864.



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Still Life: Apples, Grapes (1880)

This exhibition marked the turning-point in the career of both artists. They had not yet gained any widespread recognition of their talent. They were still far from financial ease. But they had won, by sheer obstinacy and rude combat, the right to a grudging respect. Both were impulsive, violent men, given to sudden impetuous strokes of chisel or brush. There was a certain ruggedness in their work as there was a certain ruggedness in appearance. Both were broad-shouldered, sturdy men with wide shaggy beards, and massive, heroic heads. Each had that indefinable look of the master-craftsman which distinguishes the French artists of genius from those of most other nations—a dignity, a simplicity, something in

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OLD ST. LAZARE STATION, PARIS (1877)

the way the head rests on the shoulders, something in the way the wide yet sensitive hands rest after labor on the broad thighs.

Each was a solitary, struggling and suffering in silence. Each had his moments of doubt, of self-questioning, of disillusionment, of despair. During the three or four years which immediately preceded the exhibition of 1889, Monet betrayed, in letters to friends, his dissatisfaction at the meager fruit of nearly a quarter century of incessant struggle. To one such letter his friend Octave Mirbeau replied with brutal and with stimulating candor. "There is only one thing that should worry you, and that is your art. Are you progressing or are you in decay? Those are the only questions which you should ask yourself. Well then, my friend, I will answer them for you. During the past three years, you have made giant strides. You have discovered new things. Your art has widened. You are the only artist of our time who has endowed painting with something which it did not possess. And your vision is steadily widening. You are in full possession of your powers: the strongest and also the subtlest, the one who will most

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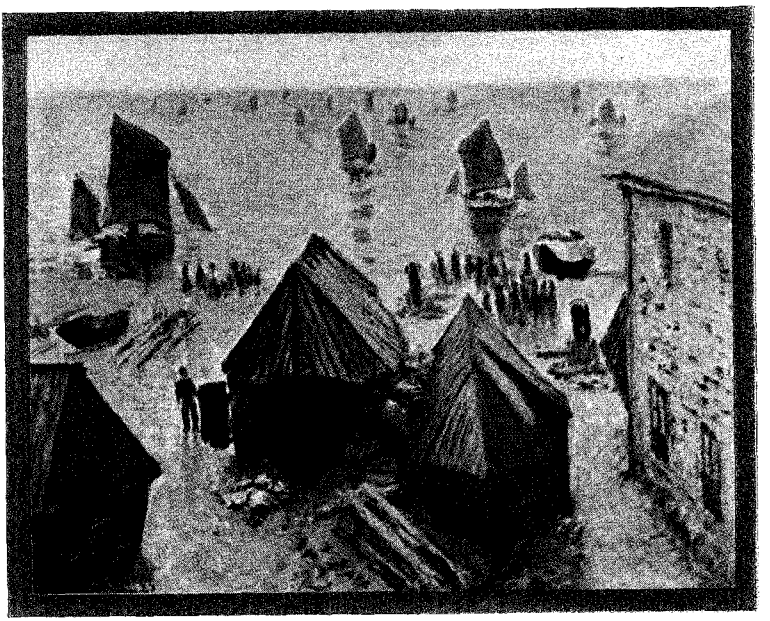

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BOATS IN WINTER QUARTERS, ÉTRETAT (1885)

influence others after him. And yet you tell me that you are finished. The truth is that you are suffering, without knowing it, from a purely physical and purely critical distress. All the men of your age have gone through it or will go through it."

Monet was, in truth, now at the height of his powers. He had established himself in a small house and garden in the village of Giverny, on the banks of the Epte, and near the wider waters of the Seine. His garden was bounded on one side by a public road and on the other by a small departmental railway, but a wall and trees and great arches of flowers hid both. The waters of the little river ran through the garden, and in a flower-scented solitude, Monet began to create his water-gardens, his lily pools which were to form the major preoccupation of his declining years and to provide the motif of his last great series of studies of sunlight and shadow, the *Nymphéas*. At Giverny he began, in 1890, the series of the *Meules*, fifteen harvest studies of cornstacks seen at all hours of the day and in all degrees of light. The same method was to serve him later for his series of poplars, of Thames-side

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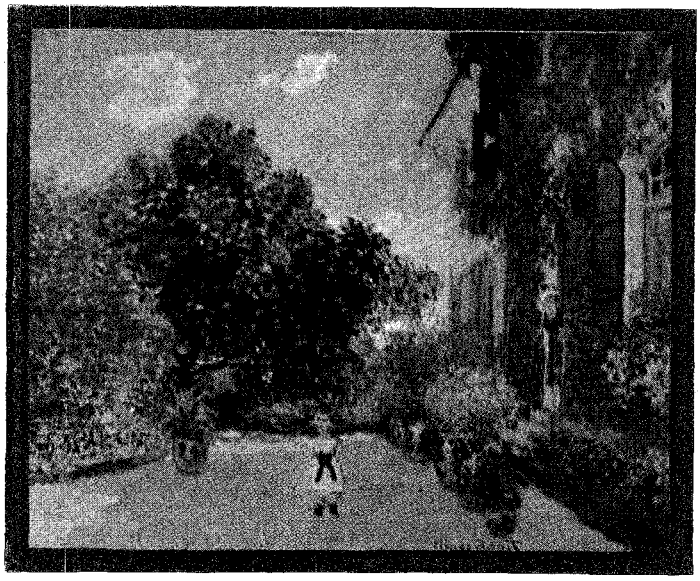

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THE ARTIST'S GARDEN AT ARGENTEUIL (1873)

impressions, of cathedrals, of water-lilies. The subject varied, but the secret theme remained unchanging: the light of the sun and its infinite variations, its reflections and refractions in golden wheatsheaves, in silvery poplars, in the iridescent mist of London, in the weathered stone of the cathedral of Rouen, or in the scarlet and mauve and green of the lilies in his ponds at Giverny. He had the eye of a painter, and no human eye since Turner's was more sensitive to the infinite variations of light and color. But he had also the dreaming heart of a poet, and all his major work was cast in a purely lyrical epic mould.

With his arrival on the banks of the Epte at Giverny his consciously and deliberately creative life began. Hitherto he had labored mightily and passionately. His output in twenty-five years had been enormous. He had painted from summer dawn to summer eve, and all the short hours of winter. For nearly thirty years his major preoccupation, like that of all or almost all the innovators and pioneers in the art of his day, had been to survive in the struggle for existence, to fight for recognition, to combat the scorn and vituperation and enmity of the prevailing school of painting, and just to buy bread

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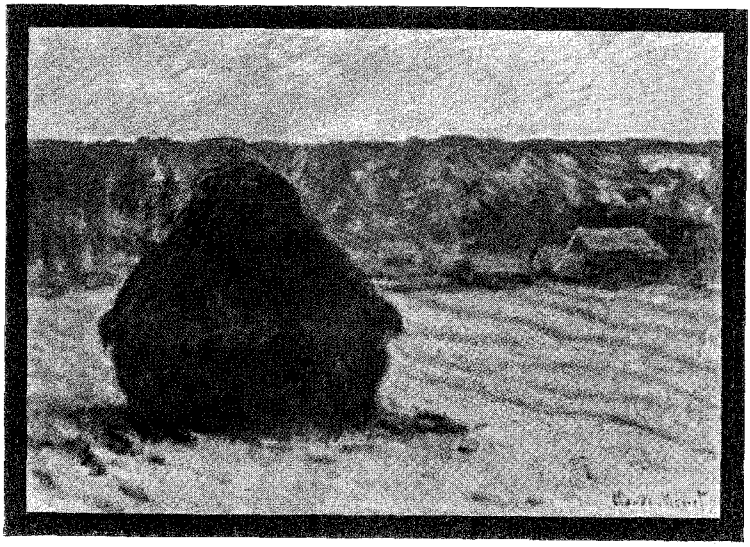

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HAYSTACK IN WINTER (1891)

for his wife and children was no easy task. Now at last, with the success of the joint exhibition with Rodin, with the widening celebrity of the Impressionists in England and other countries, with the weakening of the opposition of the French critics, dealers and collectors, came a certain relief from monetary distresses. He could undertake more ambitious themes. The *Meules*, begun in 1890, were exhibited in 1891. In the following year he painted a series of poplar trees. In 1893 he commenced the magnificent series of *Façades of the Cathedral of Rouen*, a series conceived like the movements of a symphony. He had never yet attempted anything so audacious: A mere fragment of the façade of a cathedral filling, with but slight variations of the angle of vision, the whole of a canvas—and this motive interpreted in twenty moods, each mood a phase of light, the changing aspect of weather-beaten stone in varying hours of the day. The result was the most astonishing of the achievements of Monet yet seen. The twenty studies of Rouen Cathedral surprised, bewildered and overawed even those who had come to admire his chromatic effects.

London and then Venice gave him his next great themes. The human

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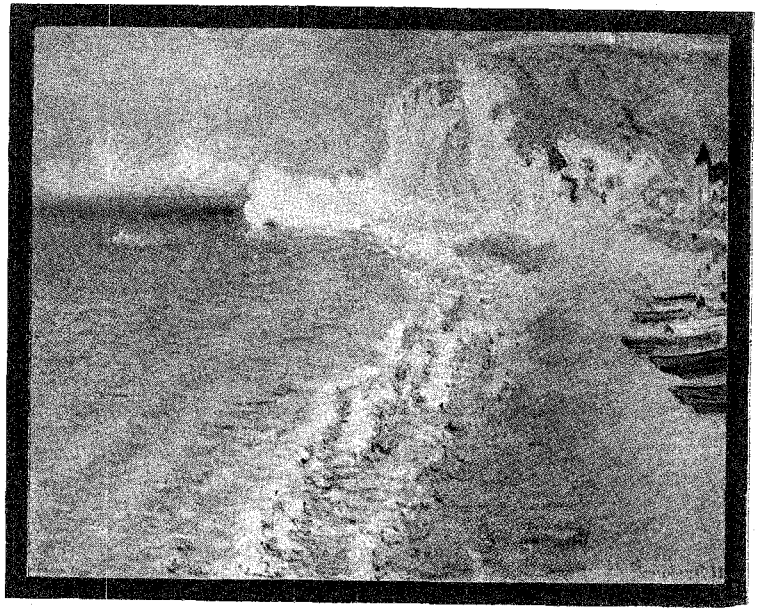

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ÉTRETAT, MORNING (1883)

activities of those cities interested him, artistically speaking, not at all. But he loved to paint water in all its aspects, and to paint the atmosphere in all its moods. His studies of the Thames were studies of fog and mist, of a grey sluggish river, of dim outlines of bridges and towers, of a humid and ponderous air. More realistic than the *Nocturnes* of Whistler, more lyrical than the river scenes of Turner. No city in the world owes more of its especial and eternal characteristics to the combined influence of sky and water. Monet, who had been taught by Eugene Boudin at an early age to seize the effects of sea and sky at Le Havre, was an inspired and predestined painter of the Thames. Turner had seen it as a mere reflection of the London sky, clearer, more radiant than in Monet's day. But Monet caught its mass, its peculiar metallic quality, its irisations under the dripping mist, its reflections of boats, barges and bridges, and all the colored fires of the London of the nineties.

Water Monet could never fail to paint, the water of the English Channel, of the Mediterranean at Antibes or at Bordighera, of the Thames at London or of the Seine at Argenteuil,

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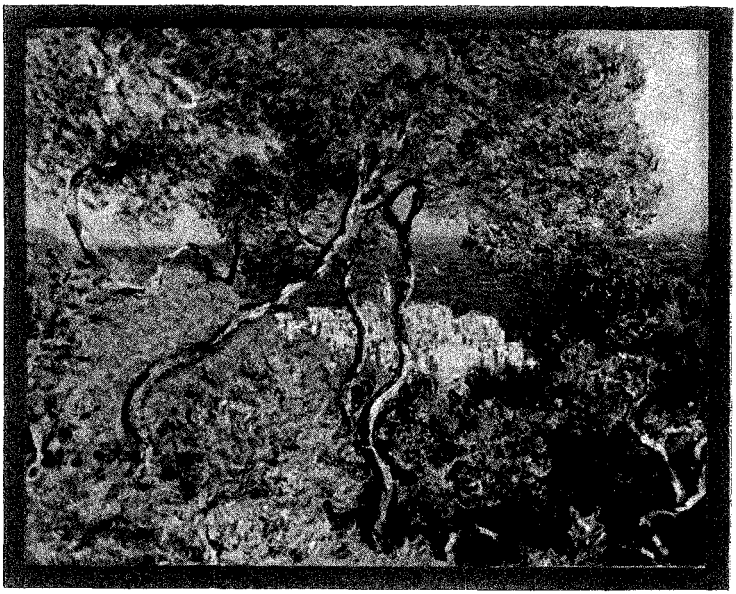

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BORDIGHERA, TREES NEAR THE SEA (1884)

Vetheuil or Vernon. Skies he could not but respond to. The aspects of natural phenomena under all lights and moods of the sky were his especial passion, and no painter dead or living had a more acute retina to register the ephemeral tones of landscape. The stones of Venice, like the stones of Rouen or of London, were to him a living theme, like all material things which reflected light, and of which the local tone could be destroyed and re-created by light. But the stones of Venice were never more to Monet than an instrument to seize and record the passage of light. His attitude to them was never historic. He was supremely concerned with the activities, not of his own planet, alone, but of the sun in its chromatic relations with the earth, and with the mysteries of solar chemistry.

His fame was now assured. The Cathedrals, the Thames studies, the scenes of Venice and Holland had gained him celebrity and appreciation outside the frontiers of France. The museums and the private collections of the world steadily acquired his works. Official France alone continued to ignore him.

The last phase came, the most

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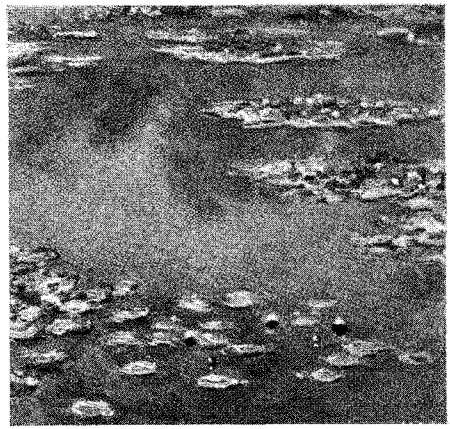
brilliant and the most tragic: that of the *Nymphéas* and the race against blindness. He had long meditated the theme offered to his color-avid vision by the water-lilies in his ponds at Giverny. The water-garden lay there, rich and tranquil, with its blaze of exotic bloom, under the shade of overhanging trees through which the setting sun burst like a forest fire. In twenty years it had grown in splendor. In the glory of its blossoming it had become the synthesis of his vision of light, the solar spectrum materialized. Suddenly, one morning in the summer of 1916, his resolution was taken, his mind was made up. He gave the order to build a studio in his garden, on the edge of the water-lilies. The World War raged not forty miles from his tranquil pond, but in his absorption with the grandiose spectacle of his garden he was oblivious of it as if he had been four thousand miles and not forty distant from the Western Front. With glowing colors, with a brush that left fiery traces like a comet, he began to paint the first panels in that series which was afterwards to be repeated and magnified in the *Nymphéas*. He was then seventy-six years old, and soon to be stricken with cataract of both eyes. He had been painting for sixty years, but he entered upon this latest and last of his enterprises as eagerly as a youth.

He worked on these gigantic panels for twelve years. Dissatisfied with the first of his sketches, he destroyed or abandoned them and began again. The war ended and found him scarcely conscious of the changed world of peace. In the middle of the Peace Conference his friend Clemenceau would descend upon him, still snarling after a bout with Wilson or Lloyd George, and would go away strangely humbled and silent. In the middle of his task the old man was seized with semi-blindness. He refused an operation which might have left him completely blind, and in spite of the prayers of his family continued to work. Before his enormous panels with his vision almost gone, and forced to sit close to the canvas in order to see at all, he now



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Nymphéas (*1906*)

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performed the technical prodigy of painting a vast theme without being able to judge his work from the distance at which it should be judged. The marvelous retina which had so long served him was veiled and almost useless now. "He is only an eye," Cézanne had said of him, "but what an eye." And now the eye was lacking. He painted on in a kind of delirium, working by instinct rather than by sight, painting by divination, in an inspired state of exaltation and trance. His family, his friends, watched him helplessly, in an agony of disquiet lest the blinded vision should blunder into impotence, lest the last work of Monet should betray the tragic deficiency that had come upon him. Clemenceau, visiting him at frequent intervals in a similar anxiety, saw him laboring over the reflection of clouds in the water, noted the heaviness of the reflections, and feared the worst. But one day the old man, triumphant and trembling with excitement, led him to his great studio by the lily ponds and showed him the last of the panels, with the dreaming surface of the water roseate in the evening light, with the reflections of the sky like blue petals among the rose. The clouds, once heavy and formless, were light as air, irised, and ethereal.

"What do you say now?" asked Monet in glee. "You did not dare criticize. But I knew very well that the water was pasty. It might have been cut with a knife. All the highlights had to be done over again. At first I dared not attempt it. Then I decided to. It would be my last word. You were afraid that I would spoil my canvas. So was I. But somehow, I do not know how, my misfortune gave me confidence, and in spite of the film over my eyes I saw so clearly what had to be done to restore the harmonies of the picture that this confidence sustained me. And now look at it? Is it better or worse?"

"I was wrong," admitted Clemenceau. "You are so completely a painter that you have succeeded in completing, with a deficient vision, the harmonies which your full vision saw."

"It is an accident."

"But an accident which did not happen to poor Turner."

"And now it is finished," said Monet. "I am blind. I have no more reason to live. Nevertheless, do you hear, as long as I am alive I will not permit these panels to leave my studio. I have reached a stage when I am more afraid of my own criticism than of that of the most qualified. It is very possible that I have attempted something beyond my powers. Well, I am ready to die without knowing my fate. I have given the pictures to my country. I leave it to judge of me."

He died soon afterwards, ignorant, as he had wished to be, of the fate of his *Nymphéas*. They were his supreme bequest to a country which had done nothing for him, to a State which had scorned him in his youth, and ignored

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him in his maturity, preferring to his superb and sensitive vision the dull photographic images of thousands of academy-trained painters who are now mercifully forgotten. France, I say, had done nothing for him—nothing, and yet everything, for had he not had the supreme good fortune to be born in a country in which painting, even if repellent, revolutionary or iconoclastic, creates excitement, scorn, anger or enthusiasm, anything but indifference, a country endowed, moreover, with wide rivers and deep forests, with a sky of turquoise and pearl, with seas of emerald, with cities and villages whose weathered stone takes on a warm tint with time, and a landscape not hidden, even in winter, from the rays of that sun which Monet was among the first of his countrymen to re-discover.

And there lives Monet forever, among his gigantic panels, radiant in the self-portrait done before the film had fallen over his eyes, a heroic image of a man, like an inspired craftsman, or a leader of peasants, grand as Garibaldi or Lincoln, with the massive, rugged face, the smiling eyes, the great temples, the flowing beard, the air of rude health and calm strength.

Opinions vary concerning the *Nymphéas*. Monet had long since become an old master, and therefore reactionary, to several generations of painters who had severally accepted, become indifferent to, and finally scorned the miracle of Monet's rediscovery of light. Even admirers of Monet felt that in his last great combat with the sun he had finally abandoned the art of the painter for the science of the physicist. The analysis of light had absorbed him too thoroughly, to the neglect of design, form, composition.

Yet the exposition of the great panels of the *Nymphéas* in the Orangerie of the Tuileries opened in a hush of almost unwilling admiration. The public observed less the glowing surface of the lily pond than the serene and radiant face of the painter, a man who had died at the age of eighty-eight after a lifetime of magnificent struggle, a Frenchman of the heroic breed, generous, unrancorous, accepting victory and defeat silently, and at his end presenting his ungrateful country with the greatest of his works.

He had been generous in his life, and noble in his death. He had added glory to the artistic annals of France. His works were honored in all the museums of the world, even if they had never been purchased by the official galleries of France, and had only entered the Luxembourg and finally the Louvre after a bitter struggle, and then as the bequest of private benefactors. He had died as he had lived, without official rewards or decorations, an old man working silently in a village garden, blind at the end like Homer, the Homer of French painting.

—GEORGE SLOCOMBE

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FIRST WAR CORRESPONDENT

GEORGE KENDALL'S DISPATCHES SCOOPED EVEN THE GOVERNMENT BACK IN 1846

VISITORS to the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in London will find among the inscriptions one reading: "The first and greatest of war correspondents." The line identifies the bones of Sir William Howard Russell and has found its way into a great many history books.

Like so many inscriptions in holy places, this one is inaccurate. Sir William may have been the greatest war correspondent but he certainly was not the first one. This distinction belongs to a nervy American named George Wilkins Kendall. He was reporting the Mexican War eight full years before Sir William got into action in the Crimea.

Any comparison of the enterprise of the two is in favor of the American. Except for a cable on the fall of Sebastopol, Russell mailed all of his news of the battles of the British with the Russians. Kendall, however, in 1846 rushed his stories from Mexico to New Orleans and Baltimore by every available means of communication. These included the telegraph, railroads, steamboats, stage coaches and sixty blooded horses used in relays.

Kendall's dispatches were often a day ahead of the official government reports. Nearly every message was a beat. No correspondent ever kept his home office happier. Yet today Kendall's story is almost forgotten. His dispatches gave the Baltimore *Sun* the privilege of informing the government of what its armies had done, but a recent history of the paper does not mention his name. He was one of the founders of the New Orleans *Picayune* but the paper was able to muster barely a column of type about him in its recent massive 100th anniversary edition.

The anonymity of newspaper work at the time and his roving career have helped the passing years obscure his name. When the Mexican War began Kendall had thirty-seven years of adventurous wandering behind him. He had been born at Mount Vernon, New Hampshire, in 1809. He learned printing at Burlington, Vermont, and then moved to Washington where he worked on both the *National Intelligencer* and the *National Telegraph*. He next turned to New York and worked for Horace Greeley

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in the printing shop which the famous editor operated before founding the New York *Tribune*.

To escape a cholera epidemic, Kendall traveled south in 1832. He went first to Mobile, where he worked for a year on the *Register*, and then to New Orleans. With four hundred dollars' worth of equipment, he and Francis Lumsden, also a printer, in 1837 founded the *Picayune*, so-called because it sold for a picayune, the smallest silver coin then in circulation in New Orleans. Now obsolete, the picayune was a Spanish half real, about the size of the present dime and worth six and a fourth cents.

The paper was a success almost from the start and by 1841 its position was so secure that Kendall had the time to join an expedition of Texans to New Mexico, then a Mexican province. This expedition was a project of General Mirabeau Lamar, then president of the Republic of Texas. Publicly it was a good will trade excursion to promote commerce between Santa Fe and Texas. Secretly it was to suggest to the inhabitants of the remote and badly governed province that they revolt from Mexico and join the Republic of Texas.

The force left Austin with 320 able men but took insufficient provisions and lost the way. When the men separated to seek food, soldiers of Manuel Armijo, the Mexican governor, captured all of the survivors and took them to Santa Fe as prisoners. Kendall had a passport signed by the Mexican Consul at New Orleans but was treated like the others. Two hundred were tied together with lariats and marched 1,500 terrible miles overland to Mexico City. Some faltered crossing the Chihuahua desert and were shot in the back by their merciless guards. The ears of the dead were cut off to prove that they had not escaped.

All of this did not keep the captive Kendall from appreciating a pretty girl when he saw one on the way. Of an Albuquerque beauty, he wrote:

"She could not be more than fifteen; yet her loose and flowing dress, but half concealing a bust of surpassing beauty and loveliness, plainly disclosed that she was just entering womanhood. Her figure was faultless, and even the chisel of Praxiteles himself never modeled ankles of such pure and classic elegance. I lingered to take a last look. . . "

In Mexico City, the captives were confined in Santiago prison. There Madame Calderon de la Barca, wife of the Spanish minister, visited them and mentioned the fact in her famous memoirs. The foreign diplomats secured the release of the prisoners but Kendall contracted small pox and was placed in San Lazaro hospital for several weeks with lepers. Always the reporter, Kendall took notes as he recovered. Of the lepers, he wrote:

"The limbs of many, and more especially the hands, appear to be drawn out of all shape. Gradually the nose and parts of the feet are carried

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away, while the features become distorted and hideous. The voices assume a husky and unnatural tone."

Kendall recovered and made his way back to New Orleans by way of Vera Cruz to find himself famous. He published his experiences serially in the *Picayune* during 1842. Captain Frederick Marryat, the English writer, based his novel, *Monsieur Violet* the following year on Kendall's adventures. In 1844, Kendall's account was published in two volumes as *The Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition*. Though 40,000 copies were sold in the next eight years, the work is now a collector's item.

When war began between the United States and Mexico in 1846, Kendall went to the Rio Grande with the first troops. A complete list of the causes of this war must include Kendall's book along with the annexation of Texas and the spell of manifest destiny. After arranging for the transportation of his dispatches to New Orleans from Port Isabel, where General Zachary Taylor made his base, the correspondent attached himself to a unit of Texas horsemen, Ben McCulloch's Rangers.

Kendall saw the battles of Resca de la Palma and Palo Alto and sent couriers through the chaparral to Port Isabel with stirring accounts of the victories. The correspondent continued with the army to Camargo, Monterrey and Saltillo. He lived, ate and slept with the soldiers. At Monterrey, he waded the Santa Catarina at night in the rain with General W. J. Worth and wrote an account of the battle which inspired Charles Fenno Hoffman's ballad.

A small body of troops with whom Kendall was riding a little later encountered a detachment of Mexican cavalry. With the memory of Mexico City dungeons still fresh in his mind, Kendall plunged into the fight with his companions. He came out with the flag of the enemy! This banner was taken to New Orleans and displayed in later years by the *Picayune* at fairs.

When it was decided that the war could be won only by a campaign from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, Kendall moved from the camp of General Taylor to that of General Winfield Scott. The correspondent landed at Vera Cruz with Worth's troops and got off a dispatch as soon as the guns of San Juan de Ulloa had been silenced. Incapacitated by fever for a time, Kendall continued with the invading army and organized an ever lengthening pony express service to take his dispatches to Vera Cruz.

While Kendall had great natural obstacles to overcome, he also had some circumstances in his favor. He was his own boss. If he wanted to buy a horse, charter a ship or bribe a native, he could do it without having to present an expense account to a home office. He was with an ever victorious army and there was no censorship.

To insure the arrival of Kendall's dispatches ahead of official reports or

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those of rivals who appeared later, steamers with typesetting equipment put out from New Orleans to meet boats from Mexico. By the time the steamers returned to New Orleans, the dispatches were in type and a newspaper was only a matter of minutes.

Copies were started north at once for the Baltimore *Sun*, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the New York *Herald* and other papers. Telegraph service, then but two years old, did not extend south of Washington, but flashed the dispatches to the northernmost papers where they were credited "By the Magnetic Telegraph."

Kendall toiled with Scott's army through the summer of 1847 along the route which Cortez had followed three centuries earlier. Battles were fought and won at Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, Puebla and Churubusco. The army included Robert E. Lee, Franklin Pierce, U. S. Grant and many others who were to find high places, some of them because Kendall was present to record their exploits for the folks back home.

Though in every fight, Kendall remained unhurt until the very last. On September 13, 1847, the last day of fighting, he accompanied his friend General Worth in the storming of Chapultepec Castle at Mexico City and during the battle received a bullet in the knee.

Lying on a cot with his knee bandaged, he wrote a dispatch late that night that caused the Baltimore *Sun* printers to use all of their headline type when it reached them. Even after nine decades, with their vaster wars, the pulse is still quickened by the headlines of Kendall's story:

"The Stars and Stripes fly over the palaces of Montezuma . . . Surrender of the city . . . Santa Anna in flight . . . General Scott on a prancing white horse. Plans for the formal entry and peace negotiation. Storming of the Castle. Battle of the causeways. Desperate fighting. Heroism of Quitman . . . Worth . . . Twiggs . . . an engineer officer, Captain Robert E. Lee . . ."

A courier rode through the night toward Vera Cruz with the dispatch and it reached Washington twenty-four hours ahead of the official government advices.

The end of the war found the *Picayune* so prosperous that Kendall's active service was unneeded. He moved to Texas to recuperate in the mild climate of New Braunfels from his wound and fever. There he wrote detailed accounts of the twelve principal battles of the war for book publication.

Kendall died of yellow fever on October 21, 1867 at his ranch home, Post Oak Springs.

Above his grave in near-by Boerne, his family placed a stone inscribed: "George Wilkins Kendall, Poet, Journalist, Author and Farmer; Eminent in All." There can be no quarrel with the accuracy of this inscription.

—Tom Mahoney

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SOULS AT SEA

THE VOYAGE OF THE WILLIAM BROWN—A DOCUMENTED CASE OF HUMAN SABOTAGE

ON MARCH 15, 1841 the American ship *William Brown* broke anchor at Liverpool and spreading her canvas to the freshening wind set sail for Philadelphia. Eagerly the passengers lining the rail of the outgoing ship waved back to those on shore. Two weeks delay in sailing had made them restive. Their spirits climbed as the sails unfurled and bellied out to the wind.

Day sped after day in the routine of the sea. The passengers' quarters, cramped, sour-smelling, were often soaked by a sea that had been shipped on deck and found its way below through an open hatch. But neither this nor the fare, beans and salt pork, relieved occasionally by the slaughter of one of the ship's pigs, affected the sturdy passengers.

The thirty-sixth day out, Monday, April 19, the *William Brown* was 325 miles southeast of Cape Race, Newfoundland. On deck shone a bright morning sun, but the sky, as night drew on, became sullen and overcast, the leaden sea rolled in long swells, and over the ship the sails, grey and ghostly, strained in the fitful wind.

Lookout Thomas Elders at the masthead, mindful of the warnings of the proximity of ice, stared from his rolling perch into the thick night. But there was nothing except the dark sea and darker sky merging on the horizon. Below him he could see the dim, flickering light of the binnacle; First Mate Newton slowly pacing the deck. The lights in the cuddy were out. People were asleep.

The first bell of the watch struck. Then, suddenly—

Out of the night she came, dim, nebulous, dreadful, right in the path of the *William Brown*. Elders saw and momentarily was paralyzed. Frantically, he yelled to the poop,

"Ice! Ice! Dead ahead!"

Newton's pacing stopped short. He spun towards the helmsman:

"At the helm there! Port! Hard-a-port!"

The wheel spun down. Slowly, heavily the *William Brown* commenced to answer her rudder. A jar stopped the swing; a quiver went up the masts; the ship stopped, her sails flapping idly.

Captain MacAlister ducked out of

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his cabin, pulling on his coat.

"What have we struck?"

"Ice, sir. I put her hard-a-port but it was too late."

MacAlister and the Second Mate started forward to inspect the damage. Forward on the port side the water poured in through a ragged slash made by the fang of the ice. This was no small leak. MacAlister saw that already the *William Brown* was commencing to settle by the head.

The crew, without orders, commences to break out the longboat and the jollyboat. Passengers helplessly, aimlessly mill about the deck. A man tries to help the crew carry the jollyboat to the starboard rail. He is hit; told, "Get the hell away from here!"

The jollyboat is lowered into the water. The Captain, the First and Second Mates, and seven of the crew climb in just as a group of desperate passengers rush for it. Oars flail out. The foremost passengers fall under the heavy blows. The rush is stopped. But one passenger, Edward Phelan, fights his way in.

The longboat is launched and seven men, the remainder of the crew with the exception of Holmes, able-bodied seaman, get in. Crowding the rail, the passengers fight for places in a savage *mêlée*. Women sob; a man picks up a young girl and throws her toward the boat; by the main-mast two old men stand and stoically watch, faces set and white as their beards. Holmes, cool, his eyes tragic, tries to calm the passengers.

Thirty-two passengers crowd into the longboat and the crew, awaiting Holmes, beat off the rest. He is in, the last man to leave the ship, and the crew bend to the oars; the broad blades gouging the water as they drive to clear the danger of being pulled into the vortex of the fast sinking ship.

Safely away, the longboat and the jollyboat, oars idle, ride the long, slow swells together. As if it were the fascinating, spinning object of the hypnotist, the whole company of the boats looks toward the *William Brown*. The doomed passengers cry to the Captain to take them off. Cupping his hands around his mouth, the First Mate shouts back, "Poor souls, you're only going down a short time before we do."

The two boats weathered the night together. The longboat, 22½ feet long, 6 feet on the beam, and 2½ to 3 feet deep, was so heavily laden that her gunwale, midships, was but 5 inches clear of the sea. Immediately on striking the sea she had commenced to leak and throughout the night the crew with buckets, tins and bare cupped hands bailed constantly to keep down the icy water that seeped through her seams. Around her swirled chunks of ice, certain disaster if one was hit. The plug from her bottom had been lost but a makeshift of a bit of canvas wrapped around a jackknife kept out the sea. The half-naked passengers were a

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shivering, badly frightened company.

Tuesday, April 20. Only an occasional faint glimmer of light from the rising sun pierced the dull, amorphous clouds that hung low over the sluggish, slate-colored sea like a vast shroud. Shortly after dawn the two boats drew together and the First Mate, understanding navigation, was ordered by the Captain into the longboat.

After the transfer had been made the Captain stood up and faced the longboat.

"If God wills it we will all arrive safely. You have been a faithful crew. I say to you in parting to obey Mr. Newton's commands as you would mine."

The murmuring assent of the crew was cut short by Newton's plea to the Captain:

"For the love of God, sir, look at this boat. She is absolutely unmanageable; any sea would send her down. I beg of you, take some of these passengers into your boat. If not, we'll have to cast lots and throw some overboard."

Captain: "I know what you'll have to do. Don't speak of that now. Let it be a last resort."

Imperceptibly, the two black dots drew further and further apart on the immensity of the sea. A deep apathy settled over the longboat. Only Holmes, a Finn, large, handsome, "one of the best sailors that ever shipped," had not given up to despair and hopelessness. Moving about, naked but for a pair of drawers, the rest of his clothing having been given to an old woman in the boat, he tried to hearten the company.

Night made the pitiless rain even colder. Jagged chunks of ice like pieces from a gigantic jig-saw puzzle swirled near the boat. The waves grew more turbulent and thudded with increasing violence against the boat. The quivering passengers huddled together, their bodies drenched with rain and spray. Some of the crew with set faces grimly pulled on the oars, the rest bailed against the water coming through the seams and over gunwale. It was a losing fight. Inch by inch the sea crept up; to the ankles, up the shins.

The crest of a large wave broke over the prow of the boat. Down she ducked into the trough of the wave as if to founder, poised a second, then heavily she righted herself and commenced to rise on the oncoming mass of water. From the passengers came the cry:

"The boat is sinking! The plug's out! God have mercy on our poor souls!"

Newton stopped bailing. Half standing, a bucket in his hand, his high frightened voice broke out—

"This work won't do. Help me God! Men, go to work!"

Momentarily the crew paused; looked questioningly at each other. Only the moaning of a woman passenger, the slap of buckets and tins against the water, and the long, slow

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creak of the oar-locks broke into the high sound of wind and the loud slap of waves against the boat. Minutes passed, the water steadily rising in the boat. Suddenly, Newton stood up, stretched out his arms and pleaded:

"Men, you must go to work or we all shall perish!"

The passengers had not been informed or consulted what would be done when a heavy sea or rising wind put the lives of all in the balance. There had been no consultation among the crew, but they knew what course would be followed.

Holmes and two others of the crew go over to Thomas Riley. "Stand up!" Frightened, half-frozen, he commences to struggle to his feet. Half up, he is grabbed by the arms, lifted clear and thrown from the boat. So swiftly it happened that the dazed Riley could have had no idea of his fate.

Phillip Duffy is next. Vainly, he pleads, "It's a wife, Nora, I have at home and four children. They'd be destroyed if I was put into the sea."

Holmes and his companions grasp a man, gray and half blind. He clings to a thwart. As they break his hold his wife begs, "Leave him to me." Holmes hesitates; looks toward Newton.

"Do not part man and wife and do not throw over any women," he is ordered.

The old man buries his head in his arms as he is released. The work continues swiftly with Newton's order the only principle of selection.

Charles Conlin, who had become a confidant of Holmes on board the *William Brown*, says, as the three men crowd around him, "Holmes, dear, sure you wouldn't put me out?"

"Yes, Charlie, you must go too."

Hitting the water, Conlin turns and commences to swim back to the boat. As he nears it, a sailor raises one foot over the gunwale; kicks him in the face.

Francis McAvoy, slight, a deep spiritual peace on his face, is lifted to his feet. Coolly, he says, "You will give me five minutes to say my prayers." Unheeded, he is about to be thrown over when "Fleece," the cook of the *William Brown*, a squat, powerfully built Negro, the cornea of his eyes tinged with yellow, intercedes for him. Face lifted to the heavens, rain pattering on his body, naked from the waist, McAvoy prays, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death." He does not struggle as he is cast over.

Some of the women hide their eyes with trembling hands. Others stare in numb, dazed terror. A young woman kneels in the bottom of the boat. Water sloshes around her knees. Arms around a young child she mumbles prayers, a rosary dangling from one hand.

Frank Askin, 22 years of age, stands feet apart, fists clenched as the men approach. His two sisters cling to him. Mary, quivering, her voice shrill with emotion, begs Holmes to spare her

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brother's life. "He is all we have in the world. If you throw him into the sea you must throw us too. We wish to die the death of our brother."

Askin reaches into a belt around his waist and taking out five sovereigns proffers them to Holmes, "Take these and spare my life until morning when, if God doesn't send us help, we'll draw lots and if the lot falls on me I'll go over like a man."

"I don't want your money, Frank," answers Holmes, reaching toward Askin. As he closes in, Askin, the five sovereigns clenched in his fist, strikes out. Holmes ducks and grasps him by the waist. The boat lists perilously; water rushes over the gunwale. "Stop him! Stop him!" yells Newton from the stern sheets. Askin doubles with pain as his arm is bent by Holmes. Then he is lifted and thrown over. He hits the water on his back.

Mary sobs piteously, "Give me only a dress to put around me and I care not now to live longer." She takes a shawl from one of the women; carefully wraps it around herself and jumps into the sea.

Eileen steps to the gunwale; turns and looks at the passengers. Her blue eyes stare at them unseeing. She raises herself up on a thwart; faces the sea, and then topples over.

Askin swims to his sisters and tries to support them. Their bodies rise on the heavy swells. They are lost in the darkness.

Fourteen male passengers have been thrown over. A woman asks tearfully whether any more are to go.

Holmes: "No more shall be thrown out. If any more are lost we will all be lost together."

Wednesday morning the sun rose bright and clear, illumining the sea until it shone like a broad band of metal. A slight sea ran which the long boat rode with ease. On the floorboards, the passengers, their bodies crusted with salt, were massed together as if they were a congealed pile of human, worn discards. They were out of the chill, damp wind but the bilge water eddied up on their stiff bodies with each languid roll of the boat.

One of the women lifted herself up on her elbows and berated the crew, "May the Son of God forgive you for the death of those poor men. What kind of men are you that you sit there with the blood of them on your hands. It's the lot of you that should be made to follow them into the sea."

She was unanswered.

Two men, the last of the male passengers but one, were found where they had hid among the women. One was almost dead from exposure; the other too benumbed to move. Each was lifted by the head and feet and swung over the side.

The men at the oars, exhausted by the struggle against the sea, pulled slowly, each stroke as if it would be the last. Holmes urged the men on as he tried to fashion a sail from a red shawl that one of the women had taken into the boat wrapped around

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a statue of the Virgin. But the wind was too strong for the frail makeshift. Abandoning his efforts, Holmes stood up and hand shaded over his eyes commenced to scan the horizon, turning inch by inch. Looking due north he stopped, leaned forward intently and then, in a low voice, "A sail." In an instant he had the red shawl affixed to an oar and, holding it aloft, he braced himself as the signal of distress flapped in the wind.

There was only the faintest chance that the ship, so far distant that it was several minutes before the rest of the crew could discern her on the horizon, would see the signal. As if their eyes were magnets which must draw the ship, the crew watched the distant spars. Bit by bit they loomed clearer and clearer on the horizon and then commenced to fade gradually, almost imperceptibly, like the change from night to day. A cracked, broken wail went up, "We're lost. They're keeping on." At this, the few women passengers who had pulled themselves up the side of the boat sank down again, dumb in their despair. Holmes, his arms aching from waving the cumbersome, pathetic signal gave it to another of the crew and standing on a thwart, one hand on the shoulder of Newton, stared almost defiantly at the vanishing ship. Then, his voice, deep and vibrant, "No! No! They've changed their course. They're putting around toward us."

At the last moment the Second Mate of the distant ship, the *Crescent*, aloft on watch for ice, had picked out the fluttering signal.

At Holmes' cry, the women again commenced pulling themselves up the side of the boat, eager to see the approaching vessel. Holmes stopped them, "Lie down," he commanded, "every one of you and be still. If they make out so many of us on board they will steer off another way and pretend they have not seen us."

Five days later the *Crescent* put in at Philadelphia. The entire crew of the *William Brown* was saved, the jollyboat having been picked up by a French fishing lugger. Of the 65 passengers, 14 were saved. Bereft of friends or relatives, all penniless and without possessions, they reached the new world, the promised land.

Shortly after the *Crescent* docked, Holmes was jailed on an indictment charging him with manslaughter for the death of Frank Askin. At the trial the prosecution contended that the ship was a common carrier and the crew's first duty was to the passengers. It was the lives of the crew and not the passengers that should have been sacrificed. The defense answered that homicide was necessary for self preservation. "This case should be tried in a longboat, sunk down to its very gunwale with 41 half-naked, starved and shivering wretches."

The jury found Holmes guilty and recommended leniency. He was sentenced to six months of solitary confinement at hard labor and fined $20.

—THOMAS MCCARRY

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SIX "FEELERS" BY ABRAHAM RATTNER

The sketches on this and the following five pages were never intended to be exposed to public view. Some will wonder why they have been. The reason is that they represent, for a change, what goes on in the mind of an artist when he is groping toward his subject, rather than what goes onto his canvas after he has found it. More than mere preliminary studies, they are "feeler outs" of the artist to get into cadence with the drama going on within himself in reaction to his subject.

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STUDY FOR MOTHER AND CHILD

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DETAIL: WOMAN KNITTING

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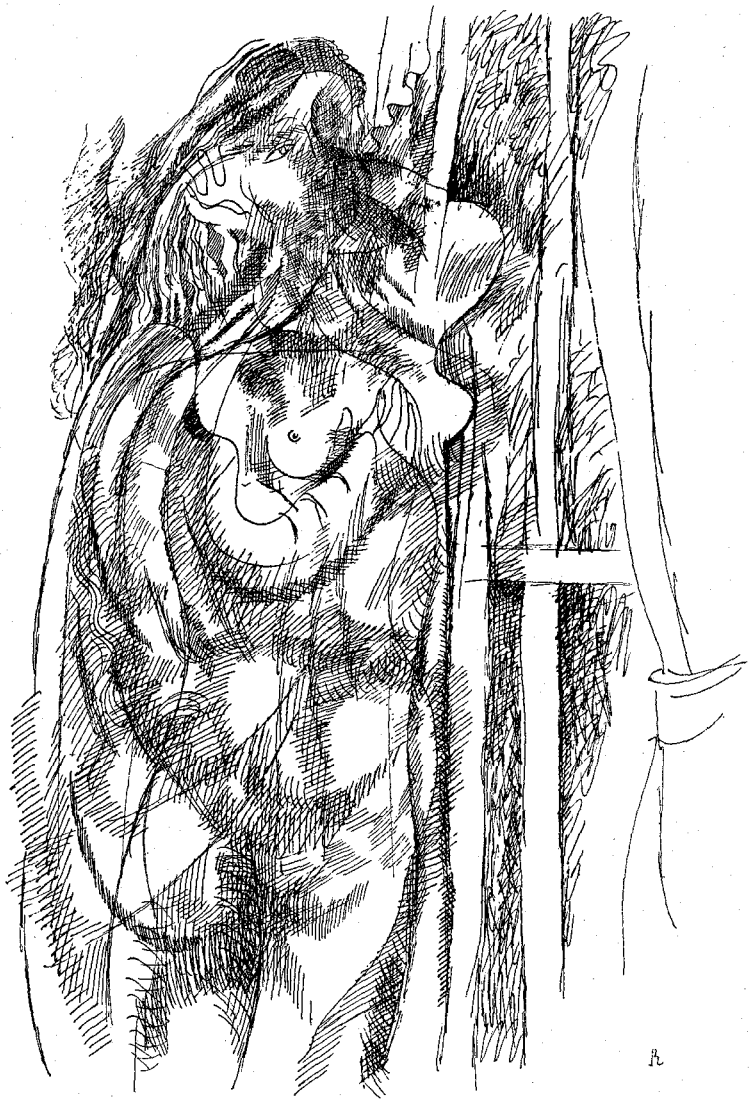

STUDY MADE AT A WINDOW

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STUDY BASED ON A POEM BY WHITMAN—I

MARCH, 1938

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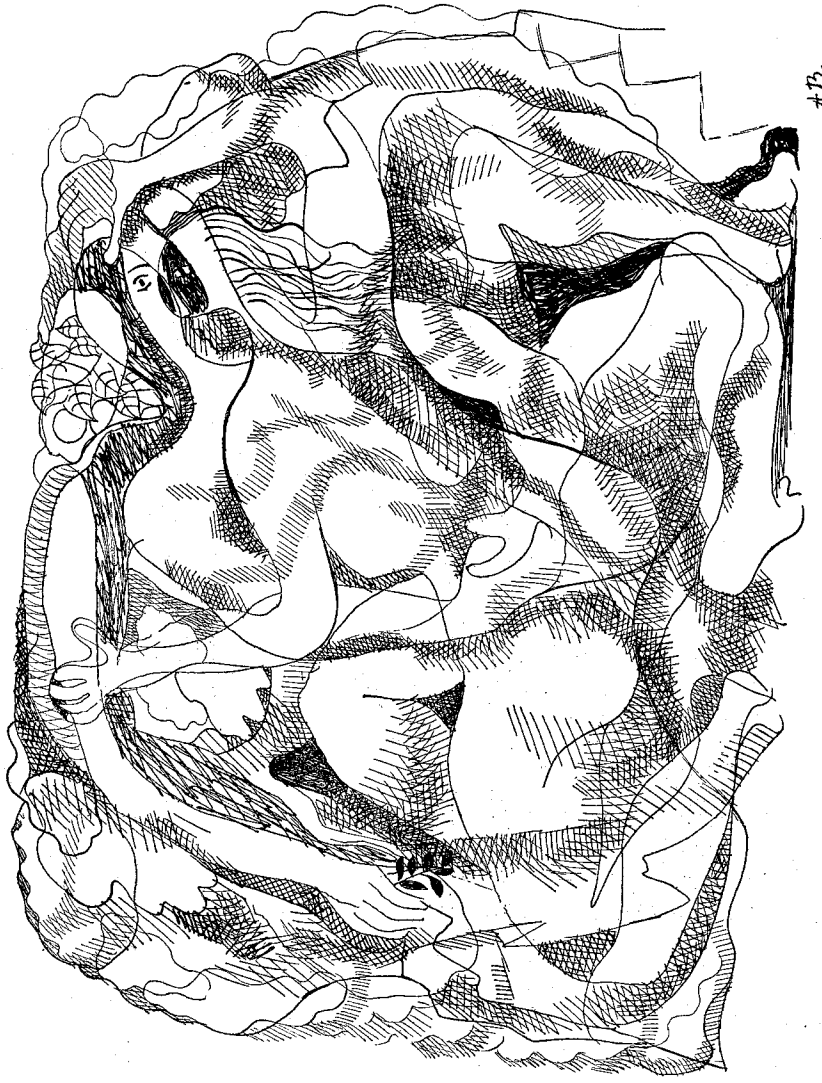

STUDY BASED ON A POEM BY WHITMAN—II

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ALL-STAR

HURRAH FOR THE SULTANAS OF SWANK! THEY'RE IN THERE FIGHTING IT OUT TO THE LAST STITCH

THE question that has me completely by the ears—and you, too, I'm willing to bet—is: who will make the Top Ten for 1938? I refer, of course, not to the world's premier racket-swingers (tennis players) or to the nation's leading grid aggregations (football teams), but to this planet's ten best dressed women. When the hurly-burly's done, when the sound of battle has died away, what ladies are going to be up in the top notches in what is indisputably the greatest of all sports?

To answer this question it is necessary to study the records and to analyze them thoroughly, and this is what I intend to do. Let us, then, take a look at the 1937 Top Ten, which, in my opinion, is as powerful an aggregation as ever stood for a fitting. It is one without a weakness, well fortified all along the line, and one that could call on capable substitutes from the Second Ten if anything went wrong with any of the regulars—which, however, God forbid. Here is the line-up of your 1937 Fashion Parade as chosen by a board of the most expert of Parisian experts:

1. The Duchess of Windsor
2. Princess Karam of Kapurthala
3. The Duchess of Kent
4. Mrs. Harrison Williams
5. Señora Martinez de Hoz
6. Begum Aga Khan
7. Baroness von Krieger
8. Mrs. Gilbert Miller
9. Princess Jean Paniotowsky
10. Baroness Eugene de Rothschild

Anyone who knows an opera cloak from a camisole can see that this aggregation is fairly reeking with power, containing, as it does, two princesses, two duchesses, and two baronesses. Moreover, it has admirable geographical balance, boasting representatives from Europe, Asia, and North and South America. In fact, Africa is the only continent to fall down on her quota, again demonstrating why that vast expanse of jungle and desert is known as the Dark Continent.

Now before I analyze this list I want to clear up a question that has frequently been put to me, to wit: "How do you think this group would stack up against all-star arrays of the past?" Being but a mere stripling, I in

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turn propounded this question to a veteran who has *seen* some of the old-time dressers. His reply was so utterly ungallant that I shall not mention his name.

"These modern girls well-dressed?" he snorted. "Don't make me laugh! The fashion queens in my time would have given them six gowns, three negligees and a sable, and made them look like a mountain moll after a six-hour hike in the rain. Take the Langhorne sisters and Lillian Russell, and any number of Rhinelanders, Fishes and Biddles. Or go back still farther and take du Barry or Nell Gwynne or Recamier. Or take Cleopatra for that matter." I said I'd like to.

"Quiet!" he roared. "It makes my blood boil when they talk about this modern generation of clothes-wearers. Why, they're soft. They can't take it. Two or three hours at a fitting, and they're all in. Put them in a really tight corset, and they'd faint. Yes sir, the old-timers could dress rings around them. You call these upstarts fashion leaders! Don't make me laugh," he repeated. There seemed little danger.

I quote this not because I agree with it, which I emphatically do not, but merely out of fairness in presenting the other side of the case. I am afraid my old-timer is one of those horse-and-buggy reactionaries whose greatest joy in life is to go around raving about the "good old days." The old-timers had plenty on the ball, I cheerfully admit, but I think the modern well-dressed woman can wear an evening wrap and whip up a coiffure with the best of the past celebrities. And when it comes to sports costumes, I think she can show them a thing or two, if you know what I mean.

And now let us analyze the Top Ten, as I promised. Take the leader, Mrs. Si—— I mean the Duchess of Windsor. Here, frenzied fashion fans, is a lady who has accomplished something which is, I believe, unparalleled in the history of garment-donning. She has crashed the Top Ten in her first year on the big time. Not only crashed it, but gone to the top notch! Is this phenomenal? I ask you! Usually a fashion queen has to undergo several years of seasoning, working up gradually, strengthening her weak points, absorbing defeats from more experienced dressers now and then, until she finally acquires what I like to call competitive savvy. In fact I love to call it that. But already we find the Duchess, a mere rookie, handling her clothes like a veteran. Not for nothing do I call her the Joe Di Maggio of the fashion circuit. The Baltimore Belle, like the California Clouter, made good from the start.

And, again like Jolting Joe, the Duchess is good in all departments of the game. If she has any weakness, enemy scouts haven't uncovered it so far. It was once rumored that she couldn't handle a waist-high sash and that she was a sucker for anything in

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red, but she quickly proved the contrary. Her chief strength, of course, is in the blue shades, but this doesn't mean that she is strictly a one-color dresser. She wouldn't last a month in the big time if she were. The Southern Stylist is equally good in evening wear, formal and informal afternoon frocks, traveling outfits, sports costumes and even bathing suits. Give me a champion like that, and you give me one who is going to be mighty hard to dislodge from the top. Of course, a competitor who has reached the pinnacle hasn't the incentive of one who is on the way up, and there is always the danger of the Duchess not bearing down quite so hard in the future.

In the Number Two bracket is the Princess Karam of India, who is very strong on furs and hats. (Of course she wears her furs in Europe where she spends most of her time.) The Princess has been a consistent top-notcher for a good many seasons, and undoubtedly has a few good innovations left in her bag of tricks. The third spot is graced by the Duchess of Kent. A former Grecian princess, she had displayed great adaptability in the severe English climate, and can now wear tweeds like nobody's business. In fact, in that particular field, I'd be inclined to rank her supreme.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue! In fourth position we have America's Mrs. Harrison Williams who was Number One in 1933, '34 and '36. Alarmists and jealous rivals have been going around saying that the skids are under Mrs. Williams, and that another year or two will find her down in the ready-to-wear leagues. I want to spike that canard right now, and spike it vigorously. You will notice that although she slipped off the top rung of the ladder in 1935, she came roaring back with the championship again in '36. A fashion leader who can do that once can do it again, and she has proved that in dressing, champions *do* come back. And so, right here let me go on record as declaring that no one in the entire circuit is more apt to give the Duchess of Windsor a good stiff run for the Duke's money than the Manhattan Mannequin (as she is often styled).

From the Argentine comes our Number Five finery-wearer, Señora de Hoz, and here is another girl who will bear watching in more ways than one because she has come along slowly but consistently, climbing from eleventh place in 1934 to a position six notches higher at the present time. It would appear that Señora de Hoz's advisors are committed to the policy of bringing her along gradually, thereby conserving her strength and resourcefulness and guarding against the danger of her burning herself out —a fate that, in the past, has frequently befallen fashion leaders, and which we are banking on the Duchess of Windsor to avoid.

In view of this I look for the Argentine ace to be up among the elect

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for a good many years to come.

Begum Aga Khan (which means *Mrs.* A. Khan) occupies the sixth slot, and demonstrates, along with Princess Karam, that Oriental women have what it takes to get the nod from Parisian officials. The Indian beauty's dazzling opera repertoire is justly celebrated throughout the Continent. Baroness von Krieger of Austria, Number Seven, is a fine sportswoman, and dresses the part to perfection. She looks nothing short of divine in a skiing outfit, even if there isn't any snow in the vicinity. In fact, from the pictures this expert has seen of her, you wouldn't even notice the snow if there were any. One gets a good idea of the great strength of the Top Ten when as gifted an all-around performer as Baroness von Krieger can only make seventh place.

Completing the roster are Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Princess Paniotowsky and Baroness de Rothschild, and they add plenty of luster to a star-studded collection of beauties. Any one of these three, on a good day—or a good evening—is capable of giving her higher-ranking sisters a rousing good fight, with the outcome in doubt right up to the final bracelet.

And now, having completed my analysis, I want to say a few words in refutation of certain blue-noses and spoil-sports who have been going around wailing that women's dressing these days is being over-emphasized. They shout that the world has gone clothes-mad, that eligibility rules aren't as strict as they ought to be, that cooking and child-bearing are being neglected for finery-donning, and that the fierce light of publicity is apt to turn the heads of the world's fashion queens, not a few of whom are still young and impressionable.

This is a complaint that undoubtedly started when Eve donned her first fig-leaf, a complaint that has always been with us. Is over-emphasis worse today than it was in the past? I deny it vigorously. Fans worshiped and cheered for the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, du Pompadour and all the rest of them just as intently as they cheer for the present favorites. Huge sums were spent on the clothes of bygone ages just as they are spent today. No, the world hasn't changed. Let us be deaf to these jeremiads, shouted by jealous low-salaried cooking experts and maternity doctors.

And so—salute them! All hail the queens of the present-day fashion world! Every day and in every way, I firmly believe, the world is getting dressier and dressier! Costumes are being purchased right and left, style designers are working overtime, and husbands and fathers are writing checks madly. The winners are still in doubt, but this much is certain: 1938, from the viewpoint of keen competition, receipts, ingenuity, appeal to the masses, spine-tingling try-ons, and brilliant broken-field ballroom entrances will be the greatest in the entire history of the great sport of dressing.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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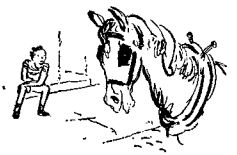
ITALIAN STREET SONG

THE STORY OF NICOLA AND PATSY, OF LOSS AND GAIN, AND LOSS ONCE MORE



NICOLA'S waffles were excellent. He mixed the batter himself, fresh, right in his wagon. "Waffles," he said many times to Biagio, "should be made with cake flour, not plain flour. You use buttermilk, eggs, a little salt, a little sugar. And you mix! Use all your strength when you mix, my son. The waffle will repay you with its lightness and sweetness."

Biagio nodded his head. How he admired his father! How he desired to be a maker of waffles when he grew up. Nobody made waffles like his father, Nicola Frankino. Three for five cents; and they were famous the length and breadth of Scoville Avenue.

"Plenty of powder sugar," Nicola said. "The waffle must be beautiful upon completion. It must be hot and fragrant, the sugar like snow upon barely seen brown mountains."

Biagio pulled the cord vigorously, and the bell rang out in all the streets: dong! dong! dong! Slowly, the high, yellow wagon was drawn through the streets, soft upon its rubber tires. On both sides of the wagon, and upon the back of it, was block-printed in huge black letters: HOT CREAM WAFFLES.

"Patsy, Patsy. Nice Patsy," sang Nicola softly, as he mixed the batter in a huge, white tin bowl. The horse looked back, his old face long and friendly under a gay, red cluster of tassels. Bianca had knitted the tassels herself, and then tied them there. "There, my Patsy," she had said. "Be thou bright, like the leader of a parade. Go, like a soldier's horse, to make a living for us."

Nicola had kissed her mouth, like a lover, that day. "We will make a fortune this summer," he had cried, then he had kissed both her hands: "They will wear diamonds!"

Bianca had blushed. "Fine behavior for a husband. For the father of three children. Get along now."

At that, he had kissed his hand to her, standing high in the yellow wagon, swaying near the narrow, closed door. Below the door, on the step, Biagio clung like a delicate, sad faun. "Take me," he cried, his frail voice bursting with sorrow. "Papa, take me to make waffles."

"Next time," Nicola promised. "Go to your mother, my darling. Go.

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Next time we will go together." For this was a first time. Nicola was going for the first time into the city, and he must go alone.

As Patsy walked proudly along, Bianca, holding Peter aloft tenderly, waved them off. At her feet, waving madly, Maria stood, her tiny, shrill voice like music in Nicola's ears. "Bye, Papa. Bye, Patsy. Bye, bye!"

For a year they had saved money. Hungry, they had gone into the days and nights like animals; and they saved money. After the year they bought Patsy.

In those days Nicola rode through the streets sitting on a little cart that Bianca pushed. It was not difficult, the small wheels rolled easily, and Nicola was a man thin and dark as his father had been; but with tormented eyes in his fleshless face.

As his wife pushed him through the streets like a child, he sang for pennies. He sang the songs of his birthplace in Italy, and even the gay and lilting ones he sang bitterly or sadly.

"Nicol', my sweet," whispered Bianca in back of him, pushing, "be not so sorrowful. Sing brightly, it is a dance tune, my Nicol'."

But Nicola sang with all his broken body and tormented heart, until the listening people stood still, some unknown nostalgia within them. Some of them stood in the street and wept, and Bianca could not bear this. "Nicol', Nicol'," she begged, "a little gayer now. Just a little laughter."

He could not smile. He sat in the child's cart, knowing himself helpless, thinking of his one leg stretched out, and at its side nothing, only the stump of another leg.

All day long he sang, his voice breaking with bitterness and fear. My wife must lead me through the streets, he sang: he sang this in the gay, Italian words. Ah, ah, ah, this is my beloved, the mother of my children, and she must pull my miserable body through the city as we earn our bread! He sang this tune, but the words were dance-fast and lithe for the benefit of the pennies flung to him.

He was a proud man. Even now, one-legged, singing Nicola, his pride stuck in his throat like phlegm. When he had taken Bianca Gennaro as his wife, he had been a tall, thin boy with a handsome face. His body had been strong and good, and he had known it well. Bianca had loved him.

They had gone to America. Hand in hand, they had stood on the boat, had looked at the water. They had seen a single dream. Already, Bianca was with child. Nicola had seen America break upon the waters, had seen the first towers and people, the first glory, the first ramparts of the dream.

They had gone into this land, to a small city. There they had rented rooms, taken up their great love for the land to which they had come. Nicola worked in a steel mill. His was one of the best bodies in the mill, his hands good with the heaving and

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carrying. He sang as he worked.

A child was born to them. They named him Biagio. Now Nicola Frankino had a son.

Ah, what a great land is this America. To the strong men, who come to it with love, it gives work, it gives a son. It gives laughter to the beloved woman. Ah, this America! It is like a mother to the men, who come to it for love and food.

Another child was born. "She is Maria, after my mother," Nicola said. "May she be as wise and as beautiful." In his heart, he named the small, girl flower-baby after the two mothers. He stood over the tiny thing, and muttered: "And may you be great and good as your land-mother."

A week of happiness passed them by, like a moment. Then, in the mill, something went wrong. Nicola awoke one day in the hospital; and he, the strong lover and father and worker, was now with one leg.

Nicola and Biagio sold many waffles that morning. Biagio was permitted to wrap them in a strip of the white paper, and to receive in return the five cents. By noon, the cigar box, which stood upon the lower shelf, was heavy with pennies and nickels.

"You see," Nicola said, "thus we earn money for our food and for a roof over our heads." He spoke carefully always to his oldest child, teaching him lessons with good words. "Thus we make ourselves dignified to our own eyes. We are alive, we work, we earn money. Thus we feed those who are weaker than we."

Biagio nodded his head gravely. His tiny, pudgy hands, still baby-like, were pressed upon the broad ledge of the wagon, and his great, dark and soft eyes stared at his father.

"To work," Nicola said, "is to be happy." He mixed a fresh batter. "It gives peace to a man," he said. "At night, you sleep in peace. In the morning you awaken, and all of you is refreshed. The morning is beautiful. Life," and at that word, he stooped suddenly and kissed Biagio. "My son," he said, "life is so very beautiful."

He hopped expertly upon his one leg from stove to bowl, and back again. His eyes were bright with tears, and he shouted: "Hoy, Patsy, go! We have the entire city to see. Go!"

Patsy walked smoothly, his feet soft upon the stone of the street. The yellow wagon rode like a ship upon calm waters. Dong! dong! said the bell under Biagio's hand, like a song. Many people heard the song and came to buy waffles. Patsy stopped and went on, stopped, and stepped on again, softfooted and sure, as to music.

"Papa," Biagio said, "when will I make waffles?"

Nicola smiled. "When you are a man, my little one," he said. "When your hand is strong and light at once. When you arise in the morning, and you know. Then it may be waffles,

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or a ship at sea, or a hammer in your hand; but whatever it is, my son, you will know, and you will be ready."

"On, Patsy, on," cried Biagio proudly, his frail voice simulating gruffness. "We have bread to make, and rent to pay. Get on!"

The bell sang fragrance through the streets. It sang of sugar heaped like sweet snow, and of waffles light as clouds, honey in the mouth. It sang better than a church bell, for it told of Bianca and the children, of Nicola's happiness, and of Patsy's red tassels and the clean home he possessed in the back yard of the Frankino house.

One day, Nicola had paid out his savings to Mr. Dworkin, the old-rags man, who was his neighbor.

"He is a good horse," Mr. Dworkin said. "Never did I have trouble with him, not once."

"What is his name?" Nicola asked, his heart fluttering.

"His name? Who ever heard of calling a horse a name?" Mr. Dworkin sighed. "Call him Abe, Joe, Harry. He is a good horse. If I wasn't a sick man, you wouldn't get him."

Nicola counted the money into the old man's hand. Mr. Dworkin went away, muttering, and Nicola was alone in his yard. He put both his hands up to the long, old head, one hand on either side, and he looked into the horse's eyes, feeling them to be tender and true.

"Be thou my legs," he whispered. His eyes filled with tears. "Be thou my friend, and together we shall go into the city and earn money. They shall not know hunger or shame, for we shall work hard, together."

His crutches lay on the cement of the backyard, and he held himself erect by his touch, his hands gathering warmth and strength from the horse.

"Bianca!" he cried. He would never weep again. "Bianca, he is here!"

Out of the house they ran, Bianca, Biagio, Maria. In her arms Bianca held their baby, Peter.

"Oh," she said, stopping and staring, "he is beautiful."

Nicola stroked the firm, brown head. "When I was a boy," he said softly, "my father owned a horse, whose name was Patsy."

"Nicol'," she whispered to his whisper, "let us call him Patsy."

They had already bought the high, yellow, roofed wagon. The bell was already clamped to it, and when Biagio pulled the red, long cord, the sound rang out dong! dong! filling the yard with ripples of song. Patsy lifted his head and seemed to listen.

"He knows," Nicola shouted. "It is his kind of music. Look."

And so it began.

So it began and continued. The new life for Nicola, the dignity reborn, the pride good now instead of a bitterness stuck in his throat. Soft upon the cement streets, the wagon rode, its rubber-tired wheels silent. Nicola cooked as some men build bridges; his waffles were soft and

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fragrant and sweet with his passion for life.

Each morning at eight, Patsy drew the clean, yellow wagon out of the garage and then out of the yard into the street.

Bianca and Nicola kissed each other goodbye for the day. Then Nicola kissed each of his children. Little, blessed Christ, how he loved them! How he loved life. How he loved this country, Patsy, his bell, the children who grew up in the streets like tiny flowers under the sun-song of his bell. Ah, dear, little Jesus, how he loved!

"Take care, Nicol'," Bianca said. Peter lay in her arms like a doll. "Eat your lunch. It is good today. See that Patsy eats. Don't go too far."

He nodded. He placed the package of food, tenderly as if it were a jewel, upon the lower shelf. Patsy nodded, looking back under his tassels. Then they were off, to travel in the streets of the city, to earn money for Bianca, for Biagio, and Maria, and Peter. Not until the dark came upon them did Nicola and Patsy turn toward home.

Tired after the long day, Nicola would sit in the wagon, listening the length of the street. It seemed to him that all of night was gently tired as he, and yet full, full to the heart with beauty and love, even as was he.

In the early afternoon, Patsy drew them slowly along Kinsman Avenue. All three of them were fed and happy. The bowl full of fresh batter was covered, waiting to be made into waffles, and Nicola sat resting. Biagio watched Patsy's shadow ride the street ahead of them. "What does Patsy think about?" he asked.

"Of happiness," Nicola said.

Just then Patsy stopped. Before the wagon, a great crowd of people clotted dark the streets and sidewalks. There was a large, red-brick building close to the walk on one side of the street, and most of the people were surrounding it. "It is the knitting mill," Nicola muttered.

He leaned out of the wagon. "What is wrong?" he asked an excited man.

"Strike," the man cried in a gasping voice.

Nicola's face clouded. "Bad, bad," he told the small, grave child. "When people cannot work, it is bad. The peace goes from them. Soon they will be hungry. That is another kind of peace gone."

A tremor arose in the massed bodies, and spread rippling throughout the entire crowd. An automobile had driven into the heart of the scene; from it had jumped many policemen. Soon there was the weird scream of a siren, and a police patrol truck had followed the automobile, and more uniformed men had come jumping out of it.

Most of the strikers were women and girls. "Why do they carry signs?" Biagio asked.

Nicola squinted. "They are not treated well," he read from the

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banners high in air. "Another sign tells us they go hungry. They desire more pay, and more rights. They hunger."

"Can we not give them waffles?" Biagio asked.

A great shout was heard, a sound of women's voices shrill, hating, afraid. The policemen were moving rapidly, their clubs raised. Nicola saw plainly the first stone that was thrown.

It hit a policeman full in the face, and suddenly his cheek was red with blood, and suddenly he held a gun in his hand, and Nicola heard the first shot.

Then the scene became furious and swift, and Nicola held Biagio's small, trembling body close to him as the stones flew through the air. There was an inarticulate sound about him, hundreds of voices raised in terror and in hatred, a sustained beast sound that sickened him. The bodies writhed and ran and fell. They were not women or men, they were simply bodies in pursuit or attack, flesh that was beaten down, and then a next and similar body sprang up in its place to take the club or the bullet.

From the wagon, the scene was shifting and unreal as pictures flicked very rapidly. Nicola saw the women go down like blades of grass, each blade indistinguishable, same, and the new grass springing up out of the mass of old. He pressed his mouth, the lips shaken by the blast of what he saw, into the curly top of Biagio's hidden head.

"But," he whispered in horror, "they are women." He could not shut his eyes. The colors, and sounds, and smells of people went through him like a freezing wind, and he shivered, his leg tottering.

At that moment the wagon lurched, and the big bowl fell crashing to the wooden floor, the batter spilling like cream-colored paint over Nicola's and Biagio's shoes.

"Mamma mia!" Nicola whispered, staring. His face was pinched and white suddenly, and he felt faint.

Patsy was down upon the street, his body in torture among the pieces of wood and leather which had held him. His head was flung back toward the wagon.

For an interminable time, Nicola stood, staring over Biagio's head. Then he screamed madly: "Patsy!" Again he cried that name, mouthing it in such anguish that Biagio looked up in terror: "Patsy! Patsy!"

The sound of his own voice propelled him over the side of the wagon and into the street. He clambered like a monkey, his crutches left behind him on the floor with the spilt batter.

Like a grotesque, skinny animal, he hopped over the cement until he fell near Patsy's head.

There he kneeled, his voice murmurous, and Biagio joined him, as at prayer. Around them the people still swirled, but the violence was

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almost gone, the smell of it fading from the air.

The beast sound had disintegrated and died, and now a single man's voice could be heard cursing, and a woman's screaming, and another woman's voice talking endlessly in a monotone about her hurt head.

Policemen were leading women and girls into the patrol truck. Dazed, the women plucked at their torn dresses; or, still hating, they cursed the men who held them.

Bewildered, Nicola looked from their bleeding faces to the faces of the fainted or wounded women, who were being carried into the truck. He looked into Patsy's eyes, and saw them unbearably filled with pain and love.

"My dear one," he attempted to say, but his voice broke with sobs. Biagio lay close to the old, great head, his arms tight about Patsy, his eyes closed.

Nicola kneeled like stone, only his hands moving as they caressed Patsy's head. *And have they hurt thee, legs of mine? And have they done thee to death, body of mine?*

He kneeled, feeling the death coming upon Patsy and upon himself; kneeled, until a voice said: "All right, get that horse off the street. You're blocking traffic."

As the street began to darken, the outline of its chimneys dim and fragile against the sky, Nicola and Biagio came walking. Nicola swung himself wearily upon his crutches, and Biagio dragged his small body along close to the left crutch. They were both silent. A music was lacking in them; the clop-clop sound, muffled and comfortable, which had always sung them home.

They entered the house, a tall and a small ghost, and stood stiffly until Bianca cried out. Peter like a doll-baby clutched against her breast.

Nicola looked into her eyes for one moment. Then he said, "He is gone."

He was like a wounded soldier, come home to a familiar yet strange room.

He swayed upon his crutches, staring, and Bianca gave Peter to Maria, who immediately began to rock him like a small mother.

"Nicol'," Bianca said. "My dearest Nicol'," she said, as some women say a lullaby, "what have they done to your mouth? It is like a broken dish."

She put her arms about him, and he sank upon her warm strength like a dying man. "Hush, hush," she said, though he did not say a word. "Hush, my own sweet one." She rocked his taut body gently, holding him to her easily and closely.

His crutches fell to the kitchen floor as he closed his eyes. As if the falling sound had touched a bell within him, Biagio began to weep.

He wept bitterly, shaking his small, delicate head this way and that, as if he could not bear to hold it up.

"He looked at me," cried Biagio, his tiny fists clenched. "He looked with such love!" —Jo Sinclair

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THE ELECTRICAL DETECTIVE

A GOLD RUSH IS A TEA PARTY ALONGSIDE THE HUNT FOR A SUBSTANCE 100,000 TIMES AS PRECIOUS

WHEN the most expensive thing in the world gets lost there is usually hell to pay.

But after the commotion dies down somebody usually remembers to phone for the "electrical detective."

"Bring your electroscope, Bill. We've lost the radium again."

Once more the bloodhounds of science are sent in search of a pinch of white, sugar-like powder, worth over a million dollars an ounce.

Recently the call for the electroscope went out from the Moe Hospital in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Drs. J. W. Buchta and H. H. Barber of the University of Minnesota answered the frantic voice of Dr. Moe.

They brought with them a small box containing the electrical detective. The essential part of the electroscope is a pair of tiny gold leaves about the size of postage stamps. As long as there is no radium in the vicinity, the leaves remain separated, but as soon as the rays thrown off by radium reach the leaves, they become electrically charged and fall limply together.

The radium hunt at the Moe Hospital began in the operating room where the radium was last seen. It continued unsuccessfully through the entire hospital. Incinerators, piles of old dressings, sewer pipes, were tested. The leaves of the electroscope remained stubbornly separated.

In desperation the little group of scientists started on the trail of the hospital garbage. From the trucking company which hauled the refuse they followed it to a hog ranch.

"Sure," said the owner of the ranch, "you can look at the garbage. But you'd better hurry. The hogs is eating it right now."

The eminent scientists clambered on the swill pile, carrying the electroscope. For a while the instrument remained noncommital, then suddenly the leaves folded together like the wings of a tired butterfly.

Yelling and waving their arms the savants drove off the herd of incensed porkers. But when they looked back at the electroscope, the leaves had straightened crisply to their original position. Back and forth over the place where the first reaction had occurred the doctors crawled. The electroscope refused to budge. Suddenly Dr. Buchta

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had an idea and jumped to his feet.

"I've got it! The radium is in one of the hogs. Quick! Round 'em up!"

The hogs were collected. Over the back of each the electroscope was held. As one prize porker passed before the impromptu reviewing stand, the leaves collapsed, signing his death warrant. The radium was recovered from the animal's stomach.

Although the financial loss involved is always the primary consideration in searching for lost radium, there is always the possibility that it may, either accidentally or as a weapon of murder, take an innocent person's life. That the fear of radium's use as a murder weapon is no idle one is shown by the following case.

A stenographer working in a large office building became unaccountably ill. Her hands and arms ached. While the doctors were puzzling over her case, the janitor chanced to enter the office at night.

In one corner of the room he saw a pale spot of misty light. Approaching closer, he discovered that the light came from the keys of a typewriter. This was a machine used by the sick girl. Further investigation disclosed that the keys had been painted with a solution containing radium. A jealous suitor of the girl had devised what he believed to be a foolproof method of murder.

Standing guard over the world's paltry seven hundred grams of radium, one hundred thousand times more expensive than gold, are the twin gold leaves of the electroscope. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the electrical detective unearths many strange bits of intense human drama along with the tiny capsules of eternal fire. One of the queerest of these incidents occurred in a small Western hospital.

Fifty milligrams of radium were lost at this hospital. The radium had last been seen in the operating room. It was sealed in a glass capsule, outside of which was sheath of platinum, with a final lead coating. The whole thing was about the size of your little finger.

Deep mystery surrounded the disappearance. After the time the radium left the body of the patient on the operating table, it had vanished. Nobody knew anything about it. The surgeon said he had removed it from the woman's body. His nurse said she had not seen it.

Exasperated by the total lack of evidence, the chief of staff called for the electroscope. A scientist from a neighboring city rummaged about the hospital, carrying his little instrument. When he began testing the main sewer connections the gold leaves suddenly reacted. The pipe was dug up and the three thousand dollar capsule recovered.

Then the whole story came out.

The minor operation necessary to remove the radium had been going badly. The young surgeon was irritable. He had finally extracted the radium and handed it to the nurse.

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With a flip of her pretty red head, she had inquired innocently: "What shall I do with this, doctor?"

"What the hell do you think?" the surgeon snapped over his shoulder. "Throw it away!"

But his sarcasm had missed its mark. The nurse obediently flipped the capsule into the dressing disposal chute which led to the sewer.

Not wishing to incriminate her, the surgeon had kept silent, hoping that the radium would be found.

For a Frank Merriwell finish, few stories will equal the Case of the Twenty-Three Milligrams.

A small contractor was quietly mixing some ashes with fresh concrete. A man ran up carrying a small black case.

"Give me those ashes!" the man yelled. "Don't put them in that concrete!"

"Scavenger hunt?"

"No. Radium hunt. If those ashes contain what I think they do, they're worth several thousand dollars."

The man was already opening his bag and taking out an electroscope. He tested the ashes, smiled happily and spent an hour gathering up every fleck into three large mason jars.

After he had gone, the contractor threw away the small amount of concrete he had already mixed.

"I ain't taking no chances," he said to his assistant. "Everybody's nuts around here."

From the three mason jars twenty-three milligrams of radium were recovered by the scientists of the Radium Chemicals Company. Twenty-five milligrams had been lost by a physician and had found their way into the hospital incinerator. The ashes from this had been carted away by a rubbish collector who had given them to the paving contractor.

Perhaps the strangest case on which the infallible detective was ever called was the Moose River mine disaster.

Entombed behind 141 feet of rock and dirt, three men were huddled in a tiny passage, waiting for the rescuing crew to clear a path to the main shaft. While their lives were flickering out, the rescuing crew was struggling to keep its tunnel headed in the right direction. A few feet of error would mean additional hours or days of waiting for the three men.

Dr. G. E. Richards of the General Hospital in Toronto had an idea. He suggested that a bit of radium be lowered to a spot near the entombed men. The rescuing crew would then carry an electroscope. Any deviation from the straight line to the men would be recorded by the gold leaves.

The men were saved.

But the electrical detective's first case will always remain its greatest.

Guided by the patient hands of a woman, it searched through a ton of pitchblend ore to find a few flecks of white powder which changed the whole course of science.

The woman's name was Curie—the powder was radium.

—R. DeWitt Miller

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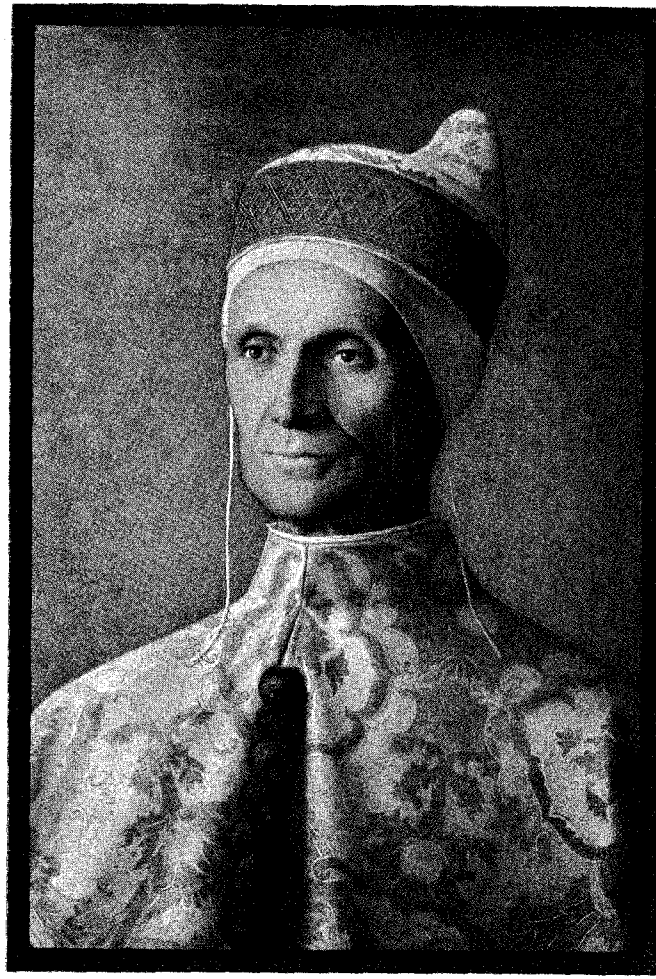

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

SEVEN ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PORTRAITS

When, in Renaissance Italy, artistic genius had at last re-emancipated itself, few names outranked that of Giovanni Bellini (*c.* 1430-1516). His native Venice revered him, as well it might a painter who could express all its pride in a single portrait—that of *The Doge*, above.

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THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF A MAN BY FRANCIABIGIO

When the friars for whom he was painting a fresco unveiled his work before it was finished, Franciabigio (1482-1525) flew into a rage and mutilated the heads of the figures. It would have been his masterpiece. As it is, his fame rests on his many excellent portraits.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY BALDOVINETTI

The reputation of Alessio Baldovinetti (1427-1499) was impaired not by his short temper but by his misdirected inventive bent. A preparation he devised to protect his works from damp unfortunately caused his frescoes to scale away into their present ruined condition.

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KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN BY LOTTO

Ranking high even in an epoch of great portraiture, Lorenzo Lotto (*c.*1480-1556) was so spiritual in temperament as to be shocked by the wordliness of Titian. He shows us people as if they were friends for whom he felt a deep affection, and indeed he would paint no others.

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KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

PETRARCH'S LAURA BY ROMANINO

Unknown even to the poet's contemporaries, Laura is represented here in an imaginative portrait by Girolamo Romanino (1485-1566), who was born more than a century after Petrarch's death. Where he would have been second in Venice or Florence, Romanino was first in Brescia.

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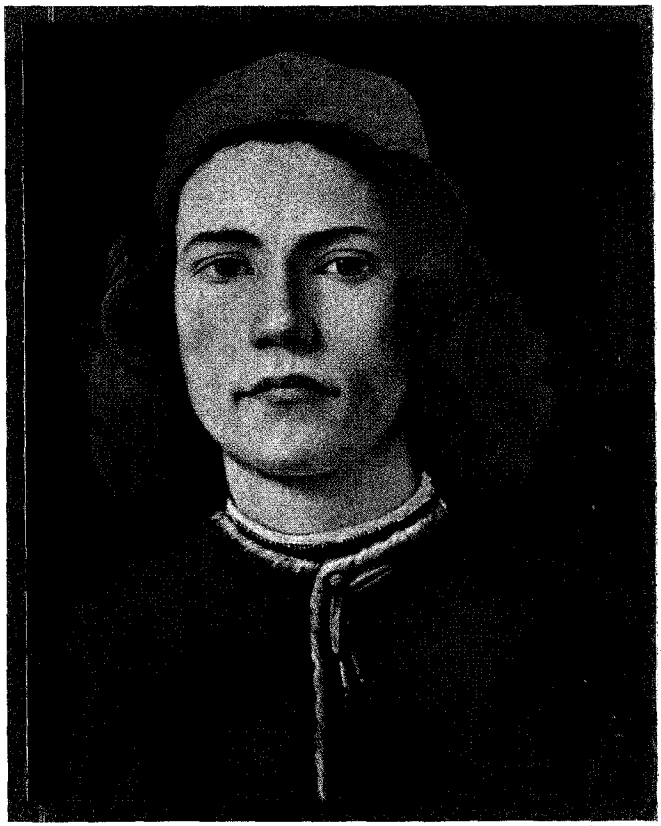

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH BY BOTTICELLI

The sentimental adulation with which, as a romantic mystic, the name of Sandro Botticelli (1444-1510) was once sicklied over has long since dissipated itself. There remains, however, a sincere admiration for his intensity of vision and poetic vigor of expression.

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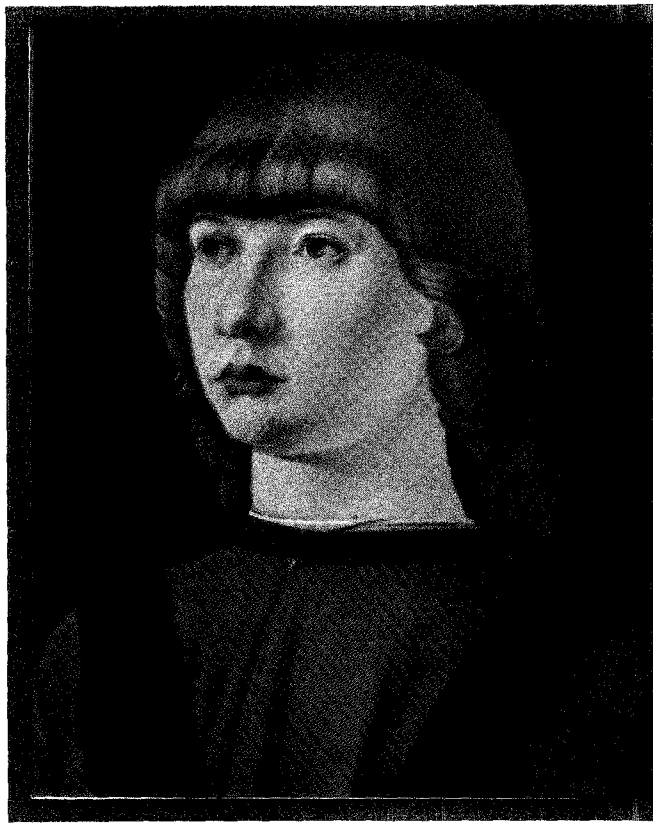

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH BY VIVARINI

The rivalry of the Vivarini of Murano (the Brothers Antonio and Bartolommeo and Antonio's son, Alvise [1447-1504] whose painting is shown) and the Bellini of Venice (Jacobo and his sons, Gentile and Giovanni) was a bitter one. In it, the Vivarini came off a poor second.

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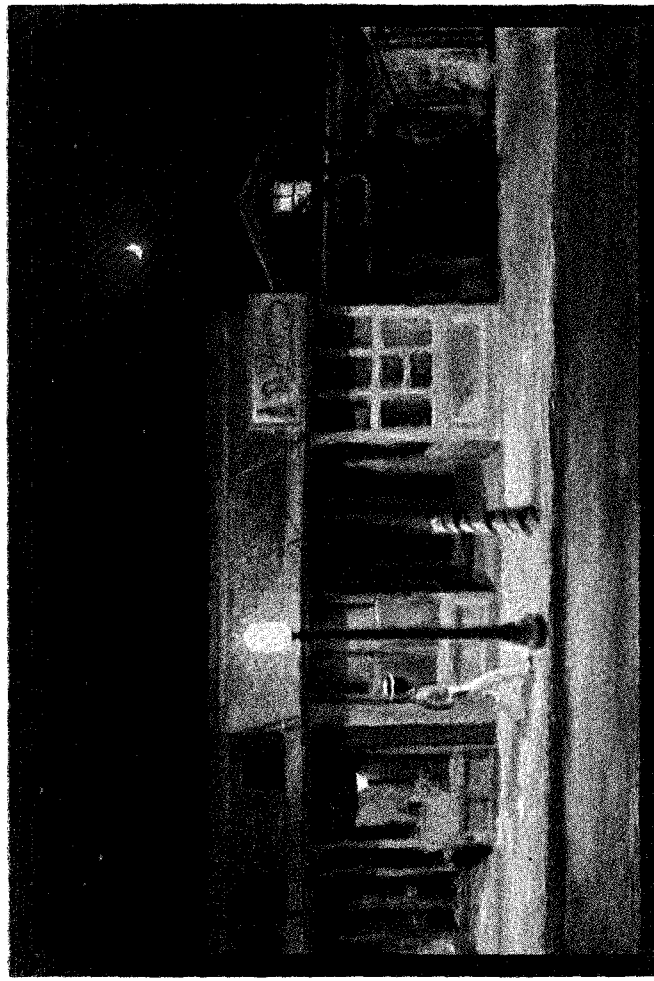

LOUISIANA TOWN AT NIGHT BY BOHROD

Traveling close to the soil and close to the people, this is one of the many things Bohrod saw and put on canvas. With the sharply maturing viewpoint of his pictorial statements, elder painters—Bohrod is only 30—look upon him as in the vanguard of coming young men.

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ABOUT AARON BOHROD

A NOTE ON A YOUNG PAINTER WHO IS PUSHING FORWARD TO NEW HORIZONS

VISITORS to the 1934-35 biennial exhibition of contemporary American painting at the Whitney Museum stopped a little longer before a picture entitled *Landscape Near Chicago* by a then practically unknown young man called Aaron Bohrod. Thereafter New Yorkers had other opportunity of seeing what this young man could do, in oil, water color and lithography. He seemed to be chiefly concerned in pointing and dramatizing the drab and the depressing in the backyard aspects of urban and suburban life.

He saw Chicago first. That is, he was born in it a little more than thirty years ago. Except for a brief period (1929-31) spent in New York at the Art Students' League, he has been a constant Chicagoan. He has found nothing boring in the diverse aspects of the Hog Butcher of the World, but now that he has seen America, on a two-year Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship, he is learning to understand with greater maturity the city he has so long taken for granted.

Louisiana Town at Night (reproduced) is one of the paintings resulting from his Tin Lizzie exploration of America. A rather comprehensive view of the results of that exploration was permitted New Yorkers who visited Frank Rehn's gallery and saw one roomful of oils and another of water colors. Bohrod's chief concern seems to lie in landscape and architecture which convey the character of a place and of the people who live in it. *Mississippi Landscape*, for example, with all that it tells of poverty, depression and erosion, merely shows that no matter how far you travel you can always find a modified version of a Chicago backyard. In the bitterly ironical *Kentucky Home*, the point is conveyed through people, through the starved and idiotic faces on that cabin porch.

Since 1933 Bohrod has won numerous prizes at the Chicago Art Institute, most recently the Logan Award of $500, and his work is held in the permanent collection not only of the Institute but of the Whitney Museum and at the University of Illinois. He has a hunger and a relish for the world which are, at present, more important than the desire to make a final statement.

—HARRY SALPETER

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THE KIDNAPING

WHO COULD BE SO IMPOVERISHED AS A MOTHER ROBBED EVEN OF HER GRIEF?

I KNEW one of those mothers. The magnificent American type. Frightfully rich. Sumptuously bejeweled; the sort of people who did not understand what they saw envied her the jewels. Yet a diamond is not beautiful in itself except when it lies, cold and impersonal, on its bed of velvet under glass. The moment it touches the flesh of woman, its beauty depends upon the woman: there is nothing sumptuous about a pearl necklace upon drooping shoulders; a diamond does not truly sparkle unless the eyes of its wearer are sparkling. Mrs. Sandison's shoulders were bowed; and her eyes no longer knew how to—no, let us say what is even sadder, her eyes no longer could laugh.

One day I asked her why. She said: "Gangsters. I hate them."

Naturally I agreed with her. She shook her head. "I have reason to hate them. I owe them the most frightful experience, the most frightful emotion.

"My little son Harry was six years old when the gangsters found out that my husband and I were quite rich. You see, we had one of those apparently swollen fortunes, that might stand a little blood-letting. Then the first letters started to come. Those were addressed to my husband. He put them in a drawer, without telling me about them. Only, I saw the household staff suddenly becoming stocked with secretaries, valets, chauffeurs who seemed totally unnecessary to me. It was only afterward that I understood they were really detectives. Bert, my husband, was trying to take care of our little Harry without telling me what was happening, for he knew that to tell me would be to drive me wild. I adored Harry. But it was childish to hope to keep me in ignorance. Soon enough, the letters came addressed to me.

"You Latins like to think that we American mothers are different. Perhaps. We don't make a show of our feelings by weeping, whining, or wilting. In every American woman, I think, there is a deep independence, or a rebellious strength that fights sentimentality. When the life of my child was threatened, I reacted with not one, but two instincts: the maternal instinct, and an American instinct of indignation, furor against extortion. The first was the stronger, naturally

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one's place of origin makes no difference, maternal love is like the Gulf stream: it gives the same warmth, even to the iciest regions. Finally, I said to my husband, 'Bert, what's a few thousand dollars! I'm not saying money means nothing, after all the trouble you go to get it. No, it's not worthless. But our son is worth more. Money has no eyes, it has no mouth that laughs, money doesn't look like you, like you and me together.'

"In Bert, also, there were two instincts. And in him, too, the paternal instinct was stronger than the other. Teeth clamped shut, the veins on his forehead swollen with anger, he complied with the gangsters' orders. The whole stupid and comic rigmarole: bills withdrawn from the bank, wrapped in a package, delivered by himself, alone, at night, left at the appointed spot . . . But at least, it was over. After all, it was nothing more than a painful humiliation, and a substantial loss — as though one had gambled on the market. Yes, isn't it something of a bad gamble to have a child, when one is rich? The next day, the fake secretaries, the fake valets, the fake chauffeurs could go their ways; I could open my windows, I could let my child play in the garden . . .

"This peace, this happiness, this freedom lasted exactly fifteen days. When I remember those days, it seems to me that they were carefree, larking, joyous-like vacation days. I had my two weeks of vacation, from that hard and horrible job of being a rich mother, just as a department-store girl might have her two weeks. And then, on the fifteenth day, the letters began again.

"Were these the same gangsters, threatening to steal our boy? or were they others? We couldn't tell.

"'What difference does it make!' Bert cried. 'Only one thing is certain. Once you yield, they take you, to the last cent. It's stupid to believe that you can buy off a blackmailer. You never quite buy him off. Even if they strip us clean, they won't be through with us; people never believe that a rich man has lost everything.'

"I saw that he was right. I understood that no matter what we did, this horror would not leave us, that it would be born again, more pressing, more terrible, after each sacrifice. A fire whose flames revive, each time you believe you have smothered it.

"Then began a life of utter agony. It's impossible to describe. But you must already have imagined it, you've heard these tales of tortured parents. . . . My little son had not yet been stolen—not yet—but every second of my life was lived in fear. The danger, the threat was everywhere, and eternal. He was as much in danger when he slept as when he was awake, when he sat still as when he moved about. Even when I had him in my arms, I felt that danger. We had to forbid him his games, his freedom, the outdoors, everything! The poor child was more closely guarded than the worst of criminals. A prison? A prison is nothing! A door closed on you is nothing,

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compared to a door which you are afraid to see open! You might dream of escape from a prison. But in our fine house, with its automatic alarms, there was room only for fear, fear . . .

"Suspicion everywhere...The most loyal servant might be bought, anyone might be a spy, an enemy—the plumber who came to make repairs, the man in the street who raised his eyes at the windows, and the man who didn't raise his eyes. Always suspicion and uncertainty.

"No, there are no words to describe what we went through. I don't know whether it's really possible for anyone else to imagine it. It's too fantastic.

"That went on, for an entire year. Then, one day, my little Harry caught cold, coughed, went to bed, and died.

"And then, that night, the night of his death, as I sat by his little body, tears streaming down my cheeks—it was then that I suddenly discovered—oh, I was stupefied with horror—that beneath all my sorrow there was—yes! relief! . . . I realized—oh, I can't tell you how revolted it made me—that for the first time in a year I could breathe.

"That's why I have such horror of gangsters. It was through them that I came to this monstrous, inhuman emotion. They prevented a mother from feeling the utter grief of the death of her child." —André Birabeau

THE COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER AT HOME

"Hello, George dear, did you work hard at the studio?"

"Yes darling I *did* work hard—just as the Slideaway Six is working hard day and night to give you a better car with improved riding comfort, greater safety plus increased economy at a price—"

"I see, dear. I'm glad tomorrow is a holiday. You won't have to go to town tomorrow."

"No, but that reminds me. The new 1938 Frostyfreeze Refrigerator is going to town in a big way! Never before in artificial refrigeration—"

"Yes, George. I heard you. Now put on your slippers, and—"

"Slippers. Hm. Slippers. Just a minute. Slip—Ah! Slippers without a slip up! Cozy Comfort Slippers, the national footwear. Tonight ten million pairs of lucky feet are cuddling in —"

"George, before you go to bed say good-night to Johnny. He got a hundred per cent in deportment—"

"Ah! Like Blitzen's Beer! A hundred per cent in taste, satisfaction, performance. The beer that beautifies the breath. Blitzen's Beer comes in asbestos-lined containers that—"

"Dear, can't you stop?"

"No. Like Humdinger Rust-proof Eggbeaters that have never stopped improving in the fifty-six years of their existence. You can beat with a Humdinger, but you can't beat it—Why darling, you look tired too. What's the matter?"—Tracy Perkins

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GAME OF MONIKERS

A CHANCE TO BANDY NAMES WITH THE GREAT, WITHOUT THEIR BEING ABLE TO BANDY BACK

HERE is a list of fifty complimentary (and otherwise) nicknames of as many famous individuals. How many can you recognize? Each correct answer counts 2. A score of 50 is fair; 65 is good; 80 is very good; and 90 or over is excellent. Answers are on page 98.

1. Good Queen Bess.
2. Buffalo Bill.
3. Old Hickory.
4. The Bard of Avon.
5. Gentleman Jim.
6. The Lone Eagle.
7. The Great Commoner.
8. Little Giant.
9. The Maid of Orleans.
10. The Good Grey Poet.
11. Bloody Mary.
12. The Little Corporal.
13. Diamond Jim.
14. Father of Medicine.
15. Silent Cal.
16. The Iron Duke.
17. The Friend of the People.
18. The Scourge of God.
19. The Manassa Mauler.
20. Honest Abe.
21. The Rough Rider.
22. Wally.
23. The Galloping Ghost.
24. The Apostle of the Sword.
25. Bozzy.
26. Defender of the Faith.
27. The Madman of Macedonia.
28. The Iron Chancellor.
29. The Kingfish.
30. The Happy Warrior.
31. Cactus Jack.
32. Beau Sabreur. (The Handsome Swordsman).
33. Rare Ben.
34. Farmer George.
35. The Austrian.
36. Father of History.
37. The King of Jazz.
38. The Great Protector.
39. The Plumed Knight.
40. Black Jack.
41. The Angel of Assassination.
42. Alfalfa Bill.
43. The Bard of Erin.
44. The Border Minstrel.
45. America's Sweetheart.
46. Father Adam.
47. Queen of the Nile.
48. The Butcher's Dog.
49. The Citizen King.
50. Father of Tragedy.

—A. I. GREEN

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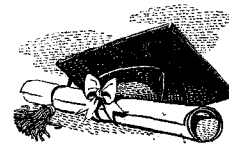
I NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE

FOR A TRUE EVALUATION OF ANY GIFT, GO TO THE MAN FROM WHOM IT WAS WITHHELD



IT SEEMS to me that I can hardly pick up a magazine nowadays without encountering someone's views on our colleges. Most of the writers are critical; they contend that the colleges are not doing a good job, and they question the value of a college education. Less often, a champion arises to argue that a college degree is worth while.

I read everything on the topic that comes to my notice, but of late I read with growing impatience. I am exasperated by the critics but I am even more exasperated by the professed friends of liberal education. I can understand the type of man who asserts that an A.B. degree isn't worth a nickel in the pay envelope, and I think he is quite right in asserting that a college education is no good—to his sort. But I am downright annoyed with the professed friend of the colleges who accepts the challenge and tries to prove that a diploma does have cash value, after all. Even if he succeeds in proving the point, I am disappointed in him.

I never went to college. I shall always regret the fact. I don't think I should have a cent more to my name today if I had been graduated from Harvard, *summa cum laude*. I'm no economic royalist, but I'm doing all right.

I have an apartment in town and a home at the seashore—both ridiculously too large for our needs. I have two automobiles, one of which is just nonsense. Had I a college degree, I don't think I should be any better known in the world. I am somewhere near the front in the slim ranks of my highly specialized and thoroughly fascinating profession. Berton Braley, breaking a lance for the colleges, demonstrated in *The Commentator* that 85 per cent of the men in *Who's Who* are college graduates. All right, I'm one of the remaining 15 per cent, which I might argue is a greater distinction. (But don't look for "Calvin Kinney"; it's a pen name.)

I've taught courses in two universities, one of them a very famous institution, indeed. Not so long ago, I was approached by emissaries who made diplomatic overtures to ascertain whether I should be interested in becoming dean of an important professional school in a large university.

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Well, maybe that's enough to make the point that mine isn't a case of sour grapes. I shall always regret that I didn't go to college only because I know I missed some highly important things.

I missed the opportunity of association and friendship with men of wide culture and high ideals in an atmosphere of quiet and detachment. I went to work when I was 16 years old because at that age it seems important to eat ravenously and regularly—seems more important than it really is. My associations thenceforth were with folk who were neither scholars nor gentlemen. It was many years before I ever had the opportunity of close and friendly contact with men whose intellect and whose culture were superior to my own. I know that it would have broadened and enriched my life if I had been exposed at an impressionable age to the example of men who had read, studied, and traveled.

Now you may say scoffingly that the average undergraduate gets none of this out of college. I think he does, consciously or unconsciously. My son, for example, was profoundly influenced by friendships he formed at college with two professors—professors of Greek, by the way, who certainly taught him nothing that he can turn into dollars. I have heard many other college men speak of the influence that some professor—say Copeland, of Harvard—had in broadening their perceptions, their outlook, their philosophies. But if you insist that such college men are not average, I shall take refuge in my egotism and assert unblushingly that I don't think I should have been the average undergraduate, either. You can't argue me out of that.

I missed a training in systematic and orderly thought. A course that leads to the A.B. degree in the better colleges gives a balanced and rounded picture of the field of human knowledge. Or if that is too much to say, put it that the minimum requirements for a degree at least suggest that the universe of knowledge does have form and shape and interrelationship. I have acquired some store of information, but it is all haphazard and there are great gaps in it. It isn't co-ordinated. It is miscellaneous. I got it the hard way, also. It is a true saying that any intelligent man can get by himself whatever he can get from books in college—but in college he will get it ten times more easily.

I missed the best part of my youth. A critical four years, when I should have had the opportunity of studying, reflecting, and sometimes loafing and daydreaming, I spent in mastering hard, practical little tricks for getting ahead in a tough environment. By the end of that time, I was earning far more than the newly graduated college man of my age could hope to earn for some years. So what? What was the hurry? Poorer paid or not, the young college graduate was a better rounded man than I. At first, I used to deny that fiercely, but after a time

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I reluctantly admitted it to myself.

Another thing—the young college graduate thought he was a sophisticated dog, a man of the world; hadn't he been to the burlesque show and been a little tight on beer three or four times in senior year? But at his age, in the course of my work I had encountered such vice and depravity as he never suspected to exist. I knew things which it is well for any adult to know, I suppose, but I have good reason to believe that kind of knowledge is better acquired after twenty-one than before. Even if college is a place in which too many students learn too little, I still believe some sacrifice is worth while to give a youngster those four comparatively sheltered years in which to grow from boy into man.

I missed making friends of my own age. I quite agree that making friends is one of the principal values of college life—but not for the cheap reason that often prompts the remark. I know it would have been better for me to have formed friendships with boys of my own kind and at my own stage of development than to find companionship as I inevitably did with the hard-bitten older men I met in business, and whose attitude and habits I took on with the imitativeness of youth.

I wish I belonged to some group with common traditions and common ties. I wish I belonged to the class of 1910, somewhere, and could go back to reunions. I miss the sense of continuity of association that old college friends obviously possess. You observe I say nothing of the commercial advantages of being an alumnus; I don't regret at all that I didn't make a lot of "contacts" which would have helped sell bonds. I never missed that.

I missed the sense of equality with better-educated men. I had, no doubt, what we nowadays call an inferiority complex and I accorded college men a deference they didn't always deserve. Foolish, you say. Yes, but it was a handicap. It would have been worth a good deal to me, not in dollars and cents, but in self-assurance, if I could have had the inward feeling that my cultural background and my intellectual training were as good as anyone's. I've put this last because it is probably the least of the advantages of holding a college degree. Yet to give a young man the confidence that he has no cultural or social deficiencies is not a trivial thing, after all.

Well, these are the things I missed. These are the real values of a liberal arts course. I have no patience with the college graduate who whines that his diploma doesn't help him get ahead in business. And less patience with the college graduate who tries to prove that it does.

I believe that a liberal education should be a thing to live with, not on. Why don't the college graduates boldly assert that belief? It is a strange commentary, it seems to me, that after all the thousands of words of debate on the subject, it should be left to be said by a man who never went to college at all. —Calvin Kinney

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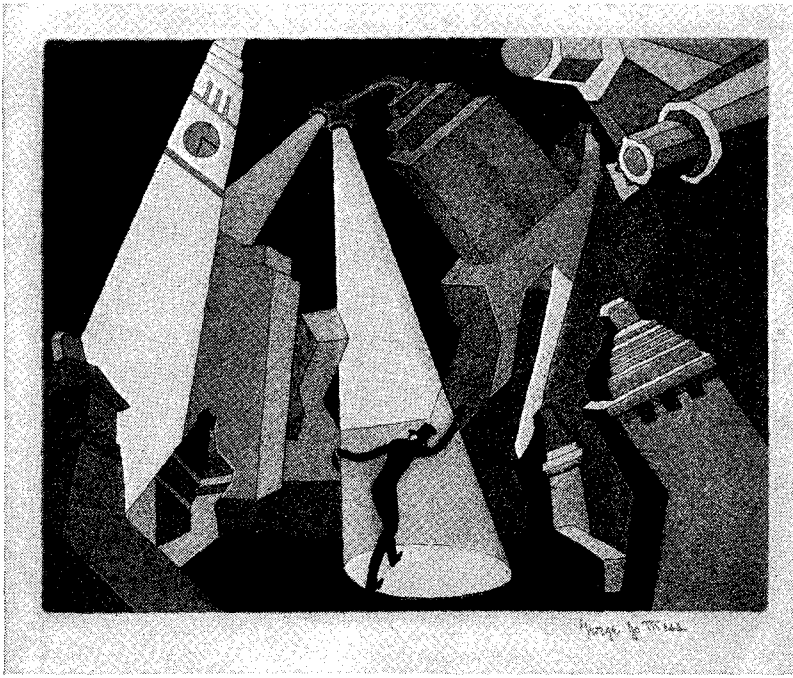

CHICAGO

Before Aurora was up and while the city was still damp,
I laced my shoes and walked,
Eyelids crusty, down Michigan Boulevard.
The silence was unusual, unearthly—
The buildings were grotesque and terrible
Like hangover hallucinations;
Like sulking giants, hollow-hearted without humanity.
I stamped my feet, heard the echoes,
And remembered with hurt how the day exiled one.
Blowing my frosty breath on a shop window,
I wrote, "Life," in the vapor,
And watched it fade away.

—THOMAS CASEY

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TROUBLE AT ASTOR HOUSE

"THIS WILL NEVER DO—LOOK OUT, SIR!" WAS THE ULTIMATUM OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT

JOHN JACOB ASTOR wanted his Astor House to be the finest hotel New York had ever seen. In 1833 he hired the best architect available to prepare the plans. For its site he sacrificed one of his choicest pieces of real estate—the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street. With fitting ceremonies, he laid the corner stone as the sun came up on the Fourth of July, 1834. In 1835 he contracted for the finest marble and concrete his money could buy. And early in 1836, several months before the hotel was scheduled to open, he leased it to the Boydens, father and son, managers of the Tremont House in Boston.

The acquisition of the Boydens would add much to the prestige of the city that already boasted Milford of the American House, admittedly the most consummate host in the land. That the Boydens could afford to pay the $17,000 yearly rental charged by old Astor advanced them in the public esteem, and their threatened charge of one dollar a day would not affect the pockets of the citizenry. In those days hotels were for travelers. After completing the negotiations with John Jacob Astor, the Boydens came to New York.

Immediately, they disappeared into the depths of the new building. There, in secret, they trained their staff, selected the silverware, the wallpaper, and the all-important bar furnishings. Early in May, 1836, they broke their silence to announce that the grand opening would be on the thirty-first of that month and to promise that everything would be in perfect order. The hotel opened on the day scheduled. The next morning the Boydens were the most vilified men in New York.

Through its construction the people of the city had watched the Astor House with admiration and pride. The newspapers had encouraged these emotions. They declared that no building in the United States could compare with it, and reported that the hotel was to be six stories high and of Quincy granite; that there would be between three and four hundred rooms, all furnished in black walnut, some to have carpets, mirrors, and folding doors; that the floor of the vestibule was to be paved with mosaic

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squares; that it was being built around a court, which was paved with marble and bordered with flower beds; and that in the center of the court there was a large and beautiful fountain.

The magnificence of the outside of the building only increased curiosity about the interior, and on the morning of the thirty-first of May, the citizenry got out their finery and prepared to be dazzled by the splendor they had read about. The main entrance on Broadway was the most imposing way into the hotel, and to it the people flocked. But they got no farther than the door. It was closed, and on it was pasted this notice:

READ THIS
Take Notice—Nobody is permitted to enter this house unless he is a Traveler—it is not open for citizens.

James Gordon Bennett, eager to describe the luxurious interior for his *Herald*, was one of the first to run afoul of this astounding restriction. Emboldened by the power of the press, he opened the door and started to walk in, but because he had no baggage he was firmly denied admittance. He considered this an outrageous insult to himself, the citizenry, and the press, and, boiling with indignation he hurried back to the *Herald* office to chronicle the affront.

Bennett aimed his editorial onslaught directly at Boyden, Sr. "No one," he wrote, "ever dreamed for one moment that a Hotel-keeper, a mere grog seller from Boston, one who began in an oyster cellar, would prevent the public from taking a peek merely because he was the lessee. But fewer suspected that he would have the insolence to issue such a 'card' as we publish this morning. Telling the people 'You have no business—no citizens allowed here—go home and mind your own business,' Where is your courtesy, Boyden? Where's your *savoir vivre?*"

Boyden's courtesy remained unchanged; but it may have been his *savoir vivre* that made him invite a chosen few into the hotel the day after it opened. Bennett, surprisingly, was among them and what he saw exacerbated him further. Instead, he reported, of a "generous dinner, plenty of wine, and good cheer, the Astor House opened with high prices, stiff and starched hauteur." With his own eyes he had seen Boyden, Jr. greet a guest as an equal, and he viewed the behavior of the waitresses with horror. They ogled the male diners, and let it be known in the most unsubtle manner that they would enjoy a little party after hours.

For two weeks the attention of the citizenry was distracted from events at the Astor House by the sensational trial of Richard Robinson for the murder of Ellen Jewett. Then, on the day Bennett observed with sorrow that bedding was being aired from the hotel's fourth-story windows, an irascible gentleman with a bowie knife entered the dining room of the Astor House. The waitresses had been

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supplanted by waiters, but not one of them was in sight.

The gentleman waited for ten minutes, venting his impatience by striking the table with a formidable fist. No waiter came. The other diners eyed him uneasily, and when he gave a preliminary bellow they stole from the room. Still no waiter came. As the moments went by he broke into lusty and increasingly bloodthirsty roars, and at length a waiter did appear. At this the man gathered himself, emitted a final ferocious cry, and lunged with his knife. The waiter gave a yell of mortal terror and fled back to the kitchen.

Almost on the heels of the fracas in the dining room the outraged cries of a Southern lady rang through the hotel in protest against an indignity which had been mutely borne by other lady guests. Needing some assistance with the more intimate details of her toilette this lady had rung for a maid. There was a long wait; so long, in fact, that she rang again.

Then the door of her room burst open and a bearded man strode in. He stood there, stolidly, while she screamed. Boyden, Sr. heard the uproar and ran to her room. His explanations only added fuel to her rage. There had never, he said, been any ladies' maids in the hotel; ladies either had their own or went without. Once there had been waitresses, but men had always answered the bells, and no one, he said, had ever complained.

The situation became even more tense with the appearance of the lady's husband, and James Gordon Bennett had the material for another editorial blast. He ended it with the warning: "This will never do. Look out, Sir!"

The closing days of June were marked by a spirit of unrest among the help. Among other things, they claimed that Boyden, Sr. stuck his nose into their food to see whether it was the same quality as that served to the guests. If it was they were fired. Bennett took up cudgels on their behalf and was rewarded by an anonymous letter which he attributed to the Boydens. Terse and to the point, it said:

> James Gordon Bennett—You damned rascal! I write this just to let you know you are the ugliest man I have ever seen in my life.

For months after that the Astor House was the scene of many small riots and minor frays; it promised to become as infamous as the Five Points. The hotel porters fought with the public hackmen over tips; members of the staff were constantly being discharged and hurling profane defiance at the Boydens from the safety of the sidewalk; and the bartender was struck down by a gentleman about whose shoulders he affectionately put his arm.

The elder Boyden's attitude toward all this unfavorable publicity was singularly modern. He expressed the opinion that any mention of the

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Astor House in the papers, no matter what it said, was good publicity. And the facts show he was right: Every day since the opening the hotel had been full, and the daily receipts had averaged fourteen hundred dollars.

Boyden, Jr., however, was showing signs of wear. In August a cracker baker named Bond presented him with a bill for twenty-nine dollars for crackers rendered. Boyden flew into a rage and had him thrown out. A crowd collected, the much abused hackmen took up the baker's cause, and a riot was averted only when Boyden reluctantly paid the bill.

A week later Bond received another order from the Astor House. Before delivering it he went to Boyden, Sr. and diplomatically told him that he had been abused by the servants when he had tried to collect his previous bill.

"Damn them," said Boyden, "kill them if they won't treat you civilly—kill two of them if one won't do, but bring the crackers." Reassured, the baker delivered them, and once again presented the bill to Boyden, Jr., who threw it in his face, seized him by the throat, and shook him. The baker broke away and dashed through the corridors of the hotel with Boyden in full pursuit. With a final burst of speed Bond reached the Broadway sidewalk. Boyden remained in the doorway, shouting imprecations. After lingering long enough to collect witnesses, the baker went to the police. Boyden, Jr. was arrested the next day on a charge of assault and battery.

After many postponements, the case of Bond *vs.* Boyden came up before the Court of Sessions on November 11, 1836. Bond was on the witness stand most of the day reviewing the events leading up to the assault, and describing the battery in detail.

The defendant played the part of one who has seen the error of his way. By facial contortions and sighs he manifested profound remorse, and when the baker finally stepped down from the box Boyden seized his hand and wrung it, muttering apologies. On the stand he seemed so repentant, so pale and aristocratic, that many women in the audience were greatly affected and men felt for him.

The jury, however, was emotionally immune, and without leaving their seats found him guilty.

The judge did not approve of the verdict, and felt impelled to deliver a discourse on the general subject of "forgiveness." This was done with such eloquence that Boyden became the object of everyone's commiseration. Boyden, himself, was deeply moved and, after renewing his bail, invited the judge, the baker, and the more presentable of his well-wishers to be his guests at the Astor House for dinner. They accepted, and marched up Broadway at the head of a triumphal procession. Sentence had been delayed for a week.

The interregnum before the sen-

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tence was a busy one for Boyden, Sr. First he let it be known that out of his own pocket he was paying the passage home for his Spanish cook who had been permanently injured in an accident. This, indeed, was the kind of thing New York expected from its prominent citizens, and coming from the hitherto unpopular Boyden the benevolent act seemed proportionately more important.

He then invited the Common Council to meet and dine at the Astor House. The invitation was enthusiastically accepted, and for the first time in many months, it was noted, a quorum was present at a meeting of the august body.

Boyden's sentence proved to be the not inconsiderable ordeal of standing through another dissertation from the presiding judge. Public opinion and the dined and wined Common Council had fortified the judge in his opinion that the crime called for no punishment, and he freed Boyden with the gentlest of reprimands. Then Boyden led a procession back to the Astor House where the atmosphere radiated good will. Drinks were on the house.

From that time on bitterness toward the Boydens was forgotten by everyone save old John Jacob Astor, who cursed the day he had leased his magnificent hotel to them. In 1841, the surviving Boyden withdrew to manage the Exchange Hotel in Richmond. Old Astor selected his successor with the utmost care, and when he was bedridden and was being bounced in a blanket for exercise, the patriarch was comforted by the knowledge that his wish had been achieved: The Astor House was at last recognized as the finest hotel in New York.

As such it survived Astor by only a few months. Late in 1848, the Irving House opened, even more magnificent and even farther uptown, and the Astor House settled down to its second and longest phase.

During the Civil War the entire Sixth Massachusetts Regiment had breakfast there and in the '70's it prospered under the management of Allen and Dam, whose names survive not so much as paragons among hosts as the butt of the famous toast "Here's to Allen and Dam his partner." In 1875 the hotel was redecorated and began quietly to accumulate tradition, enjoying spasmodic glory while it sheltered various presidents and statesmen.

Much of the credit for perpetuating the name of the Astor House should go to Horatio Alger, for it figured prominently in almost all of the one hundred and nineteen books he wrote.

After surviving several dissensions in the Astor family, and after one of the most Lucullan farewell banquets in the history of the city, part of the Astor House was torn down in 1917. The other half remained standing, a bleak anachronism staring at the Woolworth Tower. In 1927, it too was torn down to make way for a skyscraper. —ALLEN CHURCHILL

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CITY IN A GARDEN

UP FROM THE MUD, UP FROM ITS ASHES ROSE CHICAGO, THE BAD BOY METROPOLIS OF AMERICA

THE pronunciation of Chicago, like its reputation, is often disputed. Chick-ah-go, Shik-ah-go, and Shik-aw-go all have their partisans. The spelling of the word is, historically, even more various: Chikagu, Chikagou and Chicagoa are the nearest relatives. One historian gives credence to the story that a chief visited Paris and received a splendid snuff-box from the Duchess of Orleans; when the chief took the snuff and sneezed in the presence of his braves they probably gave him the name Chikagou from the sound of his sneeze. Thus declares not a fictioneer, but a historian. At any rate, in one Algonquin dialect Chicago was the name borne by a long line of Illinois Indian chiefs and was said to mean "strong" or "great" or "powerful."

In the Chippewa dialect of the same tongue a word *shegahg* means skunk and another *she-gau-ga-winzshe* means skink-weed or wild onion, a plant that once flowered in profusion on the banks of the Chicago River. In the Pottawottamie dialect *choc-ca-go* means destitute. Native historians prefer to emphasize the Algonquin definition.

It is difficult to fix who was the first white man in the vicinity. Father Jacques Marquette, in the Joliet expedition to the Mississippi, was there in late 1673. But Canadian backwoodsmen, seeking furs and trade with the Indians, were probably in the Chicago region before any explorers had penetrated. The restless Robert LaSalle did not arrive until 1680.

The first permanent settler in the area was a Santo Domingan Negro, Jean Baptiste Point de Saible who settled at "Eschikagou," as the name was at this time recorded, about the year 1779. De Saible was a successful trader, a man of energy and intelligence and his post was well known to all on the Great Lakes. After acquiring a small fortune De Saible sold his cabin to Le Mai, a French trader.

Le Mai in his turn sold his property to John Kinzie, who brought his wife and infant son and made a permanent home here. Apparently Kinzie was a fair-minded man for he became known as the "Indian's friend," a distinction not given casually in those days. His daughter, Ellen Marion, was the first white child born in the Chicago region.

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The war with the British in 1812 and Tecumseh's campaign to unite the many tribes of his people into one strong confederation, brought about serious trouble with the Indians. On August 15th occurred the famous Fort Dearborn massacre.

Before 1830 there was no town of Chicago. The original town was laid out by the commissioners in charge of the building of a canal from the Illinois River to Lake Michigan, the fulfillment of Louis Joliet's idea. On August 4th the town was officially founded.

In 1831 the population was given as sixty but a year later it was 600. The Blackhawk War followed. However, in August, 1832 Chief Blackhawk and his warriors were defeated and the settlers could breathe freely again. On August 12, 1833 the town achieved a legal existence. Four years later it got its charter as a city. Legally—whatever the detractors may say—Chicago has never been a village.

In 1837, the year Chicago received its municipal charter from the state legislature, the new city's population was only 4,170. It contained ten taverns, twenty-six liquor shops, five churches and seventeen lawyers' offices among its 398 dwellings. That fall the money panic of 1837 hit the tiny community.

Enter William B. Ogden, Chicago's first mayor and later father of the vast railroad system of the Northwest. Land speculators howled for the repudiation of debts; real estate values had collapsed. Ogden, who had come to represent Eastern business interests and had fallen in love with the muddy prairie, shouted "Honor!" No repudiation of debts. They had been incurred voluntarily; they should be paid voluntarily. The city swung behind Ogden. In a few years Chicago was on its feet again.

Ogden was also the town's first capitalist and promoter. In 1847 Cyrus McCormick arrived with his reaper. Ogden financed him with $25,000. Several years later McCormick, the reaper a success, paid Ogden $50,000 for the loan. Chicago became a boom city. Eastern money poured in to harvest vast profits.

In 1836 John Wentworth, later to become famous as "Long John" because of his six feet, six height, walked into Chicago, barefoot according to his own account. John Calhoun had four years before shipped a printing press from New York and founded the Chicago *Weekly Democrat*. Wentworth became editor of the paper and later its owner. He was the city's first official printer. We have a picture of him, a huge man, weighing 300 pounds, turning out vast numbers of emergency campaign posters, while Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," inked the presses.

He became the city's seventeenth mayor in 1857, took a special pride in enforcing the laws and moved against crime and vice, with which Chicago had already become identified, with characteristic vigor. He personally led a raid on "The Sands," the redlight

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district of the '50's, and destroyed a number of the cribs and shanties and scattered the inmates. In his second term as mayor, in the year the Civil War broke out, he gathered the entire police force and fired every man on it in order to effect the reorganization he thought necessary. Believing in doing things himself he even designed his own tombstone.

The city in a garden wallowed in mud during its first quarter-century. Although the first of the "world's greatest" claims were not made for Chicago until 1854, when it became "the greatest primary grain port in the world," it was the world's greatest city in the mud for many years. At last the council ordered the streets filled up and a several foot grade established above the prairie level. Buildings and sidewalks had to be raised to conform to the new level and for a while in 1856 the whole city rested on jackscrews.

In October, 1839, occurred the first large fire. Eighteen buildings burned down and one was blown up to stop the spreading of the flames. More than $60,000 was lost.

The Great Fire also came in October. It started about eleven o'clock at night on Sunday, October 8, 1871. Eight weeks of drought and scorching heat had preceded it. Before daylight the fire, which legend has it began when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked a lamp over, was traveling at a devastating pace. It continued to burn until after noon the next day. A hundred thousand people were burned out of their homes and two hundred million dollars of property was destroyed. Disaster. The true number of lives lost was never known.

There had been an ardent group of boosters in Chicago before the fire. Deacon William Bross alone remained to prophesy that a greater city would arise from the ashes. Henry Ward Beecher, preaching in the East, was soon to call it the "Phoenix City" for it did rise from its ashes.

The first Carter Harrison had come to Chicago in 1855. In the same year George M. Pullman had appeared. The year before, Nelson Morris had come and begun his cattlebuying. Within three years squads of police were at Chicago's depots turning vagrants and jobhunters away. Both Swift and Armour, founders of packing-house dynasties, arrived. Once more the East began to pour its money into the city.

Capital expanded and labor watched. Socialism and anarchism spread their teachings, but capitalism reaped the harvest. In '77 the bloody railroad riots occurred. Workers and police fought pitched battles. Chicago's first detective, Allan Pinkerton, once an enthusiast for "human rights," began to build the agency that was to become nationally famous for various activities on behalf of "property rights."

Nine years later on May 4, 1886, a bomb exploded at a meeting in Haymarket Square. Carter Harrison I, the mayor, had listened in earlier in the

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evening and gone home. There had been labor trouble all year but the mayor advised the police he did not believe there would be any difficulties this day. A zealous officer ordered his men to march on Haymarket. Either an anarchist or an *agent provocateur* threw the bomb. After the explosion the police fired wildly in every direction.

Seven men were found guilty, not of throwing the bomb, but of the charge that the crime was incited by their inflammatory speeches and writings. Chicago seethed. The world discussed it pro and con. Many who were neither anarchist nor capitalist held the verdict unjust.

Governor Oglesby of Illinois commuted the sentences of two of the men to life imprisonment. A third committed suicide. On November 11, 1887, thirty-seven years after Chicago had its first legal execution, the last four anarchists were hanged. But *causes célèbres* do not die. Six years later the Chicagoan John P. Altgeld, elected to the governor's chair, pardoned the anarchists still alive. A peculiar man, Altgeld, but it took a peculiar courage to do what he did. Chicago capital broke him for it.

The year of the pardon Chicago held the World's Columbian Exposition. The Windy City, the Garden City, the Phoenix City had come of age, a young giant. That same fatal October a maniac assassinated the beloved Carter Harrison I, the free-necked mayor who could and did, when the occasion demanded, talk back to the baronial Marshall Field.

The rugged individualists who had come into an infant city, helped build it and made huge fortunes for themselves, were growing old. A shrewd oil man named John Davison Rockefeller, although not a Chicagoan, subsidized the University of Chicago. Institutional philanthropy became the pastime of the wealthy, the thing to do. The Swifts and the Armours and Marshall Field would not be outdone. Charles T. Yerkes, magnificent plunderer, manipulator of street-cars and utilities, keeper of a stable of legislators to do his bidding, and later hero of Theodore Dreiser's novels, *The Titan* and *The Financier*, also gave; a great astronomical observatory bears his name today. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand does. Upton Sinclair came and saw, and wrote *The Jungle*, which shocked a country awake to reform the meat-packing industry.

Most rugged of all the rugged cities, Chicago sat by her lake and expanded. Museums, colleges, medical centers—city of pork and philanthropy, it dared publish a Chicago Plan to beautify itself. Montgomery Ward had fought obstinately to keep a section of the lake front free from structures. The plan proposed slowly to reshape and, in effect, remake the city aesthetically. The pre-war poetry renascence was calved in the city that boasted the largest stock-yards in the world.

New personalities had appeared on the horizon. Carter Harrison II, son

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of the assassinated mayor, equaled his father's record by serving as mayor five times. A little goat-bearded stationer, George E. Cole, led the greatest reform attack on corrupt politics that Chicago had ever seen. Paradoxically, it was his Municipal Voters' League that, by tacit acceptance, introduced a strange new figure into the city council; in 1900 William Hale Thompson, "bluff, hearty, and a good fellow," was elected alderman. The mad 20th century was kicking in the womb of time.

Clarence Darrow, great criminal law pleader, James Hamilton Lewis, Southern-tongued and pink-whiskered senator, Fred Lundin, self-effacing political manipulator, Edward F. Dunne, mayor and governor and exponent of municipal ownership—these were rising to fame.

The Iroquois Theatre fire in 1903, the *Eastland* ship disaster in the Chicago River in 1915, the bloody race riots in 1919—these kept the name of the city before the world, these and the story of its crime and vice. The most talked-about city in the country, lusty, brawling rogue, always good newspaper copy. Population over a million but to read the outside press there wasn't an honest man in it. Even the World Series baseball scandal involved who? A Chicago ball team. Baa, baa, black sheep!

For a decade, beginning in pre-war days, William Hale Thompson ruled the roost. Big Bill the Builder who built bridges, paved streets and improved one improvement after another. Big Bill the Builder who planned amusement park outings for school children and refunded their carfare money. Big Bill the Builder who waged a campaign on a "Bust King George in the Snoot" program. Big Bill the Builder who feuded with Colonel McCormick of the "world's greatest" *Tribune*, no holds barred, gouging and biting allowed. Big Bill the Builder, who built and bungled and is today attempting a new comeback, takes his place alongside William B. Ogden and Long John Wentworth and Billy Lorimer, the blond boss who was unseated by the U. S. Senate, and Joseph Medill, the editor, and the Carter Harrisons and Marshall Field and John Peter Altgeld. A composite of these would give a history of Chicago through its leading personalities. A composite of these and also of others!

When prohibition came a scarfaced "good fellow" became the chief dispenser of liquid nourishment, the Robin Hood of the speakeasy and the brass rail. Al Capone was called a "gangster," although the first gangsters were probably the tough boys employed by the Hearst press and the *Tribune* in one of their circulation wars where brass knuckles flashed and the blood of unlucky newsies flowed. One of Capone's high-priced attorneys said Al conducted an illegitimate business legitimately. Gang jurisdictions overlapped and rival automatics barked, sawed-off shotguns spewed, machine-guns stuttered. The world called it a

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"crime wave" because Chicago was involved. It was only an illegitimate business being conducted legitimately. Al is in Alcatraz.

Samuel Insull, who had been ploughing the public utilities field industriously, began to expand his holdings. He outreached his imagination. Insull became a magic name. One sad day his financial pyramids collapsed and it became a hated name. The wanderings of Samuel through the Mediterranean will make a grand book one day. They brought Samuel back alive but the public lust for a scapegoat had cooled and today he is still in Chicago, where he rose and where he fell.

A Chicagoan was vice-president of the United States. Charles Gates Dawes cried "Hell 'n' Maria!", smoked an underslung pipe, composed music as a hobby, ran a bank, and remains today a business prophet in good standing. Another, Julius Rosenwald, mail order millionaire and independent philanthropist, became a great benefactor to the Negro.

Good, bad and just folks, these men made the city. In 1933 they ran a Century of Progress Exposition and continued it in '34. Undoubtedly the fair served to earn Chicago a new reputation with the millions who visited the city. Here was the Chicago River running backwards from its mouth in order to keep sewage out of the lake. Here was the broad lake with its beaches that were fronted by office and apartment towers. Over three million lived in this city now, more people than inhabited any of thirty states of the Union.

One Anton J. Cermak, mayor and boss, went to Florida. He waved a greeting to President-elect F. D. Roosevelt. A shot. Tony went down, an assassin's bullet in him. Posthumously he cried, "I'm glad it was me instead of you." Some said the gangs got him, others said Anton was a martyr.

But Chicago was still a "wide open" city. When once before the war it did move on vice it smeared the prostitution rash all over itself. School board scandals, sanitary district scandals—and just scandals.

One of the oldest politicians and trusted officeholders in the city, Robert M. Sweitzer, man of many friends, became involved in a question of "Button, button, who's got the $400,000?" But a jury said "Not Guilty!" Another officeholder became involved in similar difficulties. Word went out that the jury had been tampered with. Before it was over everyone but the judge and the man on trial had a jail sentence against him.

New York is more populous, but Chicago is the most vital city on the continent. It has fire and youth. Its sins are the sins of adolescence and early maturity, never the sins of senility.

The early city fathers picked for the motto on the city seal, *Urbs in horto*, city in a garden. Considering the colorful personalities that have ruled it, its loud good humor, perhaps the motto should be revised to "city in a beer-garden." —Louis Zara

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A NOTE ON LISZT

NO FINGERS FLEW FASTER ON THE KEYBOARD,
NO EYE ROVED FARTHER IN THE DRAWING ROOM

FRANZ LISZT anticipated Robert Taylor by exactly a century. From the time he was 15 to his death at 75, women swarmed around him, flattered him, kissed his hands, seduced him, fought with each other and threatened to commit suicide.

They cut locks of his hair to wear next their hearts. They stumbled over each other to drink the dregs in his coffee cups. They invaded his hotel rooms and bottled his bath-water. They collected seats of chairs that had been pressed by his immortal posterior.

Liszt liked it: he had a weakness for women. Old Adam Liszt, who had quit his job as manager of an Esterhazy estate in Hungary to exploit his son's cash value as an infant prodigy, warned him from his death bed that women would ruin him. Franz was then 16.

Less than a year later the French Minister of Commerce and Industry came home one night well after 12 to find his daughter and the prodigy together in the drawing room. The young things said they had fallen in love in the middle of a music lesson. The father showed the upstart the door, and Liszt retired from public life for two years to enjoy a religious retreat.

He emerged the most romantic young man in Europe, to alternate a hectic social life among the gilded salons and scented boudoirs of Paris with fits of depression and morbid self-pity. His first major scandal was an elopement with the fastidious, fascinating and intelligent Marie, Countess d'Agoult—"six feet of snow on twenty feet of lava." For four years they lived together in Switzerland and Italy, and had three children—Blandine, Cosima (who was to become the second Frau Richard Wagner), and Daniela.

Marie had given up everything for her lover: money, friends, family and social position. She tried hard to make him live quietly and work, but three months was his limit. Every new place they moved, he gradually filled the house with guests and became more and more involved in the junketings of the local aristocracy, while Marie, as his mistress, had to stay home. Now and then he slipped off

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to Paris for a month or two. Eventually, on a pretext of raising funds for charity, he set out for Vienna, and there started his career as the most spectacular piano-virtuoso the world has ever known.

For ten years he toured 'round and 'round Europe in ever widening circles, fêted, flattered and fed by admiring students and hysterical women, strutting and posturing, collecting orders, decorations, medals, and swords of honor, throwing his weight about, making money and spending it like a boxing champion. He left a trail of fans, flames and scandals in every capital from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, from London to Constantinople.

Every week he wrote Marie of his successes: "I am the rage of the town, especially with the aristocrats and the women . . . the King is very polite to me . . . I am the lion of the London season." Every week candid friends wrote Marie about his latest flame: the actress Pleyel, Princess Belgiojoso, Mme. Samoyloff, Lola Montez, the most notorious courtesan in Europe.

Marie stuck to him for six years, then decided it was hopeless. "He's nothing but a Don Juan *parvenu*, half mountebank, half juggler," she said bitterly and quit.

Liszt went on with the circus. He was the ringmaster, and gave full scope to his talent for publicity. He invented the paraphernalia of the virtuoso-pianist—long hair, flashing eyes, dilating nostrils, the rapt and agonized expression. He boasted a fresh necktie for every day in the year, sixty waistcoats, a bulging wardrobe of flashy Hungarian costumes, dozens of pairs of green doeskin gloves to draw slowly from his hands and toss on the floor before beginning to play. In Russia he traveled in a specially fitted caravel—dining room, bedroom and kitchen combined. In Germany the crowds brought pianos to the railroad stations for him to play between trains.

He took a high hand with royalty, refusing to play for Louis Philippe because he was a usurper, for Ludwig I of Bavaria because he made passes at Lola Montez, for Isabella of Spain because etiquette decreed that he could not be introduced to her. He was a snob, but he had a reason for it. When he started his career, musicians were treated like servants, allowed into the drawing room to play, and then sent to the kitchen for food. He raised their social status till they could meet the nabobs on equal terms.

His piano technique was miraculous. He could play with exquisite taste and feeling when in the mood, but as often as not he murdered the music with trills and squiggles and fireworks and the whole abracadabra of virtuosity

Suddenly he gave it all up and took an honorary position at $1,000 a year as musical adviser to the tiny German state of Weimar. He wanted experience with an orchestra, and he wanted

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to compose. Never again did he play the piano for money. He was seeking more lasting fame.

Liszt was often about to marry the Princess Wittgenstein. Once everything was arranged, but her annulment was withheld. She then retired to smoke innumerable strong cigars and complete her twenty-five volumes on *The Internal Causes of the External Feebleness of the Church*, while he took minor orders which made him an abbé and a free man again.

To the end, he remained an urbane, vacillating, picturesque philanderer: his three-cornered life terminated at the age of 75 when he caught a chill in the train and died of pneumonia in the middle of a Bayreuth festival, with women squabbling over the right to nurse him, and his own daughter absent-mindedly hastening his end by depriving him of his now indispensable brandy.

Liszt covered an enormous area of music paper from the age of 19 on. Much of it was in the form of transcriptions of other people's works, or "fantasias" and "reminiscences" of well-known operas. He began these to provide himself with a popular repertoire for the concert-hall. He continued them as his main source of income in later life. Some, like the *Russian Galop* of Bulhakov and the *Gypsy Polka* of Conradi are cheap and tawdry in the extreme; some, notably the Wagner transcriptions and the nine Beethoven Symphonies, are masterpieces in the art of translating orchestral music in terms of the piano. The best of the Fantasias actually enhance the meaning of the tunes on which they are based. Simpler and even more beautiful are the half-dozen piano versions of Schubert songs.

As the machinery for technical display, there is a whole group of original piano works which have never been surpassed. They are studies in "transcendental execution," immensely difficult bravura pieces, full of trills and runs and pyrotechnics. After a century of pianism the market for pure virtuosity has slumped. In Liszt's time, however, these offerings soared to fabulous heights.

In his more serious moments, Liszt tried to break away from the old classic tradition of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, to open up new fields and extend the boundaries of the art. The greatest of his orchestral works are to be found among the twelve Symphonic Poems, the *Faust* and the *Dante* symphonies. He was a master of strange new effects, turbulent, hollow, wild, grotesque sounds. Unfortunately, his taste was not always equal to his originality and even his best work is marred by stretches of banality.

Liszt had no interest in music of the past, except perhaps that of Scarlatti. The "Music of the Future" was his passion and his hope. He dreamed of producing masterpieces of the New Music himself; in the end he himself knew he had failed.

—CARLETON SMITH

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THE SHARP COAST

Here where the saw-toothed forests meet the sea
And ledges plunge and cut white agony
Out of the waves like flowers, no dull, no tame
Creature lives, but seedlings of the flame,
Waxed bayberry, the sweetfern, and sharp firs,
Their fragrances are knives, the spiny burrs
Of dead sea-urchins bleach out like white foam,
The seagulls cut from paper circle home,
They have the scissors' sharpness in their cries,
And splinters of the sun are in their eyes.
There is no rest from sharpness and the light,
There is no rest from dark blue toothed with white.

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In high-nosed boats, the fishermen cut lean
Bend over and take in the buoys washed clean
As emeralds and change their agile stand
As the ocean leans upon the land,
Take in the warp hand over hand and fist
Dripping with topaz and amethyst,
They take the traps aboard in kelpy tangles
Full of life built out of lines and angles,
Dark green lobsters, brown crabs with creamy bellies,
And fish that are all white and azure jellies.
They thrust their thorny fingers into fierce
Creation made to cut and tear and pierce,
They take out living shears with open jaws
And bubbling diamonds in between the claws,
They stand knee-deep in legs nervous and sharp
As fingers stretched on wires of a harp,
Harp-players of the sea are round their ankles,
Armored with jewels, a seething world that rankles
With hate and loveliness. And home they go
Through birds that slant down like a storm of snow.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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JOHN DOE, EXPLORER

HIS BATTING AVERAGE IS LOWER THAN A RUG, BUT SOMETIMES HE CLOUTS OUT A HOME RUN

FURNACE clinkers, pieces of bottle glass, samples of slag iron, chunks of clay and roadside stones of every description, bones of sheep and rabbits, specimens of cockroaches and cabbage butterflies—they all clutter the mail arriving at my office. In almost every delivery they come, sometimes ten or twenty packages a day when some publicity has stirred the senders to action. Occasionally some more unusual object may be among them; maybe a piece of a doorknob, a chunk of soap, or a wad of chewing gum. Yet every package is opened with at least mild anticipation. It may contain some valuable specimen, some new discovery.

Every museum gets a vast amount of such worthless material. Its arrival, year after year, represents the curiosity and scientific interest of thousands of people, throughout the world, whose activities are responsible for many of our finest museum exhibits, as well as for many of the most notable discoveries which have broadened our knowledge of the earth on which we live. The newspapers carry an account of a great stony meteorite, unearthed in a wheat field in Kansas; of a new quarry of dinosaur bones, found in the hills of South Dakota; of a campsite of ancient Folsom man, uncovered in northern Colorado; they report other remarkable finds in Florida, in Maine, in California, and elsewhere. In nearly every instance some alert layman has been the original finder. He has come across a peculiar stone, a deposit of fossil bones, some artifacts of chert or flint which have aroused his curiosity. He has written a letter about his find to some museum, or has sent a specimen for examination, and scientific investigators have done the rest.

There are some museum men who balk at encouraging such correspondence. It means a lot of work, and only on rare occasions does a really worthwhile discovery come to light. For me, however, these rare finds fully warrant the labor of reading hundreds of letters, of writing hundreds of replies, of examining scores of worthless specimens. Moreover I like the little adventures which often grow from these inquiries. Many are very pleasant; some, very amusing.

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About three years ago a woman in San Antonio, Texas, wrote to me that she had a splendid specimen of a "lightning ball" which she wanted to sell.

She had been seated in a room with a friend, during an electric storm, when suddenly a loud clap of thunder had shook the house, and the "lightning ball" had rolled right out on the carpet at their feet.

I replied that she must be mistaken about the identification of her specimen, since "lightning balls" do not exist as concrete objects which one may handle. Lightning is an electrical phenomenon. Her reply now hangs framed above my desk. It reads, in part, as follows:

Dear Mr. Cross:

Your card of April 1st arrived. And I am sorry to have to differ with you about lightning balls. You say there is no such thing as a lightning ball. I am not saying this to be rude but I know there are lightning balls because I have seen one. If you wish all information available to date on the subject of lightning balls you might write General Electric Company, 100 Woodlawn Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.; I am sure there will be someone there only too glad to furnish you with such information . . .

I never wrote to the General Electric Company, needless to say, for the information which it has available for me; but, nevertheless, whenever my scientific ego begins to expand in an unseemly way, a glance at that letter promptly puts me in my place.

Very few of my correspondents, however, undertake to teach me anything. The most of them are eager for authentic information, eager to make some contribution to scientific research. A number of them, of course, have hopes of some financial reward for the finds which they have made, and it is always my aim to get some reward for them, if they have made valuable discoveries, and if any compensation is feasible. The trouble is that museums are non-profit institutions, operated either on public funds, or philanthropies, and money is not always easily available for such purposes. If a find is really unique, however—the fossil bones of some unknown prehistoric animal, an unusual complex of Indian artifacts offering new evidence for the study of American antiquity, a new mineral or rock formation, a distinctly new bird, or butterfly—any first-class museum will usually be able to raise some money for it, if the finder insists on payment. Fortunately, however, the average American is very generous in such circumstances.

By far the most of the specimens which the postman brings me are very easy to identify. Occasionally, however, a real puzzle comes along. About a year ago a young farmer, in southern Minnesota, sent me a "stone" which he had plowed from one of his fields. It was composed of grains of white sand, each coated individually with a vivid green glaze which cemented them all together in a loose mass, somewhat resembling a popcorn ball, or a sponge; and scattered

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all through it were compact green spheres, ranging from the size of peas to the size of walnuts. The spheres looked like miniature hedge apples. I hadn't any notion what it could be; I haven't yet. I've tried to trace it to some artificial origin—no luck. I've sent it to a number of the foremost chemists and mineralogists in the country, but none of them can help me. Every effort to identify it has brought me up short.

More lately another stone has come to me from a farmer in South Dakota. It is about the size and shape of a hen's egg, though somewhat longer—a dull brown object which looks, superficially, as if it had been made with human hands. A closer examination, however, reveals it to be a natural formation. What is it? I'm stumped for an answer.

These two specimens represent the rare prizes which prompt me to keep on opening the packages arriving in my mail. My ordinary daily experiences, however, often make me wonder if the senders could distinguish a brickbat from a chunk of coal. I get dozens of common quartz crystals from persons who are confident—yes, absolutely confident—that they have found diamonds. I get quantities of worthless stones, treasured for flecks of mica in them. What, mica? No, my boy. *Gold!* GOLD! A man in Illinois wrote to me that he had found a batch of meteorites, comprising "almost a complete skeleton." The skull was almost perfect, so he said. At last the man from Mars had apparently been discovered. I thought, of course, that he had found some fossil bones of one kind or another; but when the specimens arrived, they proved to be neither meteorites nor fossils. They were just common boulders. How on earth he could have imagined that they resembled bones was entirely beyond me.

Again and again evidence comes to me that many a layman is unable to see accurately even what he holds in his own hands. About a year ago a man telephoned to me that he had captured a very remarkable butterfly. I guessed at once that he had caught a common Cecropian moth, for every spring, when these large moths emerge, I am kept busy with such calls.

"Does it have big grayish-brown wings with a moon in the center of each one?" I asked.

"Yes," he admitted. "That describes them pretty well."

"Is its body circled with alternate bands of red and white?"

Ah, there he had me! "No," he declared positively, "it's all red."

I was pretty skeptical; but he wasn't to be shaken in his declaration. "Well, bring it around and let me see it," I said. He brought it.

A Cecropian moth it was, the white bands perfectly obvious. "Can't you see those bands of white?" I asked him.

"Well, yes," he admitted sheepishly. "I do see them now." (I often wonder

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why eye-witnesses are given so much weight in courts of law.)

My sole reason for taking the time to deal with all the persons who telephone, or write to me, about such matters is that to shunt them aside would be to deny many real discoveries. Some time ago a young man in Fruita, Colorado, sent me three butterflies to identify for him. Two were very common species; but the third—a swallowtail—was totally different from any butterfly known. I asked him to send me more specimens of the same kind, and the result was the discovery of a new papilio—a rare discovery, indeed. So, also, have other new butterflies come to me from various parts of North America. Every summer specimens come to me by the hundreds from collectors scattered from Nome, Alaska, to Miami, Florida.

The many reports which arrive to apprise me that the senders have discovered fossil bones, are just like all the others. Sometimes a writer has found the bones of some animal that died no longer than ten, or fifteen years ago. Or a letter will come, like one from a woman in Alabama, describing a deposit of small skeletons mingled with "petrified hearts." The skeletons proved to be quite ordinary fish bones; the "petrified hearts" were shell casts.

Now and then, however, an authentic discovery is reported. About nine months ago a high school teacher, in Canon City, Colorado, wrote to me that he had found a deposit of dinosaur bones. Would I care to see some of the teeth that he had collected? I invited him to send them along, and my eyes popped with interest when I opened his package. I saw the tooth of a Brontosaurus, the biggest known reptile that ever trod the earth; the tooth of a Camarasaurus, another huge reptile of early Cretaceous times; several teeth of the Allosaurus, a great carnivorous dinosaur. An expedition from our museum went to excavate the site, and brought away, among other things, a fine skeleton of the rare Stegosaurus, which our preparators are now mounting for exhibition.

There are certain reports which come to museums again and again—reports that would result in spectacular discoveries if any of them ever proved to be authentic. Immediately after the newspapers published the news of the famous dinosaur eggs, discovered by an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History into the Gobi Desert of Mongolia, in 1923, dozens of similar finds were reported in America. Many such reports have come to me, but the "eggs" invariably turn out to be simply concretions, or smooth, ovate stones.

Another report, which comes now and then, concerns the discovery of fossil human footprints. I have received descriptions of them from Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Alabama, New Mexico, and other states, but

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none of them have ever been authentic. It is pretty unlikely, as a matter of fact, that such a discovery ever will be made. Yet the fossil footprints of a number of prehistoric animals have been found, and the discovery of human footprints is, perhaps, not an altogether impossible eventuality. If it ever is made, it will be a scientific sensation.

Of course other evidences of prehistoric man, such as stone implements, ornaments and pottery, are very common. Most of them hold very little interest. Once in a while, however, a little variety comes along. About three years ago a man in St. Louis wrote to me about a stone, owned by him, which had been unearthed in northern Colorado, near the little town of Granby. He had bought it from the finder, who had come across it while digging a duck pond. This stone, he told me, was covered with carvings: "a grinning man's face; the chest is covered with hieroglyphics; on the sides are what may be presumed to be embossed figures of a mammoth, a brontosaur, an allosaur, a cat's face." That *was* a find, remarkable in various ways. No artist, who lived before the age of modern scientific reconstructions, could possibly have pictured a dinosaur unless he had seen one; but no human eyes ever did behold one alive, providing science has not sadly misinterpreted the story of the past. The last dinosaur had gone to oblivion millions of years before the first man appeared upon the earth. This find was certainly a hoax—a hoax easily confirmed when the carving was examined by expert eyes, for it had clearly been done with a steel chisel, and not so very long ago.

Yet, in spite of such fiascos, real finds do come. In 1926 a report from northern New Mexico led our museum to the original discovery of "Folsom man," who lived in America ten or twenty thousand years ago—the oldest human inhabitant of our continent thus far known.

Day after day more letters come to me, more specimens: chunks of pure copper carried into the Ohio Valley during the Glacial Age, thousands of years ago; geodes filled with beautiful crystals; strange concretions; queer forms of chalcedony, colorful agates, garnets, and other gem stones.

In earlier times, when vast areas of the world were yet virtually unknown, most discoveries were made by expeditions of scientists who penetrated the wilderness to investigate its mysteries. Today, however, especially in the more populous regions of the world, a very great number of discoveries—perhaps the most of them—are made by laymen, or at least laymen make the original discoveries which lead scientists to the spots that yield the prizes. These amateur explorers deserve encouragement and credit. What matter if they do make many absurd blunders? After all, nobody knows everything.

—Frank Clay Cross

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

THE TRIUMPH OF PHYSICAL CULTURE—
OR WHAT BRAN TAUGHT ME ABOUT LOVE

WHEN Father hinted to me that it would help his surgical belt business if I married Robert C. Beastly, I was amazed.

I was eighteen and pretty—a healthy girl lush with the promise of potential motherhood. From the time when my hair first started to curl at the age of twelve, night and day I had never failed to take a deep breath and with arms straight lower my weight to the second position.

"Bob" Beastly on the other hand was no better than a bag of bones—a sickly, half-pint runt weighing only 97 pounds—a laughing stock wherever he went. No bulging cords of muscle rippled across his neck and shoulders. His chest was spindling, feeble and poorly. His arms and legs were powerless. His posture was bad. He had several kinds of pimples. His wind was not lasting—in five minutes at the most, it would die down to a dead calm. I doubt if he had ever had an internal bath. He was a louse—hardly fit to be the father of my children.

On the other side of the ledger I must say that "Bob" had a very nice disposition and was reputed to be quite well off.

One night as we sat on the sofa together and I looked into his dull, lusterless eyes, he asked me to marry him. But I did not feel those strange yearnings, those vagrant emotions that flicker and die, that throbbing of the senses and reeling of the head a woman instinctively feels when she has met her mate.

"No, Beastly," I said.

"Why not?" he asked breathing offensively down the neck of my blouse.

"You make frightful noises," I told him. "Your stomach rumbles . . ."

"My stomach has never been very strong," he said, hanging his head. "When I was a baby, my mother always kept one foot on it while she was dressing me."

"Have you ever tried abdominal control?" I asked.

"No," he confessed.

"Lock the door," I said, "and we'll try it."

So together we exercised with bar bells, sand bags, foot stirrups, scissor grips and green vegetables. Lying flat

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on our backs we let the arms go well forward and came to a sitting position.

Time passed. Beastly did not grow much less repulsive, but his patience, thoughtfulness and gentleness were unbelievable.

"Hell," I said to myself, "this little runt is no Clark Gable, but he is worth simply 'scads' of money and I can twist him around my finger. Why develop your body, if you neglect your brains? What more does any woman in her right mind want?"

Some time later I found myself again on the sofa with him.

"Beauty," he said hopelessly as he pressed my hand between his cold clammy paws, "will you marry me?"

"Oh, why not?" I replied, and taking him into my vigorous arms, I pressed a long clinging kiss upon his pallid lips.

His hair sprouted to a lustrous growth. His eyes shone. He breathed deeply through his expanded nostrils, snorting like an Arabian war horse. Great walls of rigid muscle appeared on his back, side, chest, hip, thigh, biceps, calf. His toes crisped. His teeth gleamed. His skin glowed and he turned a beautiful shade of Palm Beach tan. From that first kiss and ever since my Beastly has been a MAN.

A miracle? No. Merely the triumph of clean living and just a little fast thinking. —H. W. HANEMANN

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 71

1. Queen Elizabeth.
2. William F. Cody.
3. Andrew Jackson.
4. William Shakespeare.
5. James J. Corbett.
6. Charles A. Lindbergh.
7. William Jennings Bryan.
8. Stephen Douglas.
9. Joan of Arc.
10. Walt Whitman.
11. Mary I, Queen of England (1553-58).
12. Napoleon.
13. Jim Brady.
14. Hippocrates.
15. Calvin Coolidge.
16. Duke of Wellington.
17. Jean Paul Marat.
18. Attila.
19. Jack Dempsey.
20. Abraham Lincoln.
21. Theodore Roosevelt.
22. Duchess of Windsor.
23. Red Grange.
24. Mohammed.
25. James Boswell.
26. Henry VIII of England.
27. Alexander the Great.
28. Bismarck.
29. Huey Long.
30. Alfred E. Smith.
31. John Nance Garner.
32. Joachim Murat.
33. Ben Jonson.
34. George III of England.
35. Marie Antoinette.
36. Herodotus.
37. Paul Whiteman.
38. Oliver Cromwell.
39. James G. Blaine.
40. General Pershing.
41. Charlotte Corday.
42. William Murray.
43. Thomas Moore.
44. Sir Walter Scott.
45. Mary Pickford.
46. Adam Smith.
47. Cleopatra.
48. Thomas Wolsey.
49. Louis Philippe of France.
50. Aeschylus.

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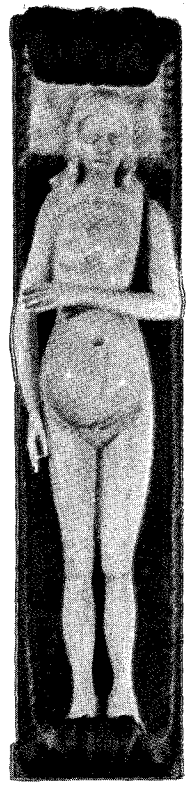
IVORY APES AND ANGELS

MEMENTOS OF A DAY WHEN IVORY CARVERS LENT A HELPING HAND TO THE PHYSICIAN

ART too long has been accepted as only a superfluous and decorative hand-maiden. Too infrequently art's utilitarian value has been recognized. Yet art has had its share in the scientific development of the race, including the period of the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries when medical pioneers were beginning to study the organs of the human body as illustrated by the skilled artisans of the time. Among the most interesting and most successful of these illustrations were the ivory manikins of France, Italy and Germany, which were used as models for instruction in medical schools.

Ivory images had been employed for medical purposes centuries earlier by the Chinese. Their service then as now in native medicine was as models at which the patients pointed to designate the spots where they were suffering. Chinese women of the better class particularly used such figures of ivory or wood to indicate to a physician the seat of the ailment. As the doctor was not permitted to see a woman of this class, she would thrust her hand through a curtain opening so that he could feel her pulse, and would then lay her finger upon that part of the ivory figure which corresponded with the part of her own body that was affected. Some of these Chinese manikins were perforated with as many as ninety tiny holes to show where acupuncture needles were to be inserted in the treatment of various diseases. The Chinese theory of medicine commonly attributed



Rare medical manikin from collection of Dr. Arno B. Luckhardt

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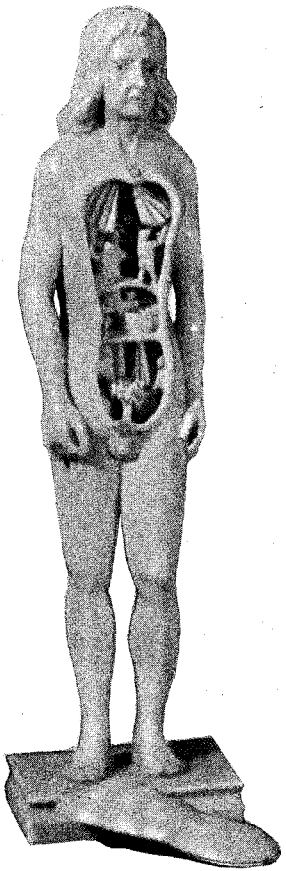

German manikin with various physiological systems shown symbolically

illness to a disturbance of the balance of the male and female fluids in the body, and to leave the good spirits in and let the bad ones out, they sometimes punctured the tender or painful spots with steel, gold or silver needles. By letting out some of the fluid, they believed the malady would be cured.

This maneuver was, and still is, spoken of as acupuncture. During voluntary or forced coughing these needles were pounded into the body with a small wooden hammer. The exact site of acupuncture depended upon the diagnosis of the family physician. Each site had a name the precise reason for which cannot be readily fathomed by an occidental physician. It is difficult to understand, for example, why one spot is called "the large castle," and another, "the small arch."

Chinese medical students were examined by determining their proficiency in "hitting the spot." For this purpose the hollow manikin was filled with water after having been covered with paper or paraffin. The prospective physician would then try to "hit" the proper hole with the needle. If successful, the water would run out.

Thus the clever Chinese rack up one more of their famous "firsts," by being the originators of the modern-day all too prevalent but none too gentle art of "needling."

The ivory manikins of Europe had not only a later origin (16th century) but served an entirely different purpose. These rare manikins may still be picked up occasionally in the second-

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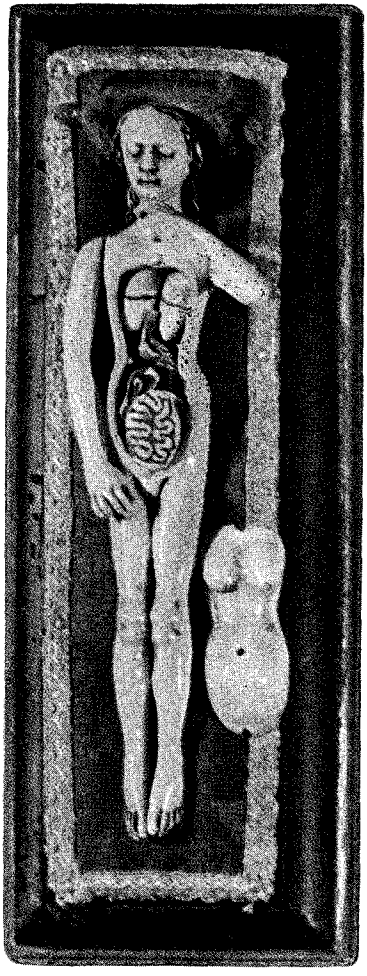
hand stores, junk shops and antiquarian book shops of Europe, but they are quite scarce; and their very existence is seldom known to men other than those deeply versed in medical history. Very little is to be found about them in either the history of medicine or of art. They are not even mentioned by the late Lieut. Col. Fielding H. Garrison, M.D., who was astonishingly well informed over the entire field of medical history and who wrote an article on *Sculpture and Painting as Modes of Anatomical Illustration* as an appendix to Mortimer Frank's translation of Choulent's *History and Bibliography of Anatomic Illustration.* Evidently, he himself could throw no light on the subject.

Not all of the medical manikins are carved in ivory. In the large collection to be found in the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum in London some are fashioned from bone, wood, marble and bronze. The only other known collection is in the possession of Dr. Arno B. Luckhardt of the University of Chicago, discoverer of the anesthetic properties of ethylene.

It was while collecting old medical books, of which he has the finest collection on the general history of physiology in the country, that Dr. Luckhardt first became interested in ivory manikins. A dealer in Amsterdam, who also supplies the Wellcome Museum with its manikins, wrote that he had come across a pair of these curious anatomical figures. Dr. Luckhardt sent for this pair, and immediately be-



English or French model with front removed, revealing organs in position

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Italian figure with skin removed, showing the superficial muscles of the body

came so fascinated with them that he has been a collector ever since.

The manikins are interesting not alone for their historical placing, but also as beautiful and superb examples of the ivory carver's art. With the centuries, the ivory has attained a beautiful, lustrous, café-au-lait gloss, and even the silks and velvets of their biers have not lost their sheen. The models are all about seven or eight inches long, and mostly rather uniform in design and construction. One of Dr. Luckhardt's models is dressed in evening gown, with lace-fringed pantalettes, and golden dancing slippers. These little statuettes, when they can be found, command prices as high as $225 each.

Most of the manikins are mounted on a wooden or marble block in the shape of a bier covered with old crimson silk velvet, the heads often resting on a square pillow carved in ivory with a pierced border to imitate lace edging. The dressed French model, which is dissectible like the others, reclines on a beautifully carved couch.

The models are mostly of Italian, French or German origin, although some are believed to be of English design. Some of the models are of women of obvious beauty of form and face. Dr. Luckhardt protects his manikins, some of which come in glass covered containers, in specially constructed black boxes of bakelite. Dr. Luckhardt also has a bronze Chinese acupuncture model, dating centuries back, of a design very curiously "modernistic."

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The solid Chinese ivories come first in the order of development of medical illustrations. Then crude, even bizarre, pictures of the organs of the body were drawn by medical men, who had little or no artistic talent. Next, artists were employed to improve on the dissections prepared by anatomists and surgeons. Next, in order to get depth and perspective (or third dimension), superimposed plates of pictures were made. And finally, in the 16th century, ivory manikins were introduced which opened up to reveal the inner organs of the body. These remarkable pieces of the ivory craft are believed to have been the work of the same craftsmen who carved the figures of Christ found on the crucifixes of the time.

Vesalius in his Epitome had his figures drawn to scale so that the separate parts might be cut and superimposed. From Santorino to Fisher efforts were made to substitute plastic models. Papier-mâché models were tried; and almost every form of plastic art contributed to the depiction of anatomic detail. The ivory figures of male and female usually went in pairs, and in every instance known the female was represented as pregnant. Usually the arms are movable and hinged to the body with ivory pegs at the shoulder joint. The upper part of the body is removable, disclosing the viscera as movable ivory representations of the intestines, stomach, bladder, kidneys, lungs, heart, etc. In the female models there is an enlarged uterus of pregnancy containing a fetus, the cord

Front view of male with superficial muscles and removable thoracic and abdominal wall

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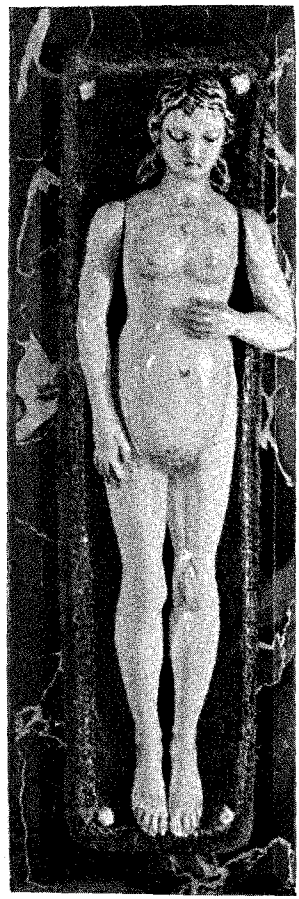
being represented usually by a red silk thread. In some of the figures the lungs are hinged with pink silk, the veins and arteries are drawn in, and the liver, heart and other organs are stained flesh color. Although most of the organs are movable, others are carved *in situ*. One of Dr. Luckhardt's most interesting models is symbolic. The circulatory system is represented by a figurine of a man pounding on an anvil with a sledge hammer (the thump of the heart beat); bellows represent the lungs, a seed pod of a composite flower symbolizes the organs of reproduction, fermenting grape-juice in a vat signifies the stomach, and a cauldron with flames beneath represents the liver, for the liver was once considered the seat of warmth in the body.



Model of woman with removable organs, mounted on marble socle

Two models of male figures show all the superficial muscles of the body after removal of the skin. The muscles were originally tinted red, but in the course of the centuries most of the red paint has faded.

For many years the function of these manikins was indistinctly known. But a document dated 1786, found in a case containing a pair of these figures, stated that they had been used for teaching barber surgeons and medical students so that they might know something of the pelvic anatomy of the female, particularly in the pregnant state.

It is believed likely that they were used for this purpose for two centuries earlier. Various types of evidence point to the serious regard in which

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these manikins were held during quite a lengthy span in the history of medicine.

Also a poem bearing on the subject was found by Dr. Capparoni in a case containing one of these manikins. The script is in old French, of which the following is a translation:

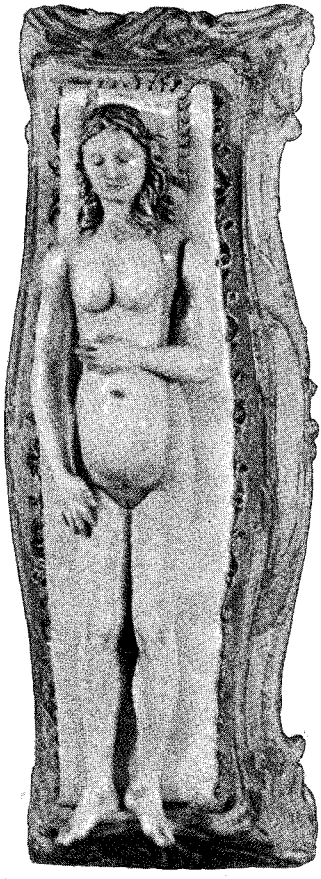
In Life's full bloom when labour's toil so near
My fellow sufferers' lot and perils I do fear
Come ye fair pupils, Lo, I cast away my shame
That Midwifries' secrets may reveal my frame.

Pierce it with keen inquiring eye, and may
The child and mother's nature then convey
New manifold devices to your skillful art
That pining women may not henceforth smart
Through cruel untaught efforts, and not gasp
With their unborn in Death's unpitying grasp.

—Joseph Fuardi de Fossau, 1786

"Written by Joseph Fuardi de Fossau, Professor at Verceil during the vacations of 1786, who had been struck by the extreme ignorance of those persons who practice midwifery and the bad effects which often ensued from it. He was ashamed that his pupils in surgery should not be better taught, and he constructed this figure for the purpose described in the above lines."

The models unquestionably did



Manikin on velvet bier, showing conventional position of movable arms

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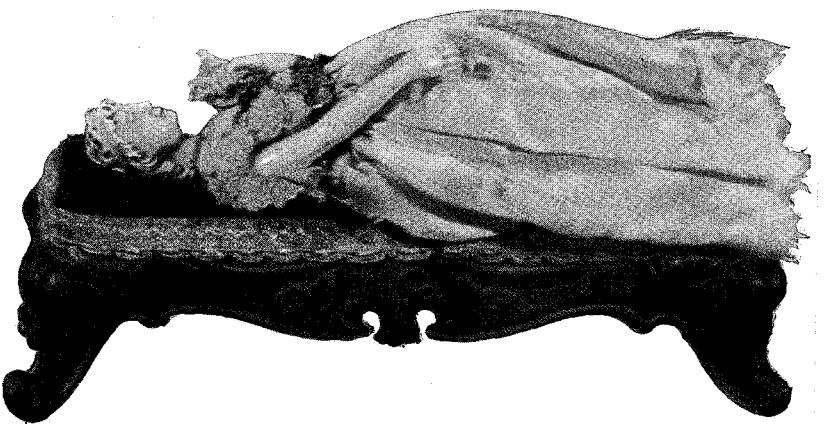
great human service throughout the long years before the autopsy, which brought with it in early years the ghoulish trade of the body snatcher. Although Vesalius is generally regarded as the father of modern anatomy through his demonstrations of the importance of anatomical dissection as far back as 1543, nevertheless there was a lag period of a century or two during which the use of the corpse for the study of anatomy in the teaching of physiology was not practiced.

It was during this period that these manikins served a useful function in the education of medical men. Crude as they may seem to modern eyes, they were virtually the only clue that the medical students of the day had to the then puzzling mysteries of human physiology.

Female ivory manikins were freely used in teaching students and midwives the anatomy of the body, and to demonstrate to them the positions of the internal organs. As late as 1865 a bride reported that at a course of popular lectures on the physiology of pregnancy, the demonstrations were made with the aid of an ivory manikin. So even as recently as the Victorian period, these ivory manikins were used for instruction, although they had by then long since served their main purpose.

With the passage in England of the Anatomy Act in 1832, medical students there and elsewhere in Europe were privileged to examine for themselves the human body and its component parts. As a result, the practice of making ivory manikins for teaching purposes was unnecessary and was therefore discontinued.

—RALPH CANNON



Manikin of French origin, dissectible like the others but dressed in evening gown

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DR. J. KUNSZT BUDAPEST

ON THE CORSO

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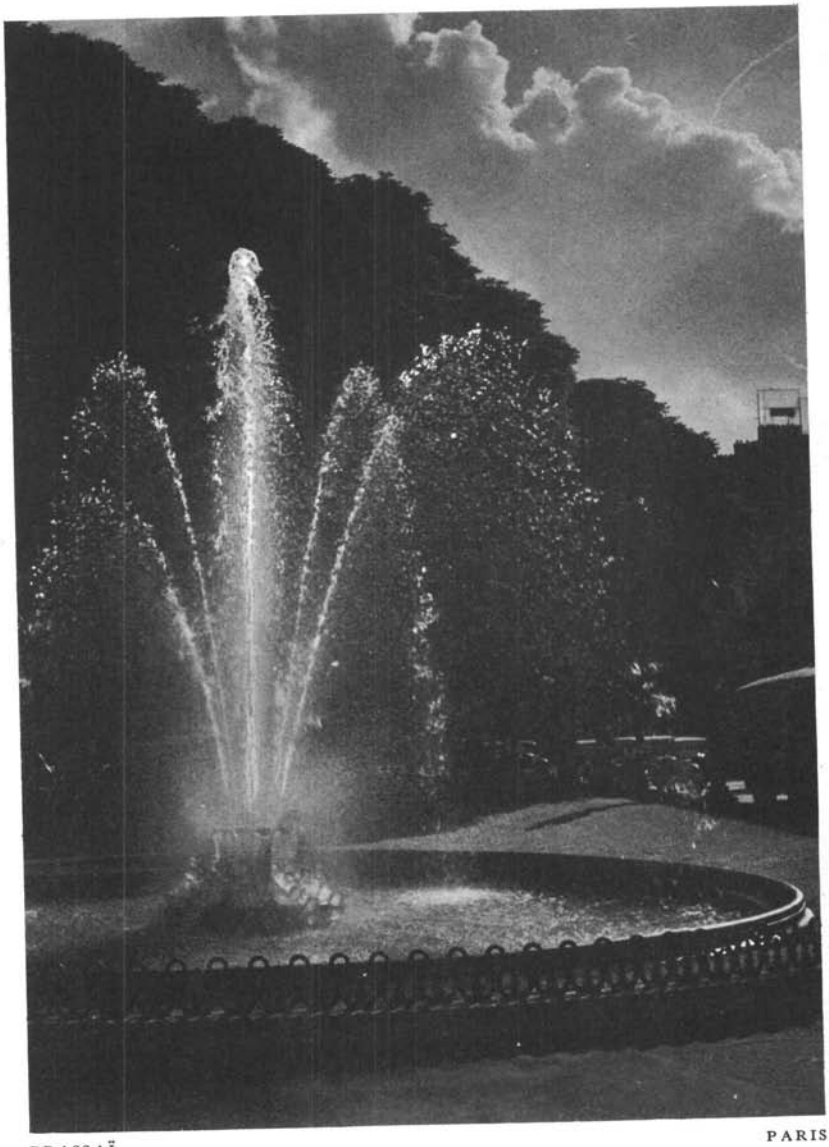

BRASSAÏ PARIS

WATERPLAY

CORONET

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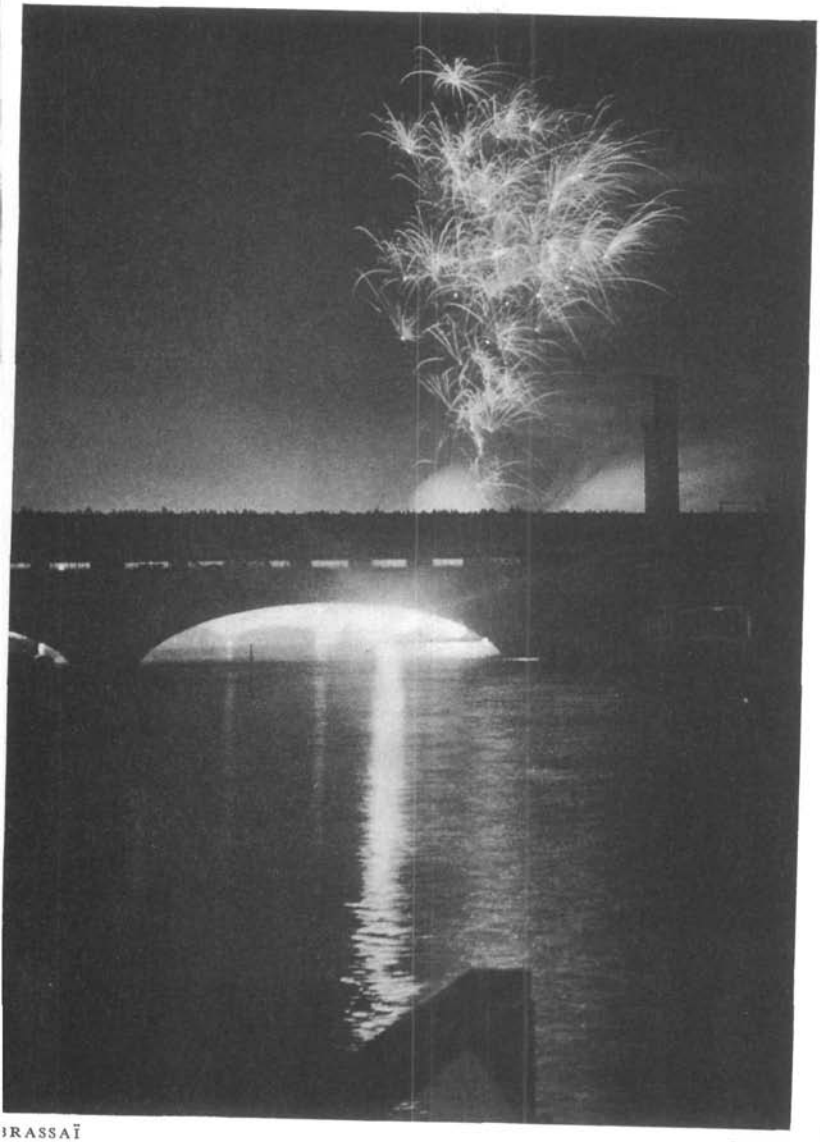

BRASSAÏ

PARIS

FIREWORK

MARCH, 1938

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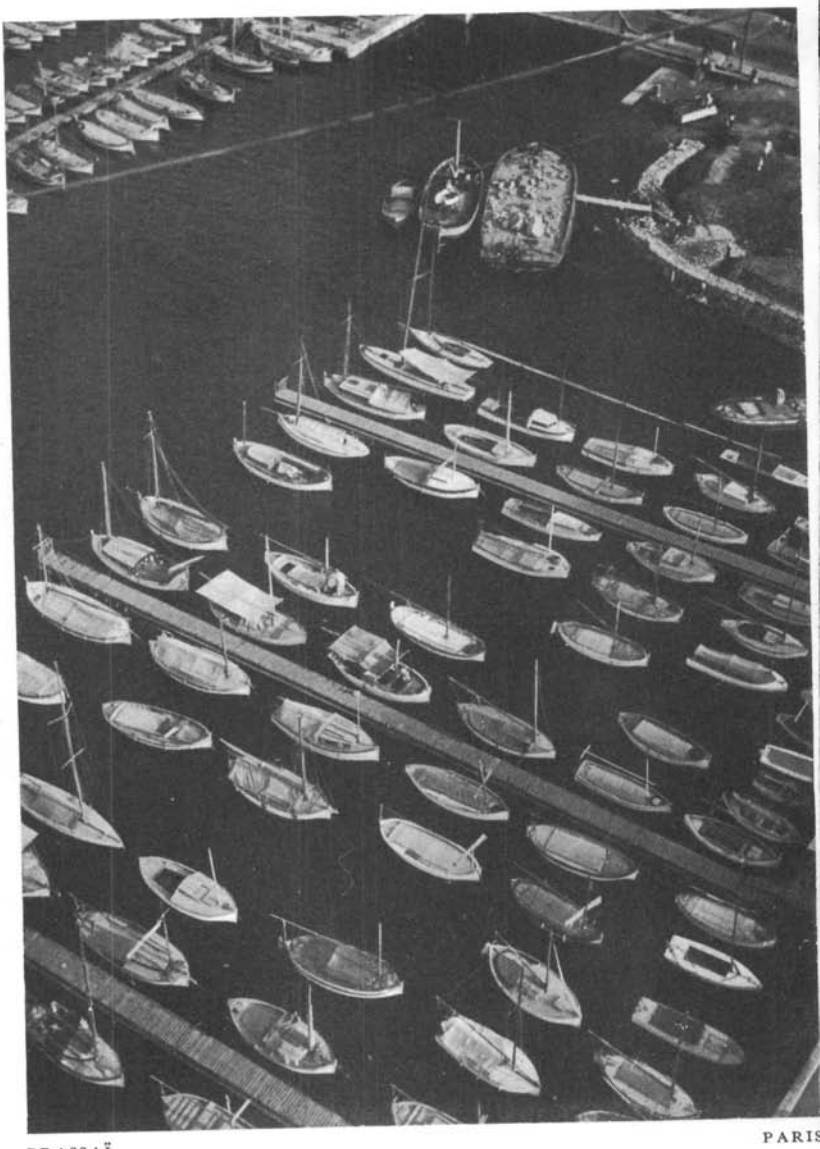

BRASSAÏ PARIS

SNUG HARBOR

CORONET

110

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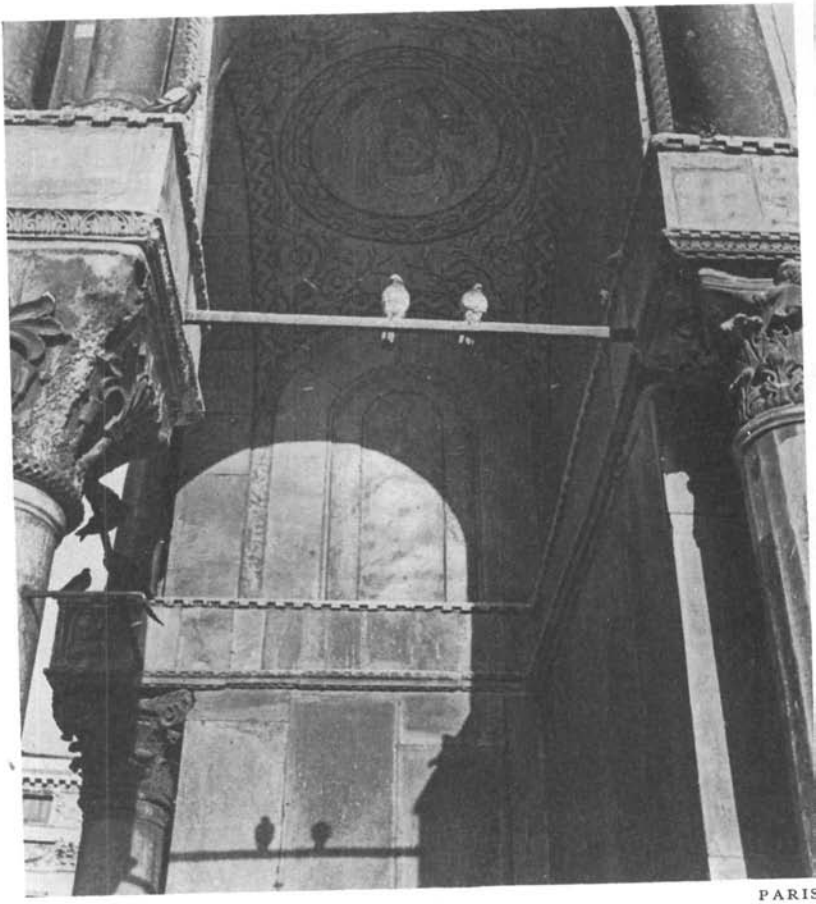

ZUCCA PARIS

ST. MARK'S PIGEONS

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SZÖLLÖSY, BUDAPEST FROM EUROPEAN

RINGAROUND

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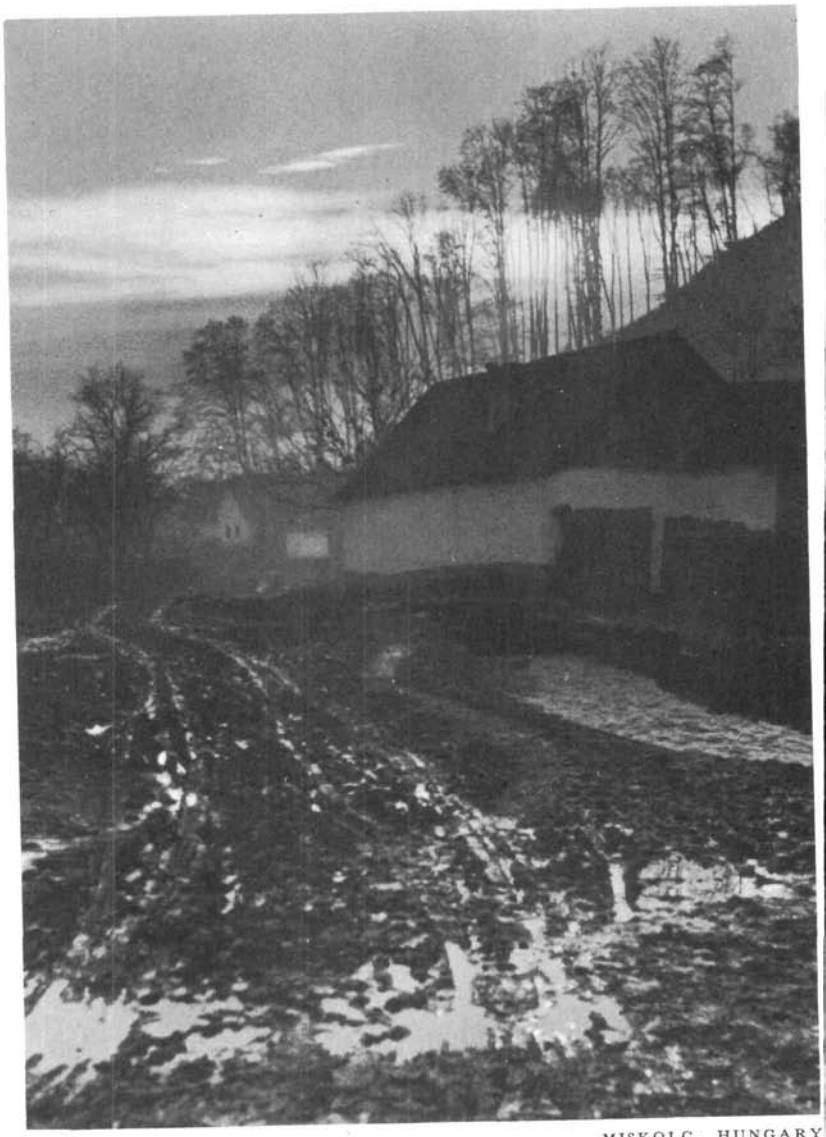

KÁROLY KLETZ — MISKOLC, HUNGARY

MICROPOLIS

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

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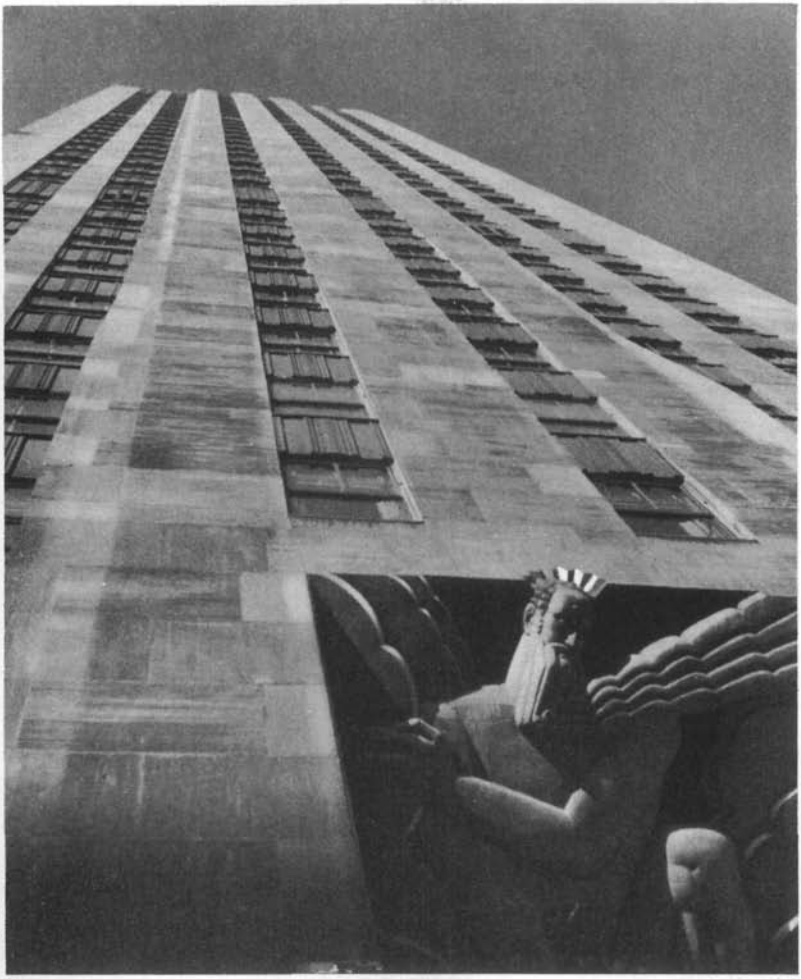
BRASSAÏ, PARIS



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

GENIUS LOCI

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

DESCENT

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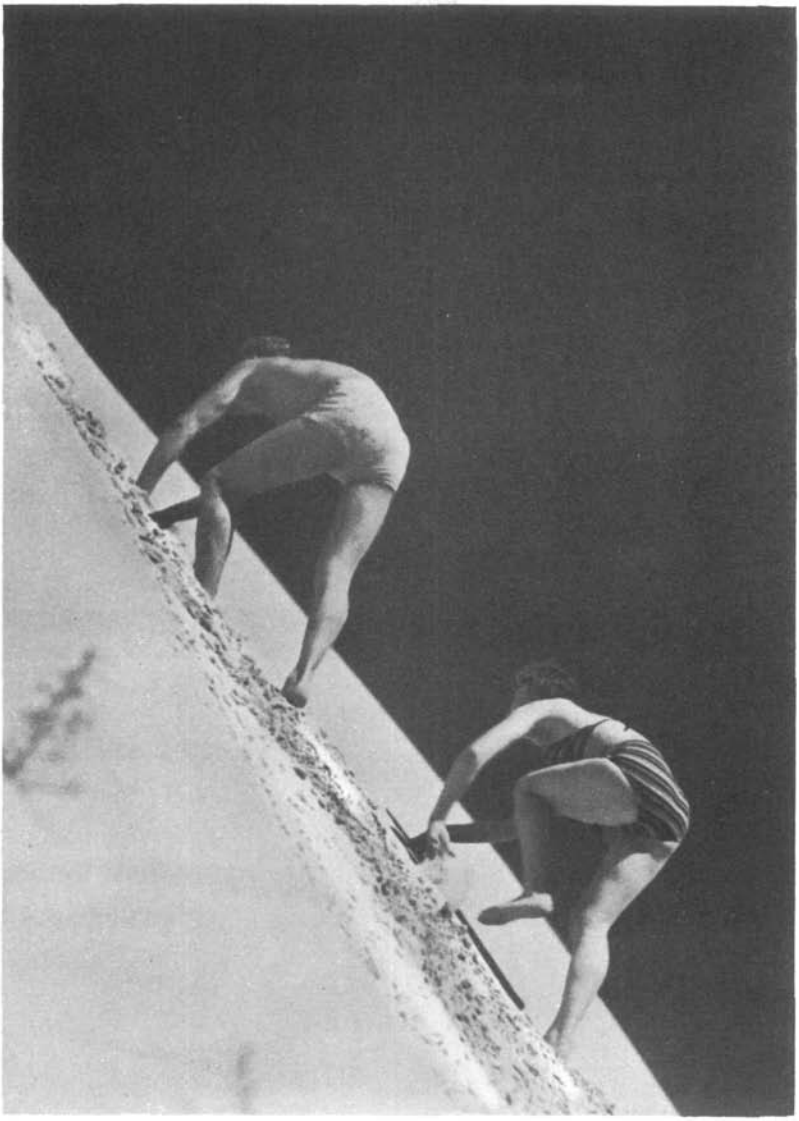

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

ASCENT

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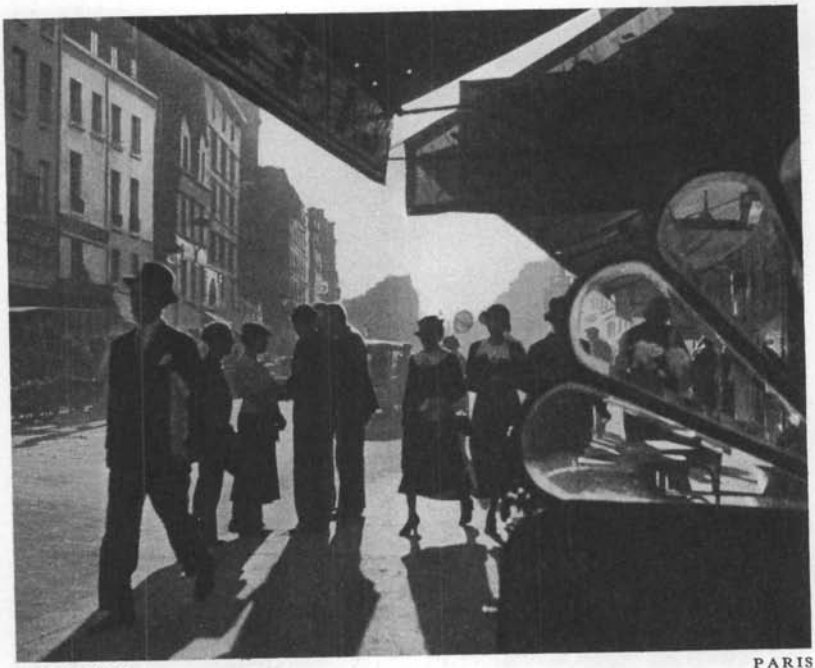

ELI LOTAR PARIS

SIDEWALK CAFÉ

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ELI LOTAR PARIS

LOUVRE COURTYARD

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GYULA RAMHAB — BUDAPEST

MAGYAR VILLAGE

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

MORNING IN GRINZING

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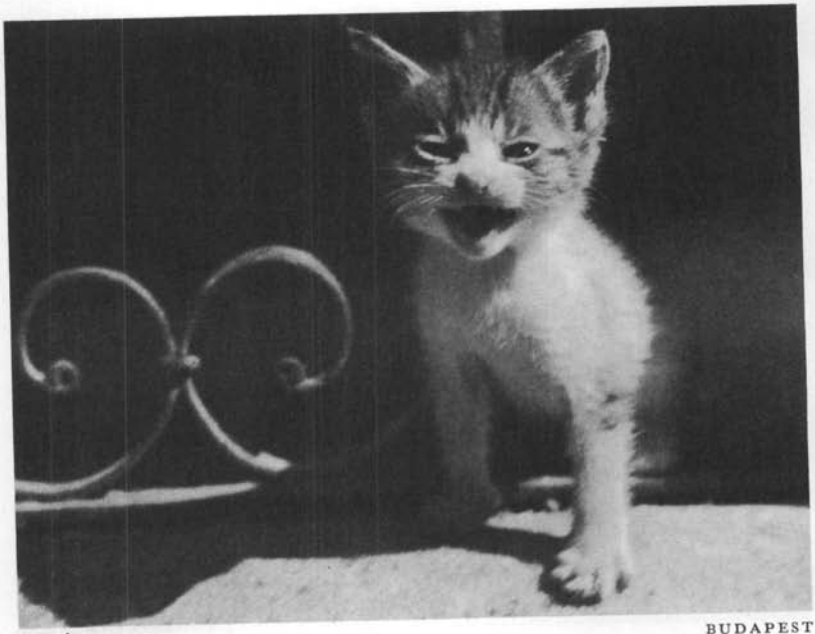

MIHÁLY EKE BUDAPEST

AT BAY

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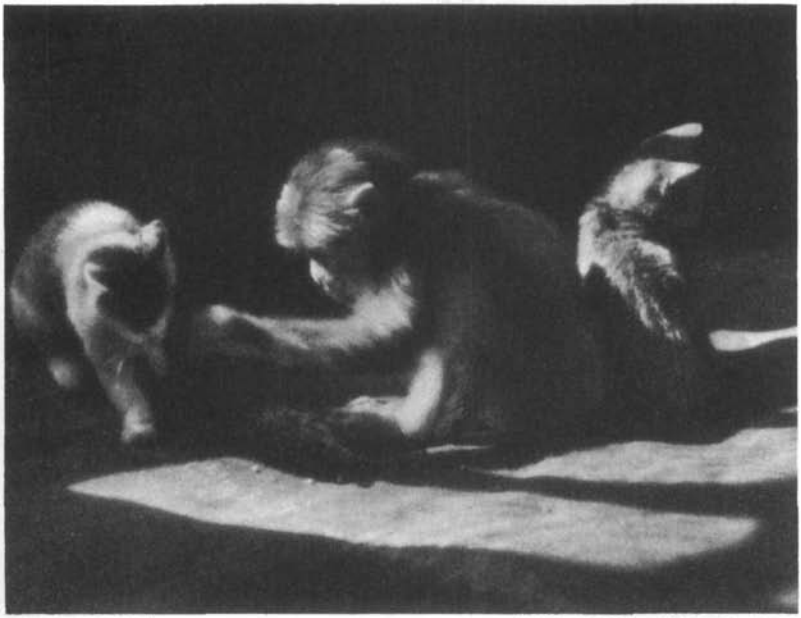

ANTE KORNIĆ — LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

STRANGE COMPANY

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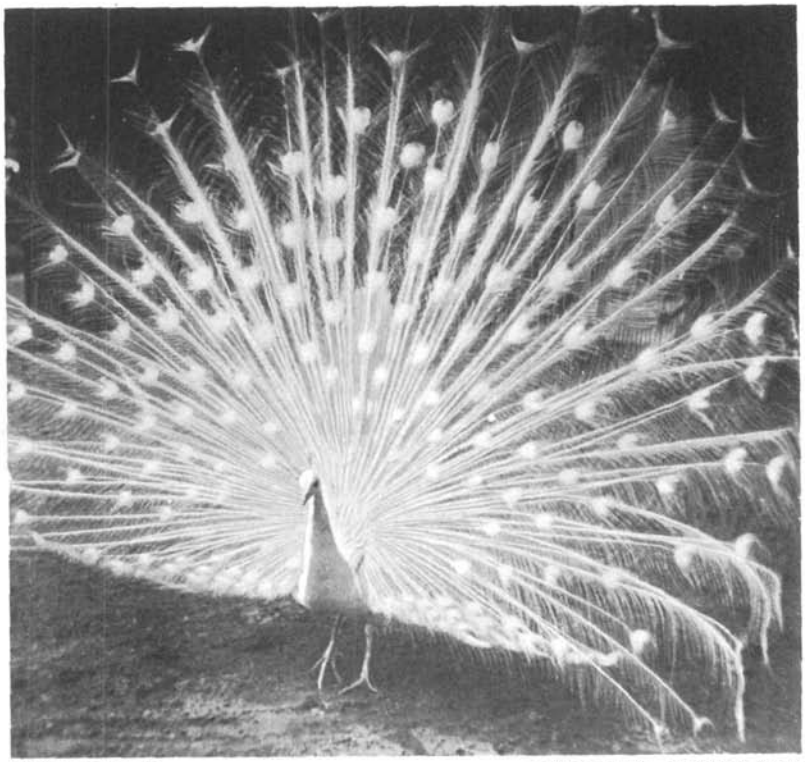

ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

PANOPLY

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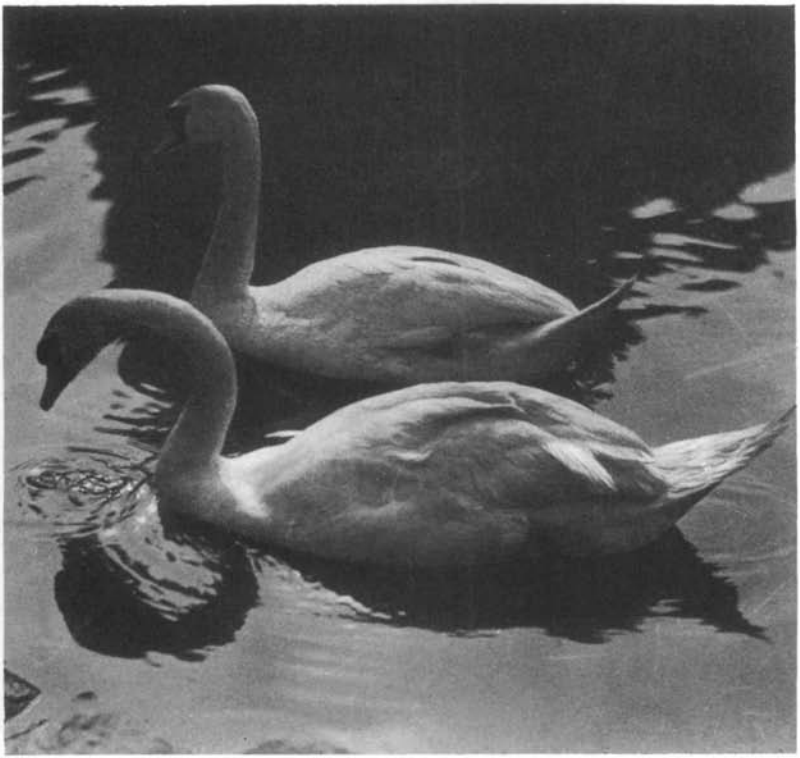

NELL DORR NEW YORK

"BEAUTIFUL SAVAGES"

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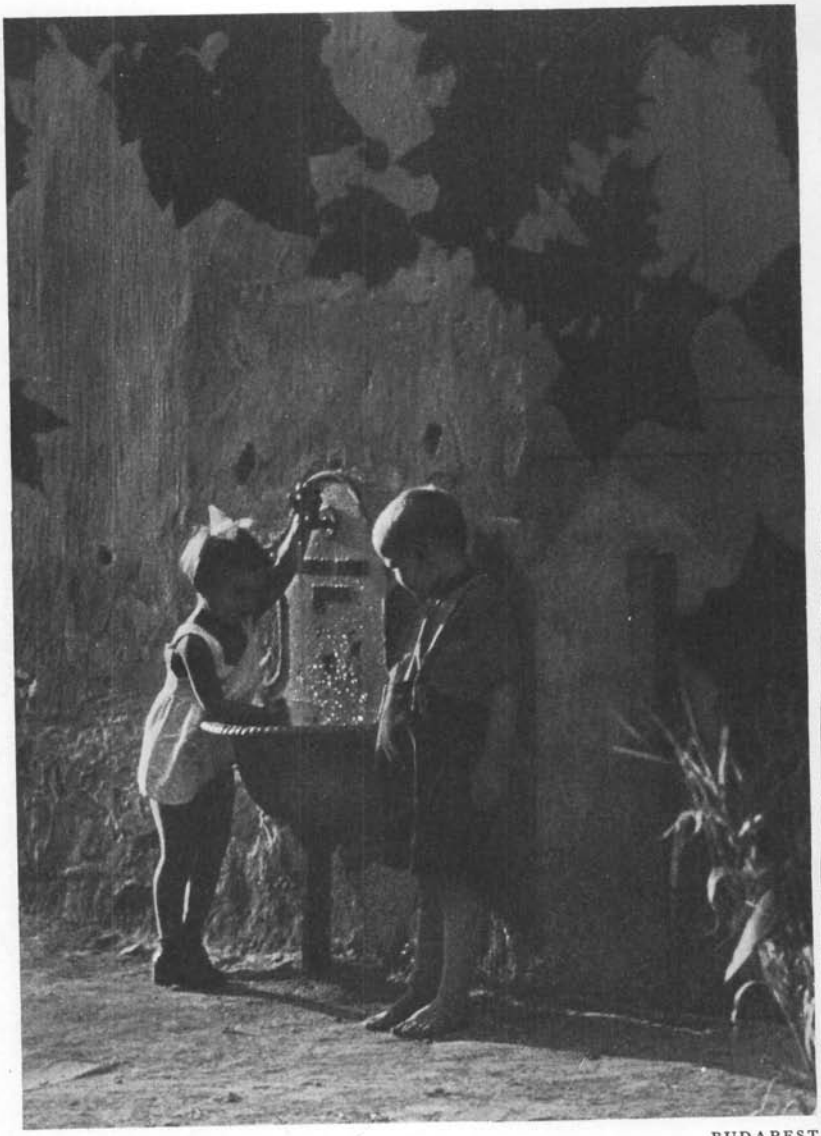

M. TOLNAI BUDAPEST

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

CORONET

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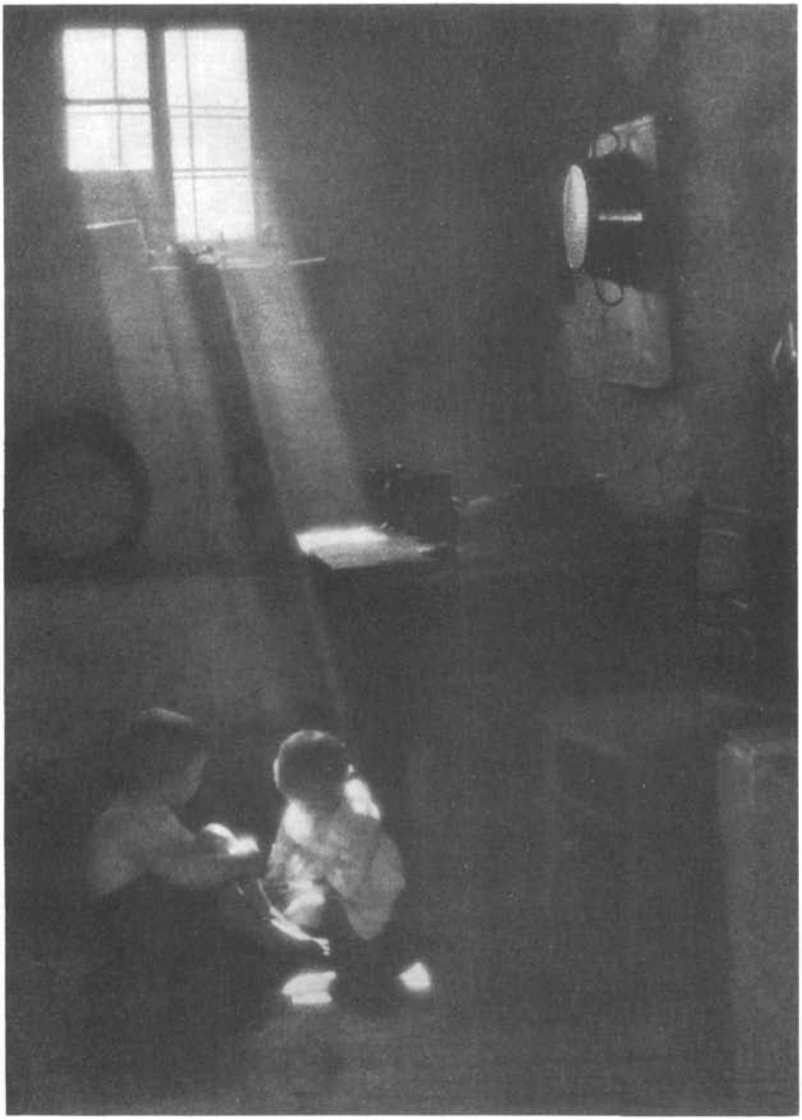

PETER KOCJANČIČ LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

SUNBEAMS

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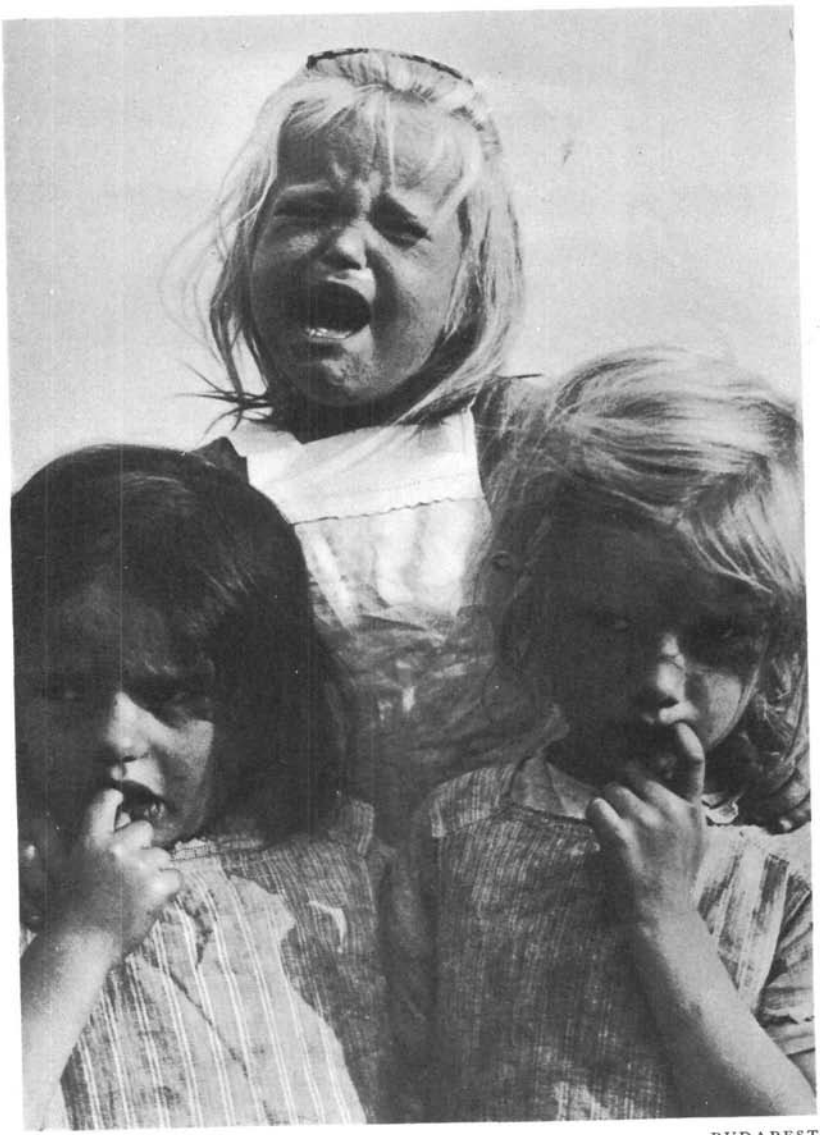

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

DISCORD

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

THREE ABED

MARCH, 1938

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

CONTENTMENT

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THE VISITOR

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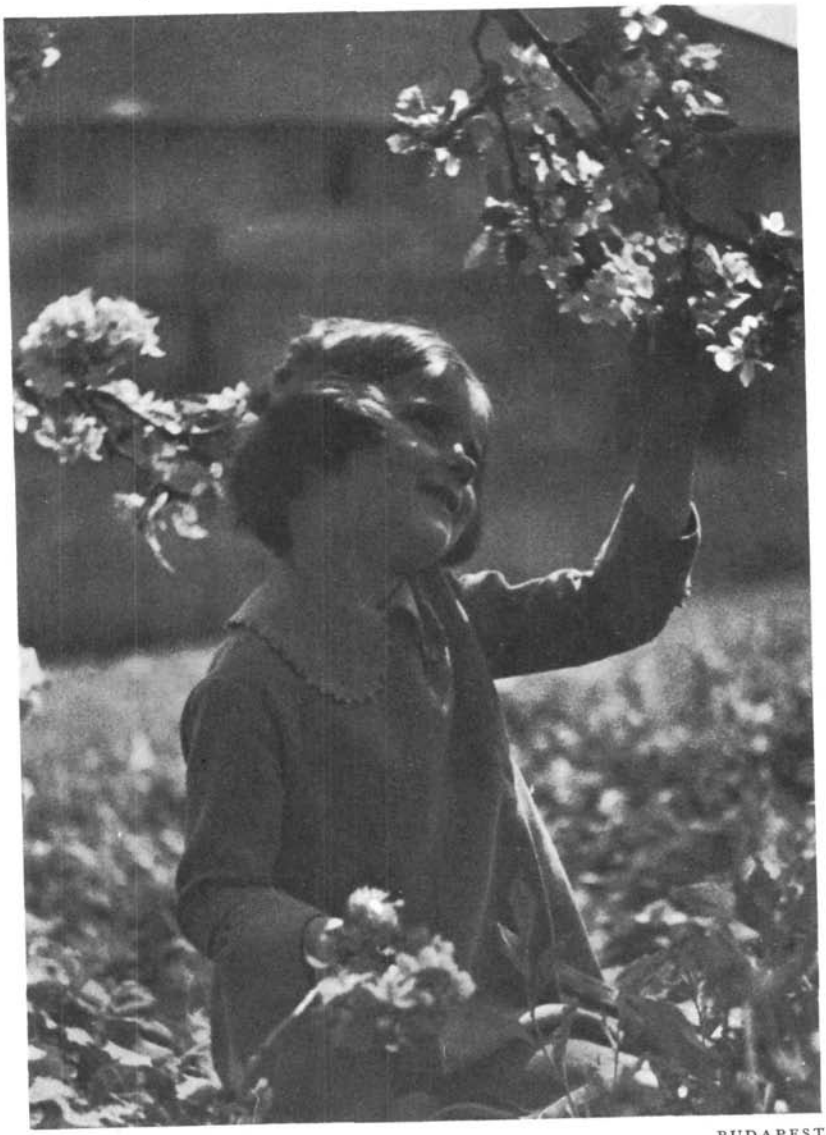

V. WALLNER BUDAPEST

FLORAPHILE

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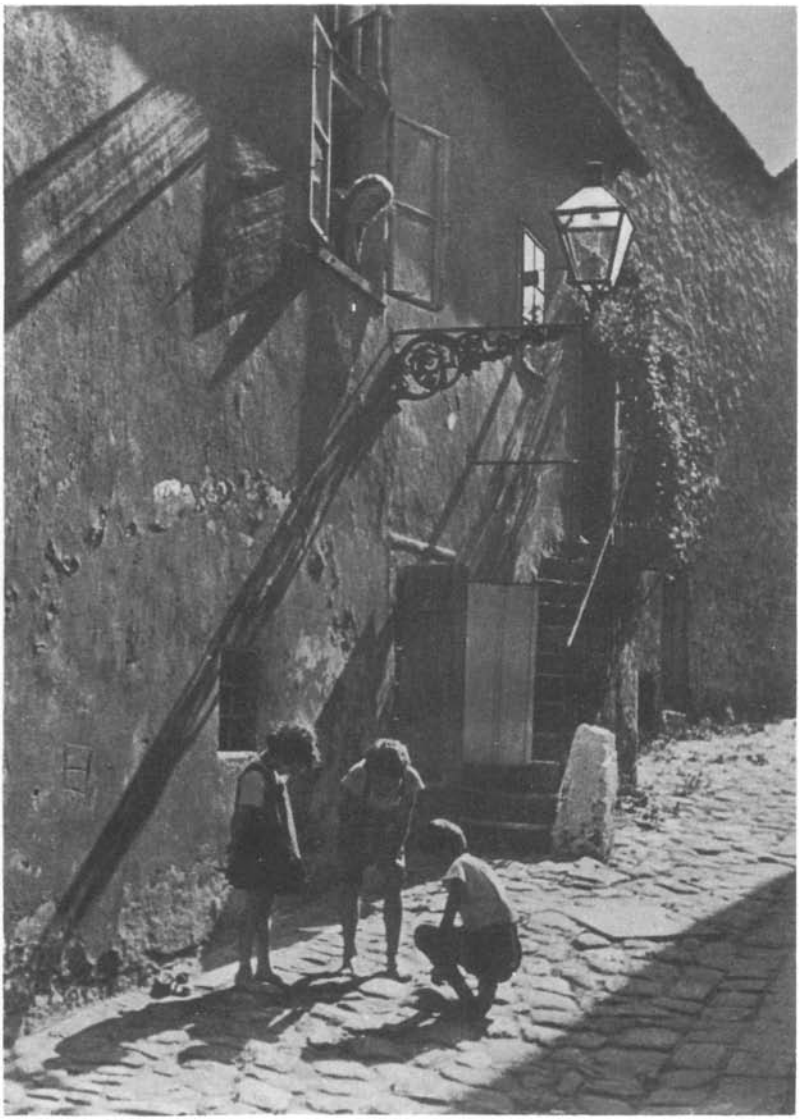

DR. REZSÖ TRUSKOVSZKY BUDAPEST

JACKS

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ZUCCA PARIS

MILLSTREAM, BOSNIA

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ZUCCA PARIS

RAMPART, BOSNIA

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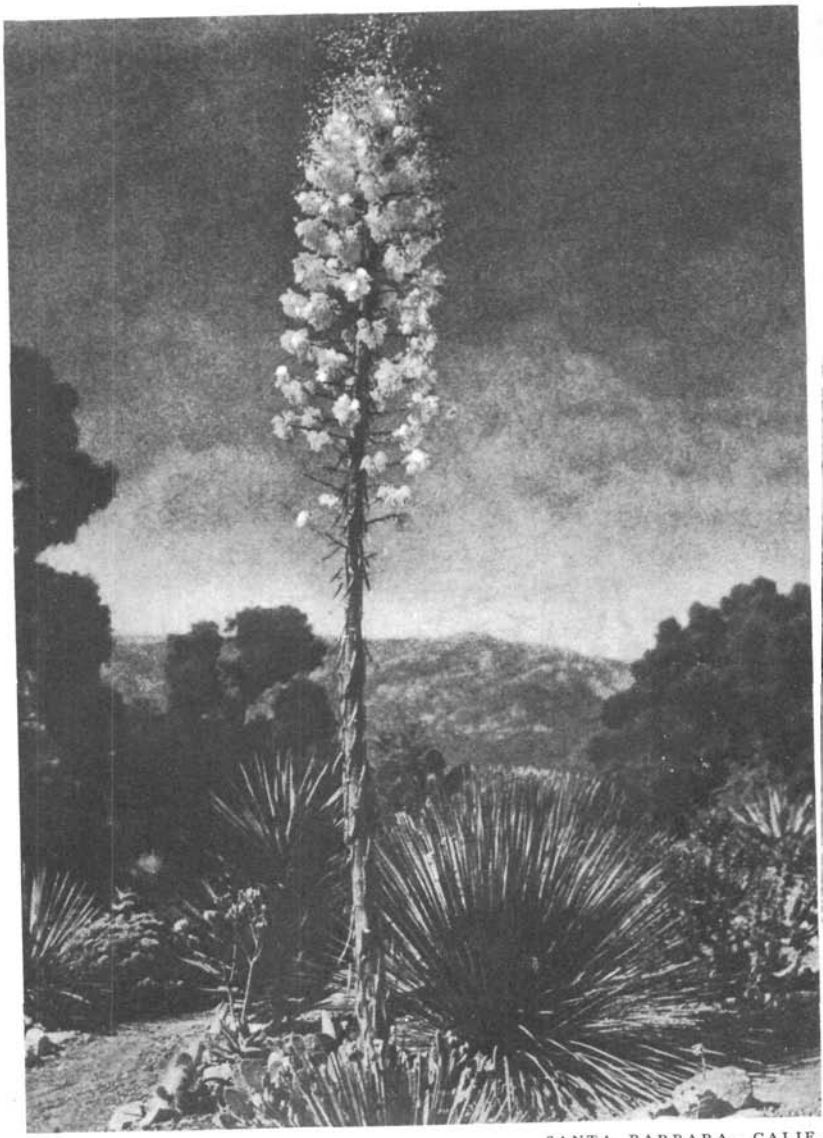

KARL OBERT SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

WILD YUCCA

CORONET

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

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STEINER, ST. MORITZ FROM BLACK STAR

SNOW ANEMONE

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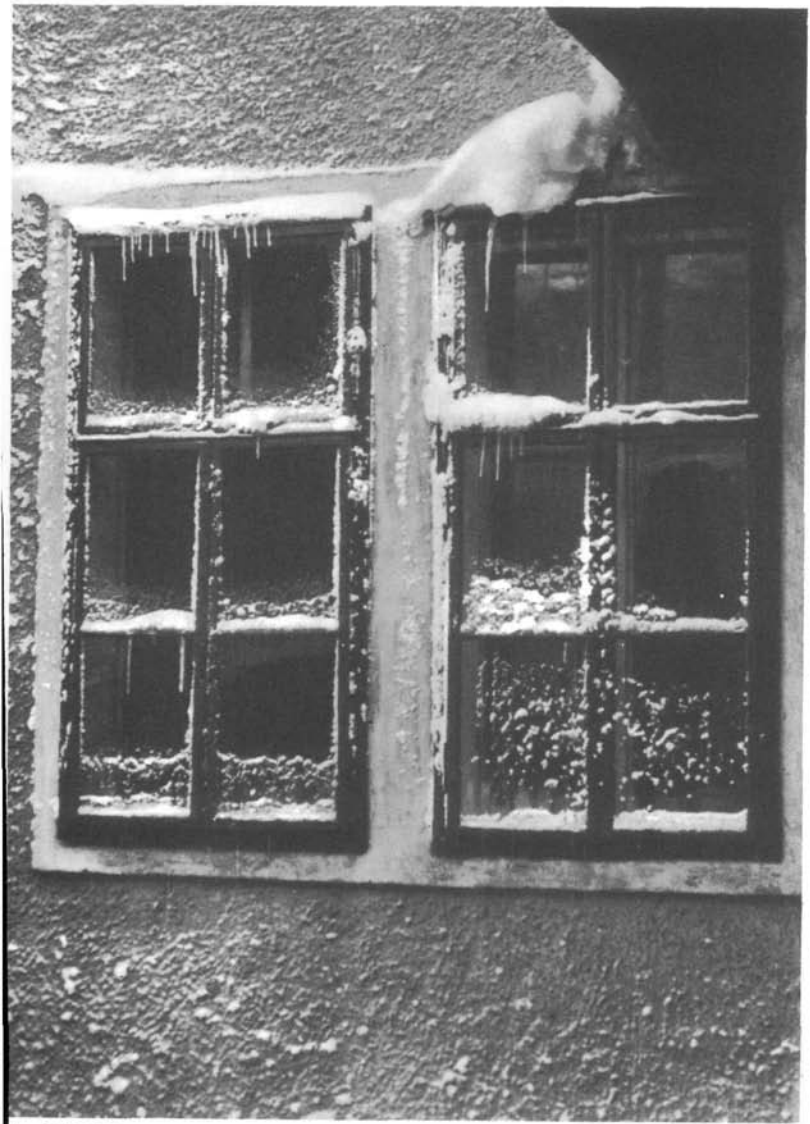

F. GRUBER

SOPRON, HUNGARY

WINTERFAST

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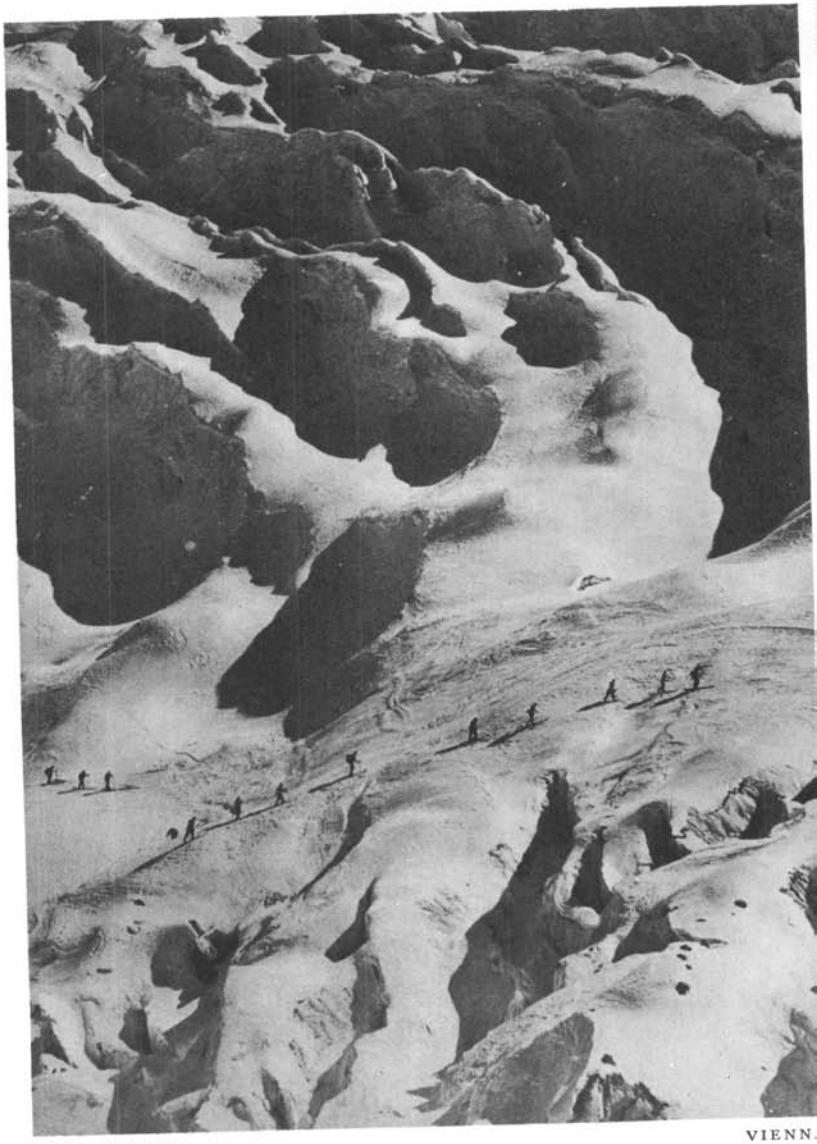

HEIN GORNY VIENN.

WHITE WILDERNESS

CORONET

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:ÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

THAW WEATHER

MARCH, 1938

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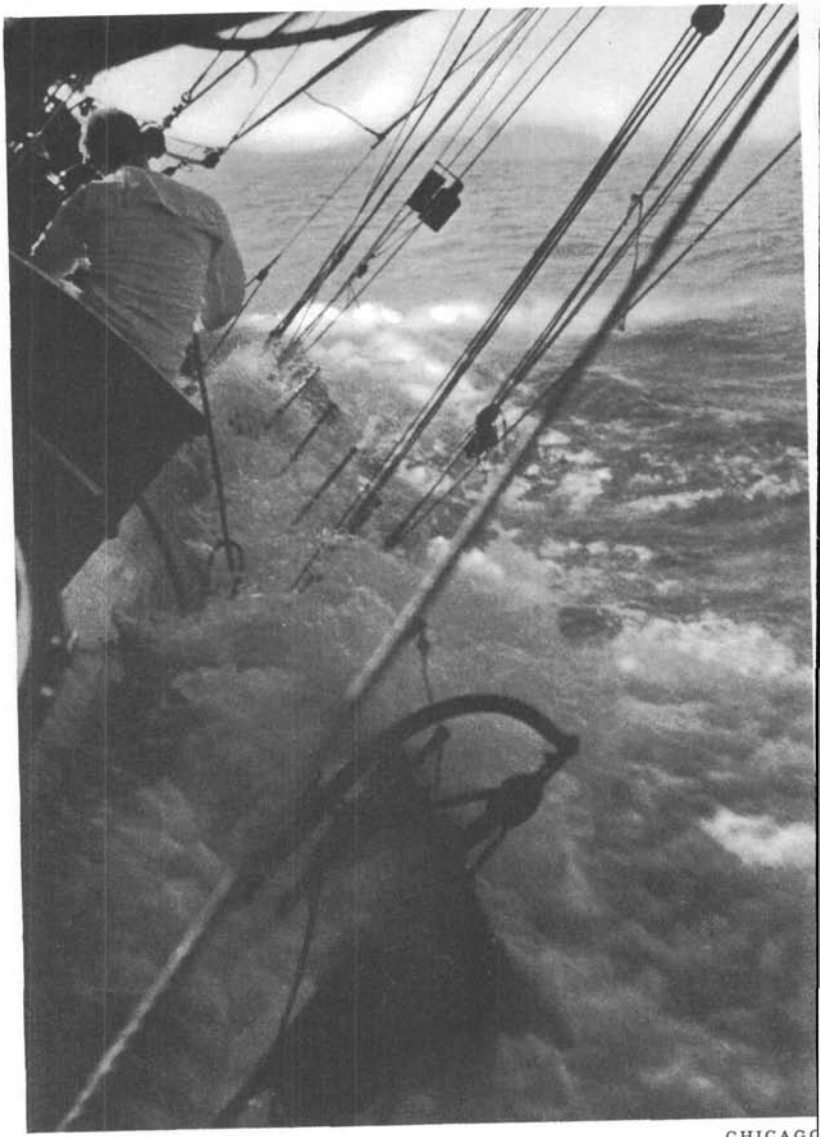

CHARLES D. SUTTON, JR. CHICAGO

AWASH

CORONET

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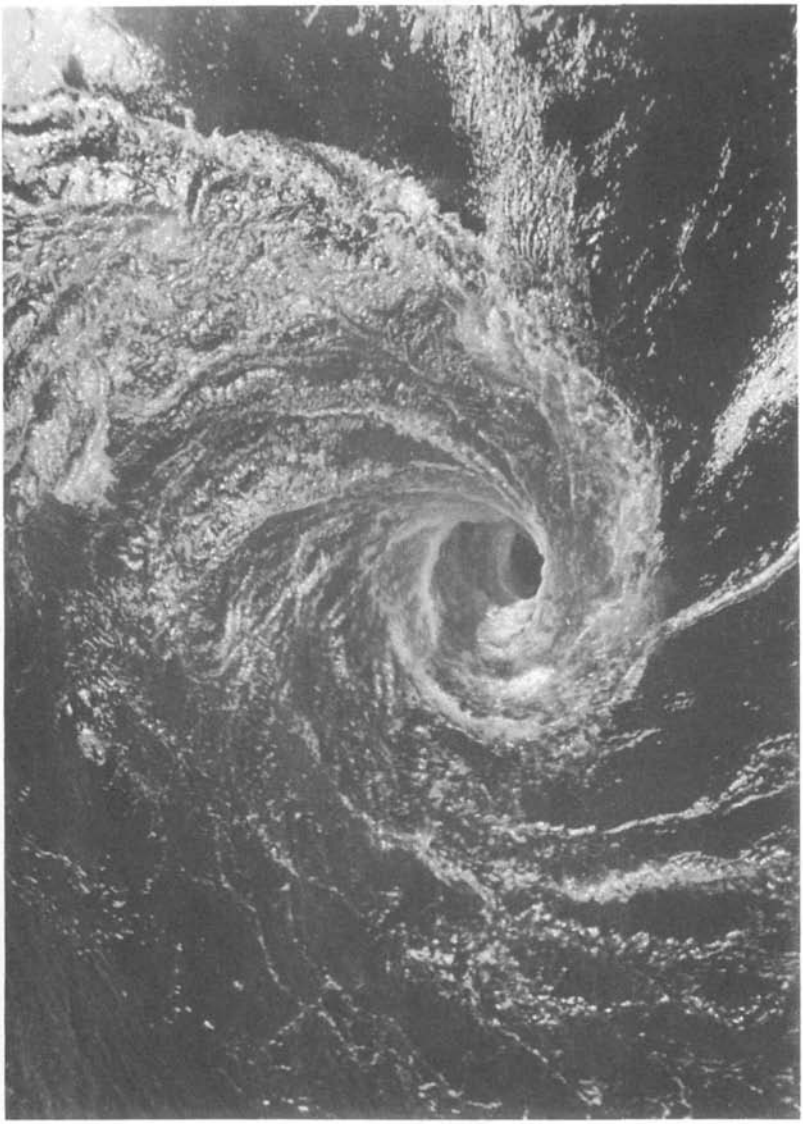

JOHN STUART HAMILTON NEW YORK

VORTEX

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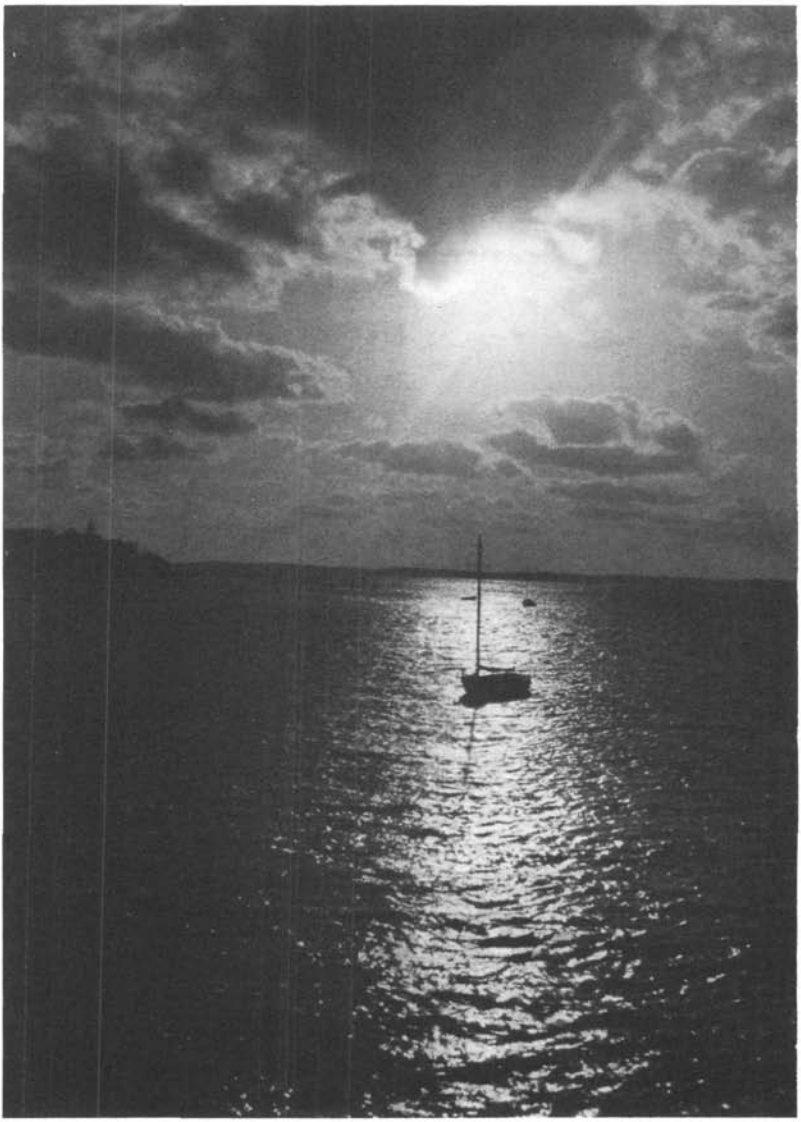

MARCEL MEYS PARIS

MOON PATH

CORONET

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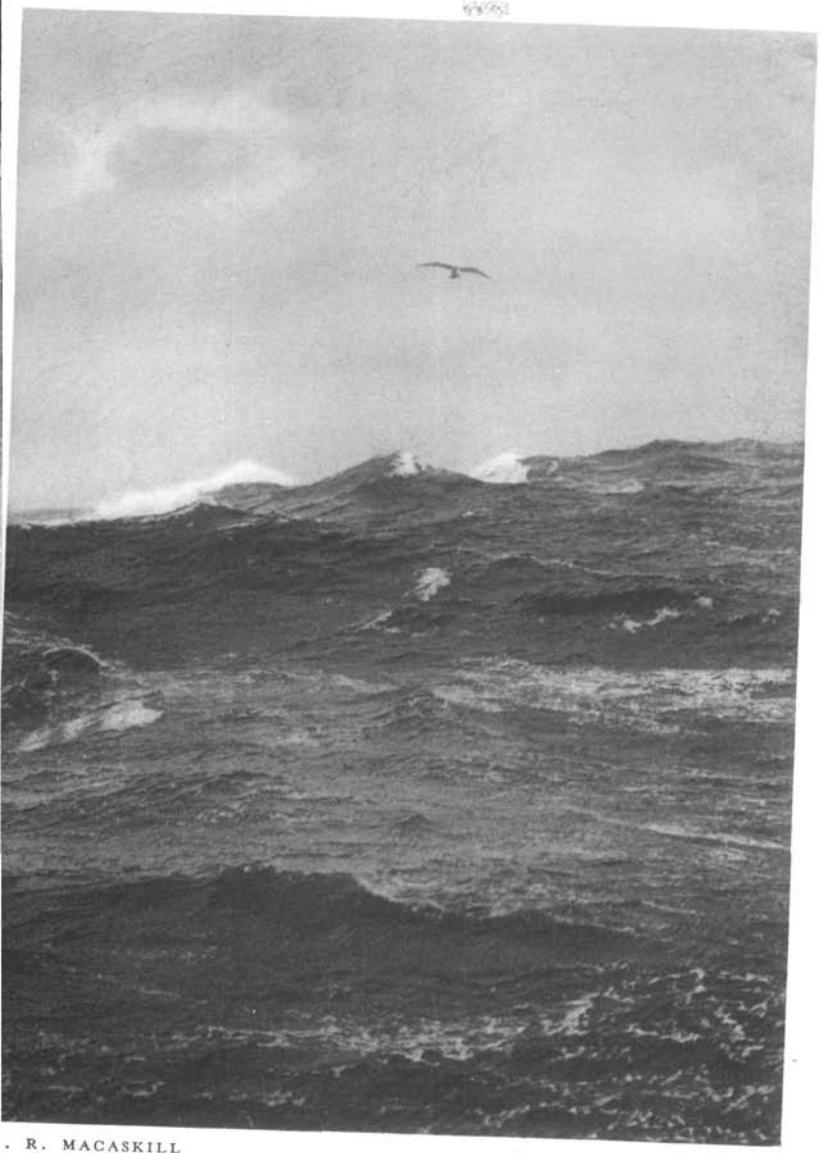

. R. MACASKILL

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

OPEN SEA

MARCH, 1938

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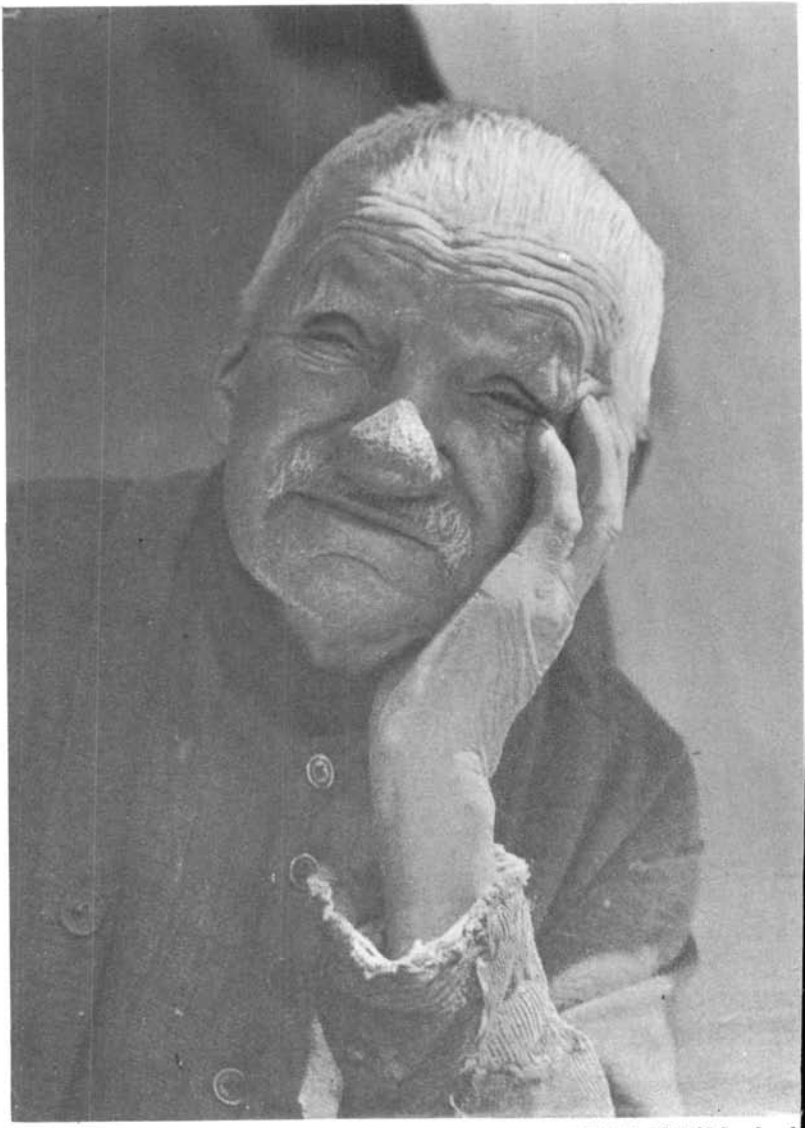

VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I

ALL PASSION SPENT

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MORVAN, PARIS FROM PIX

WINTER SUNSHINE

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

BANDANA

CORONET

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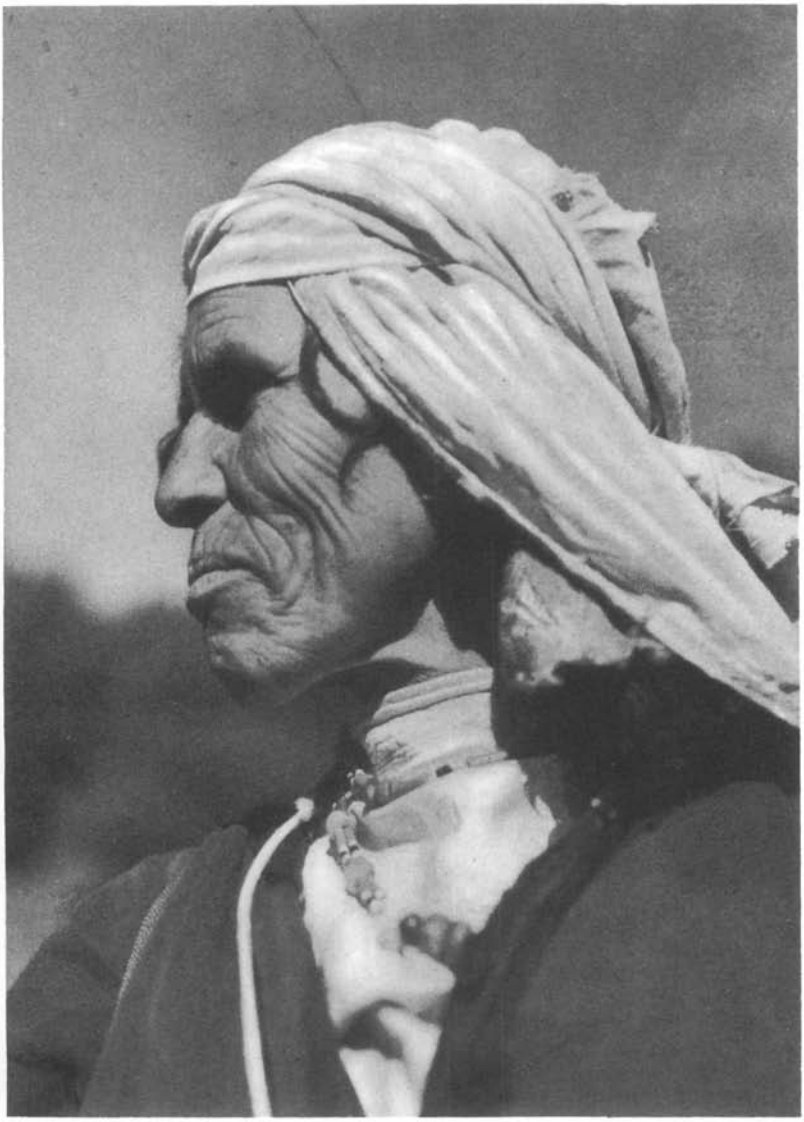

ALLIANCE PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

TURBAN

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BLUMENFELD PARIS

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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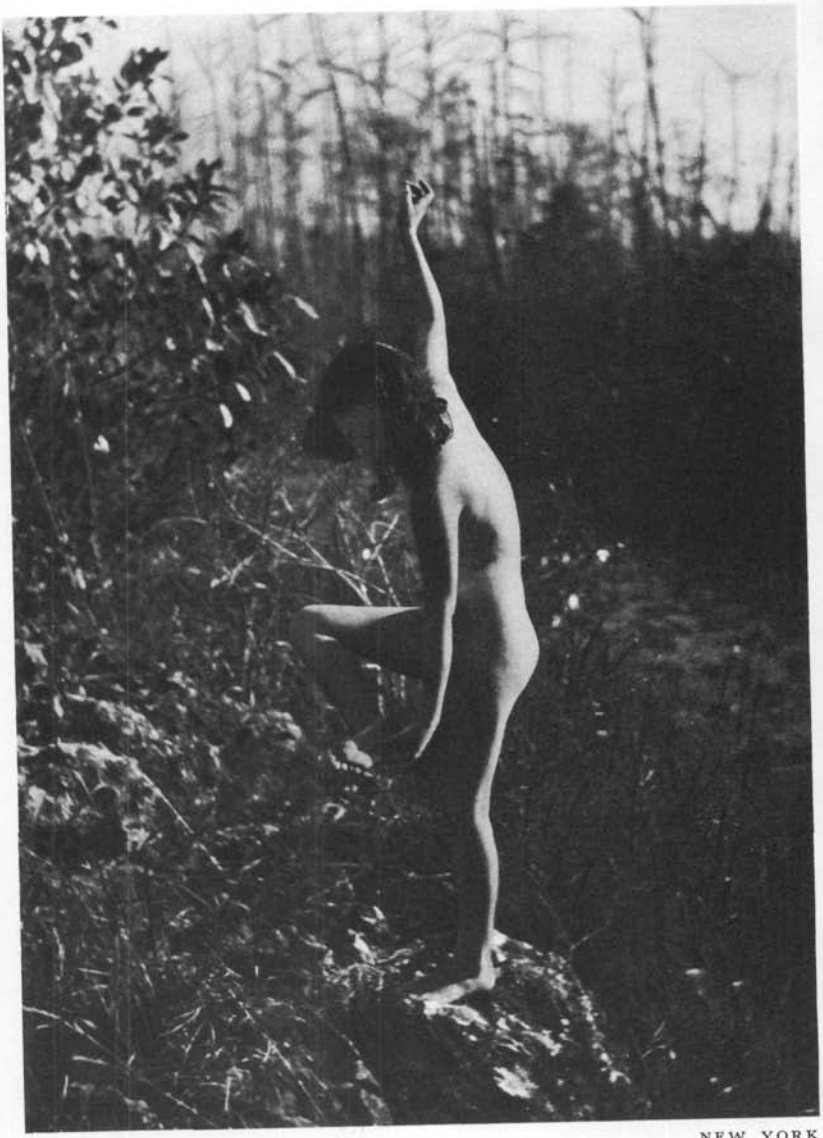

NELL DORR NEW YORK

EVERGLADE

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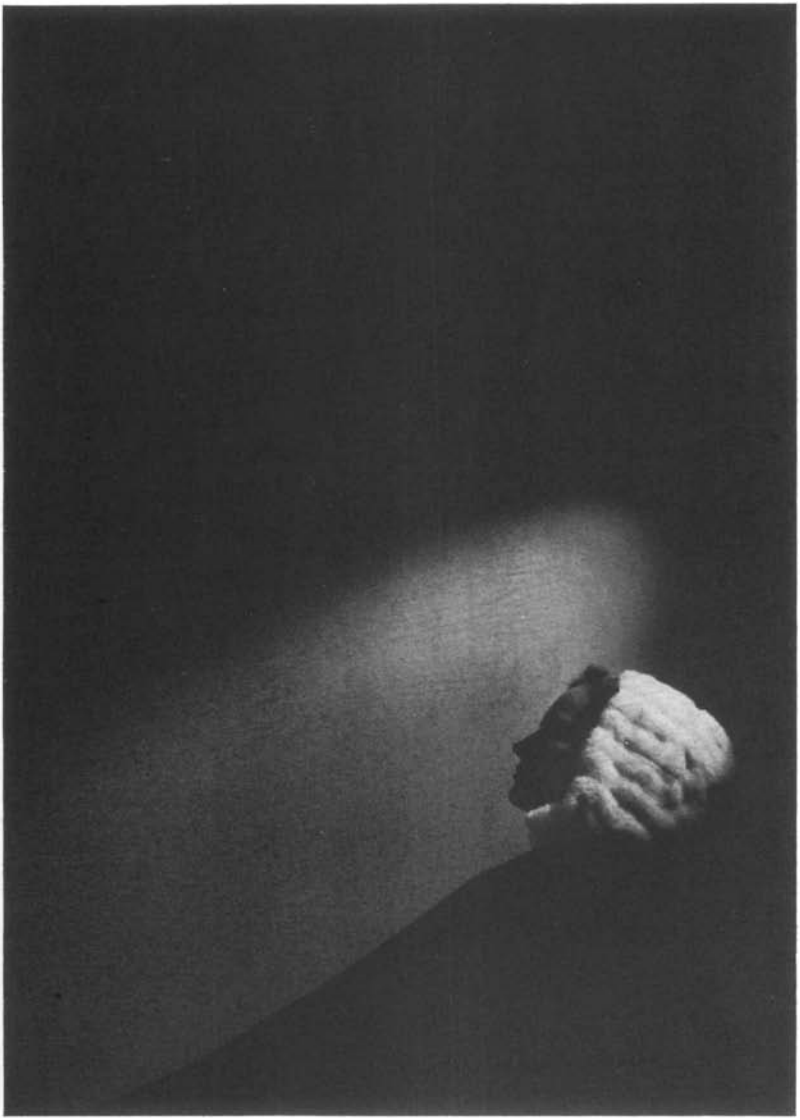

PAUL LINWOOD GITTINGS HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE WHITE HOOD

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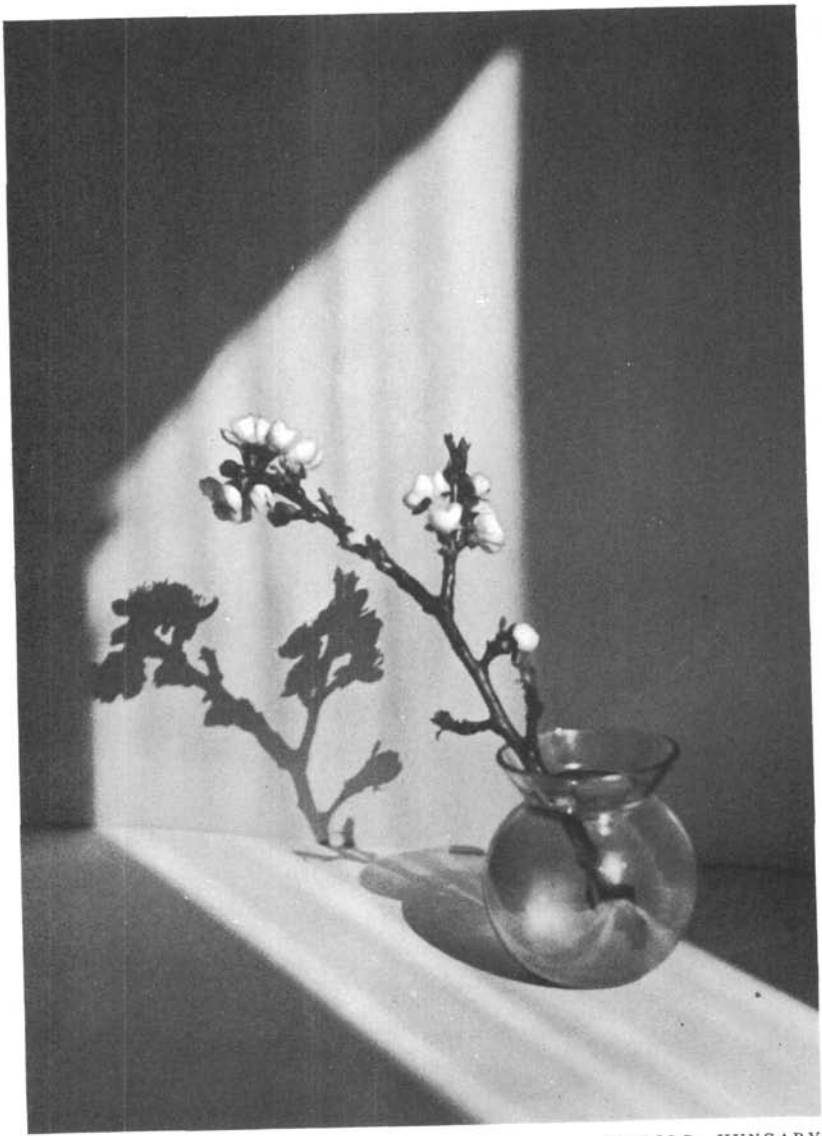

KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

FRAGRANCE OF SPRING

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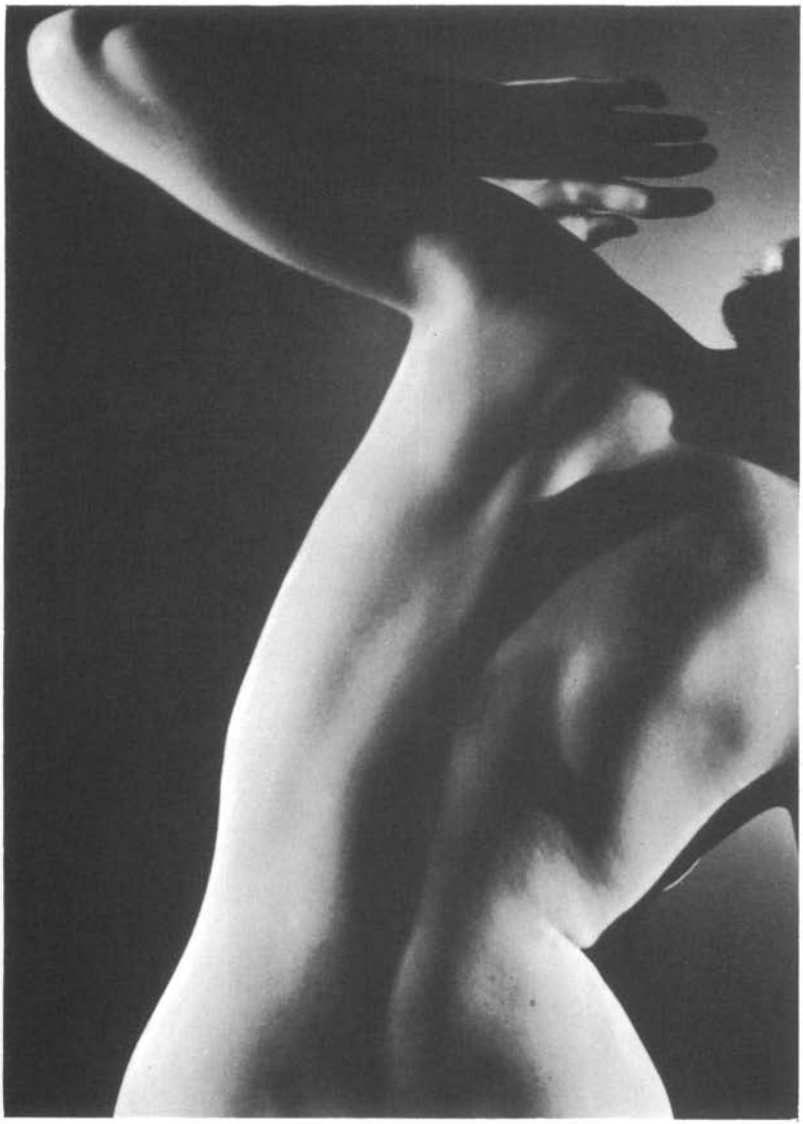

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

PUPPET

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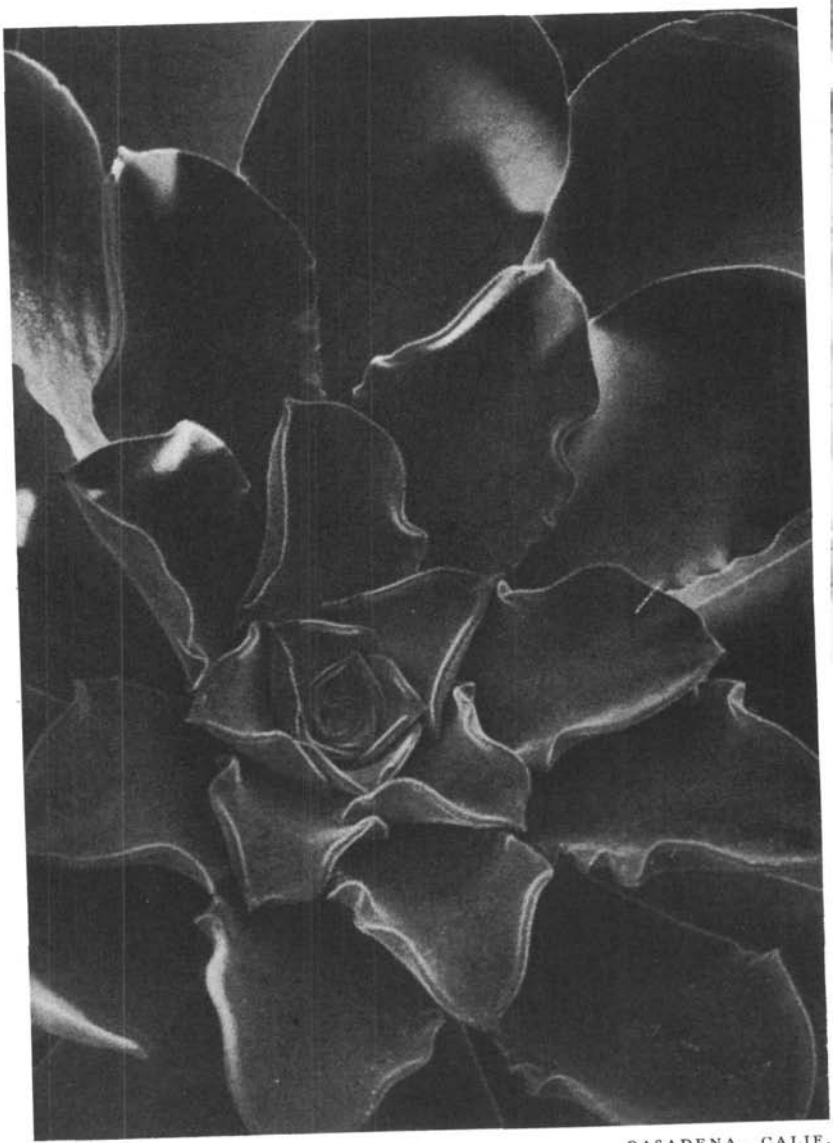

MAURICE J. SCHLATTER PASADENA, CALIF.

DARK COROLLA

CORONET

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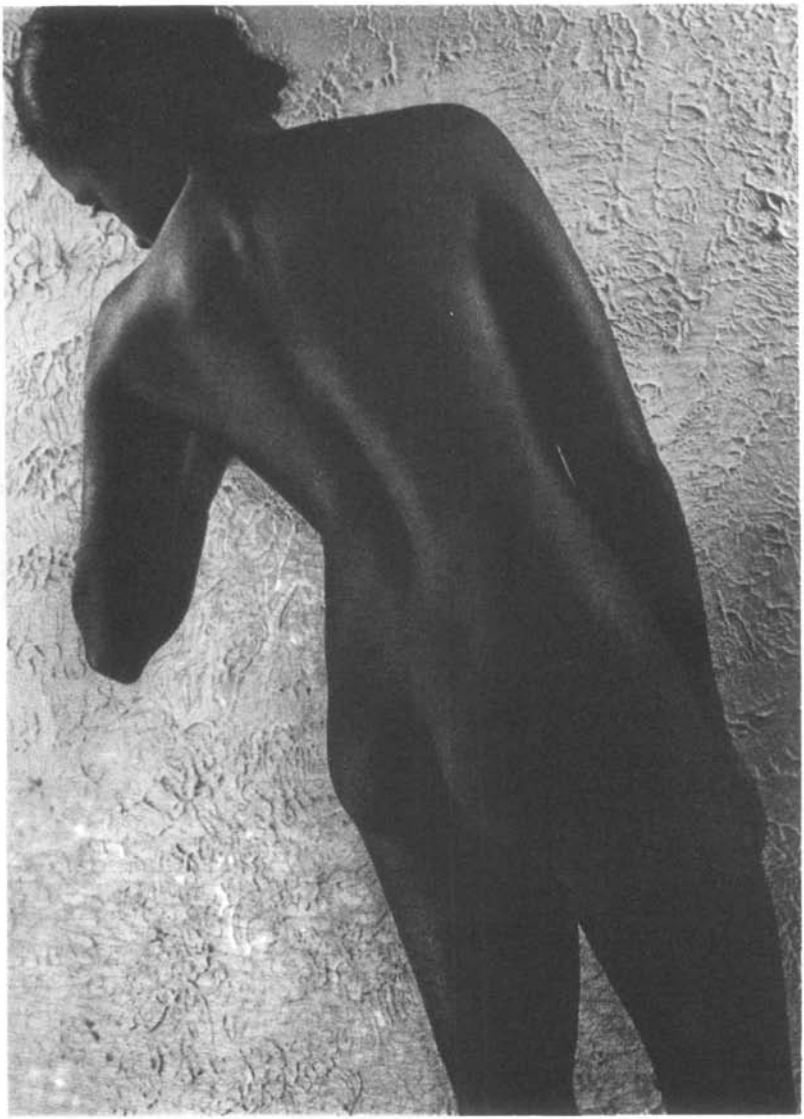

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

ALFRESCO

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R. B. INMAN CHICAGO

HILL OF DREAMS

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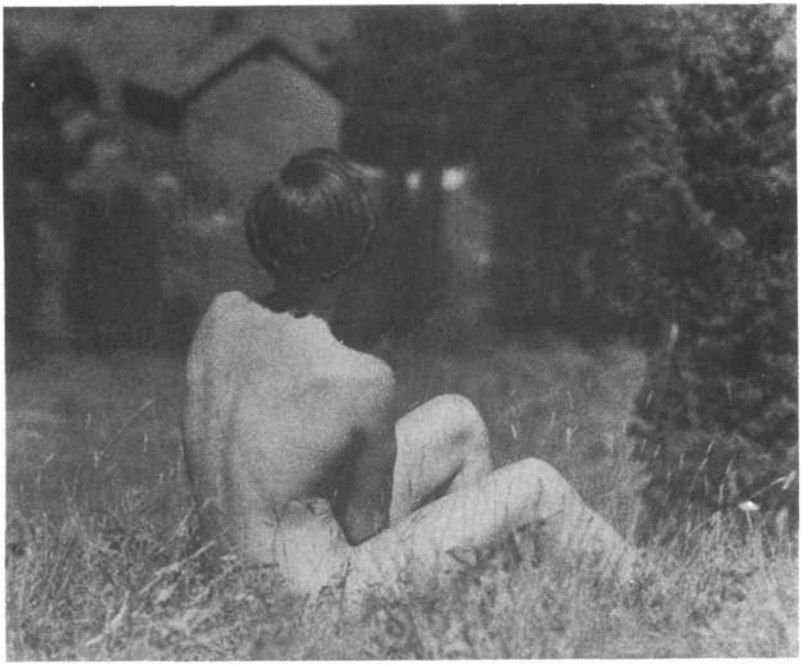

H. S. ULAN MT. VERNON, N. Y.

TRÄUMEREI

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WILLINGER

VIENNA

VIENNESE FAVORITE

CORONET

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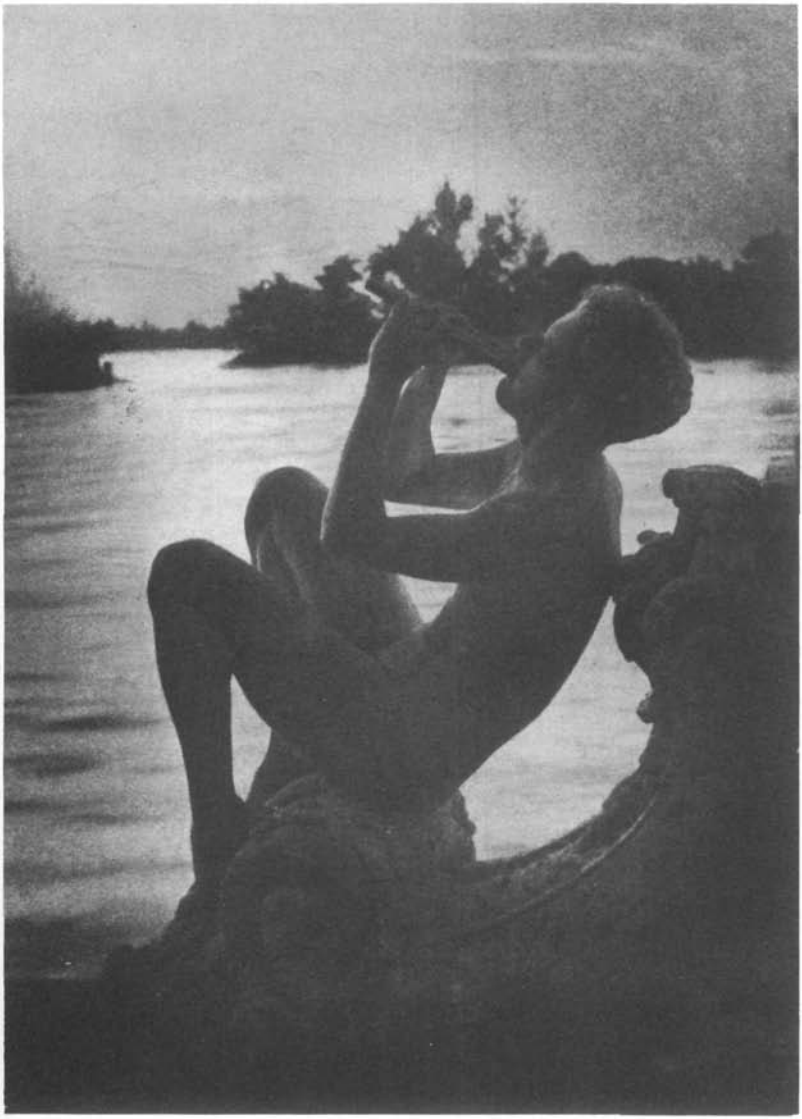

NELL DORR NEW YORK

PIPES OF PAN

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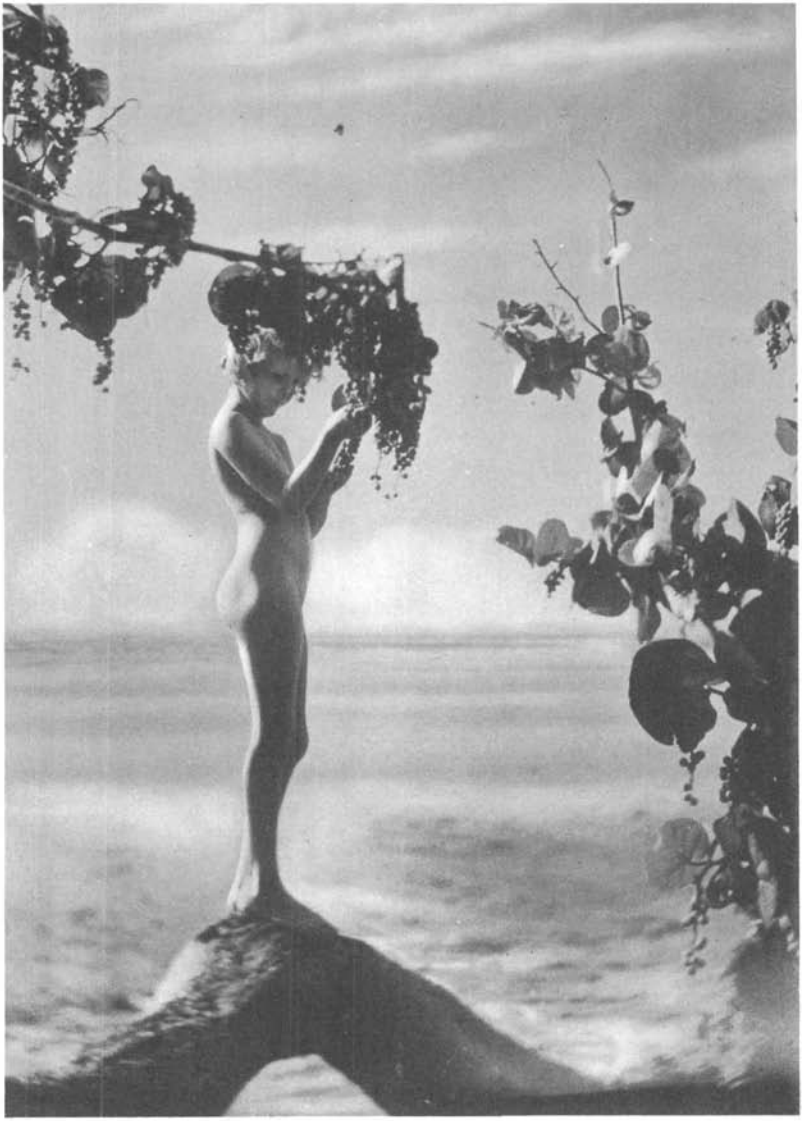

NELL DORR

NEW YORK

SEA GRAPES

CORONET

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NELL DORR NEW YORK

SOUTH WIND

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KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

PUBLIC OPINION

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

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ERGÉ, PARIS

FROM EUROPEAN

ARABIAN MOTHER

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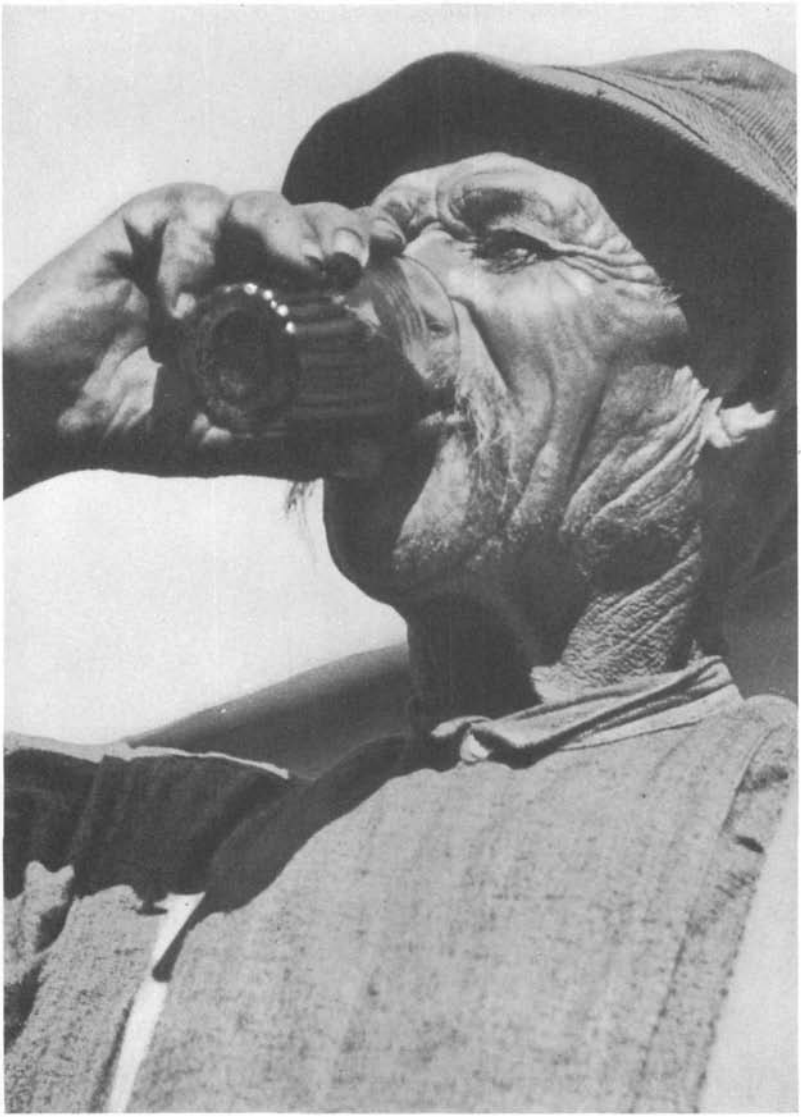

NORA DUMAS PARIS

VIN ORDINAIRE

MARCH, 1938

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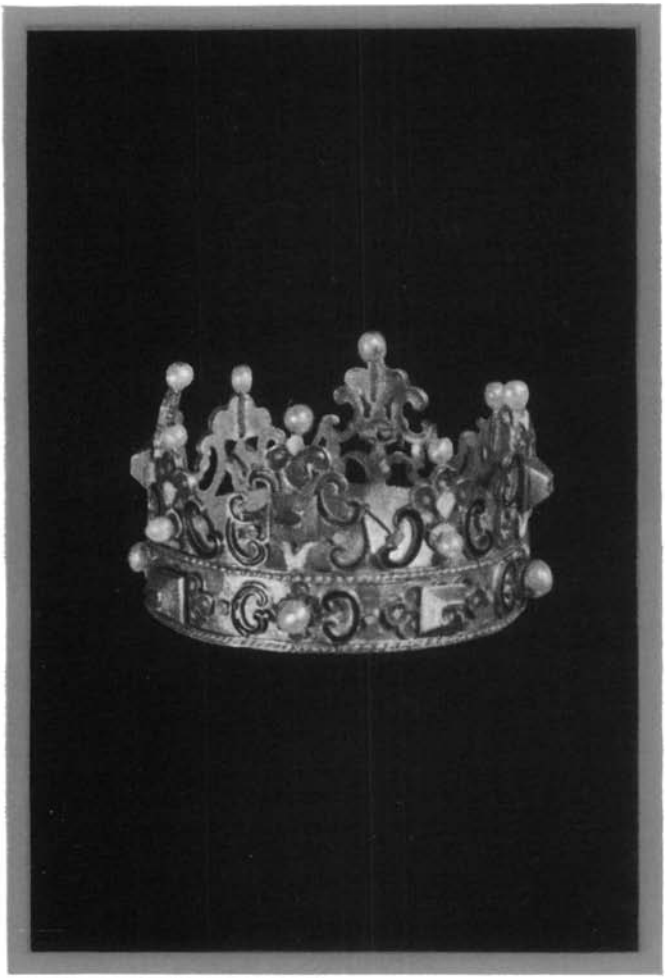

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

JEWELRY OF THE RENAISSANCE

The lavish splendor of the Renaissance perhaps found its most characteristic expression in its jewelry. Goldsmiths flattered the vanity of their lords with a will, producing such elaborate ornaments as this miniature gold coronet, set with emeralds, rubies and pearls.

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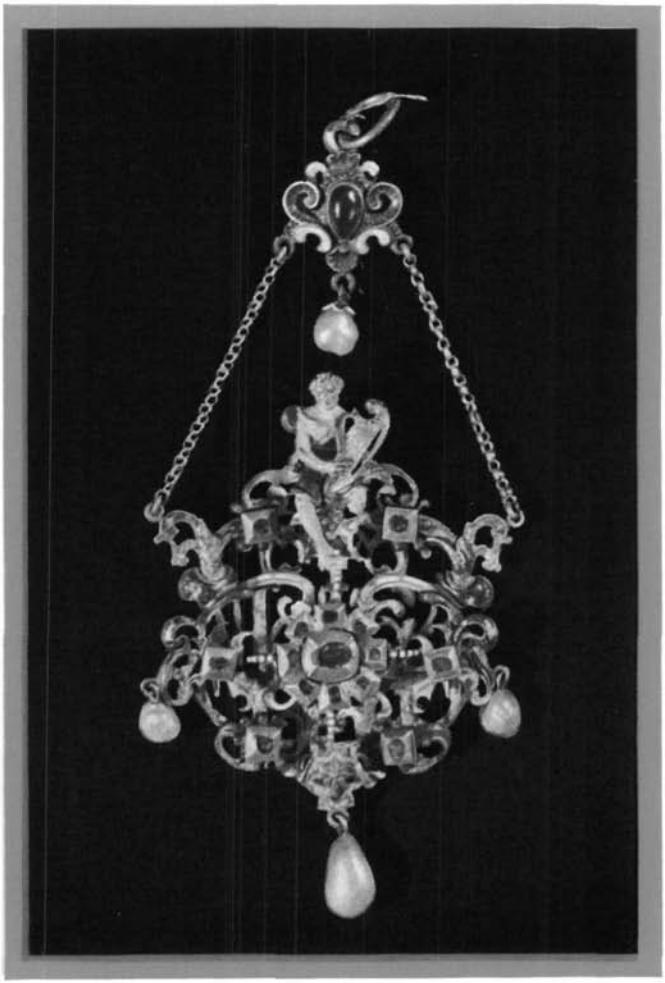

ENAMELED GOLD PENDANT

Activated by divergent motives though they were, patron and goldsmith made a smooth-working pair during the heyday of Renaissance jewelry. One was moved by a spirit of ostentation, the other by pride of craftsmanship. Each got what he wanted in abundant measure.

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PENDANT IN FORM OF A SHIP

No device of elaboration was spared whereby the goldsmith might enrich his tiny masterpieces. It is significant that, though they do not show, the backs of the precious stones with which these pieces are set are finished with the same exquisite care as are the fronts.

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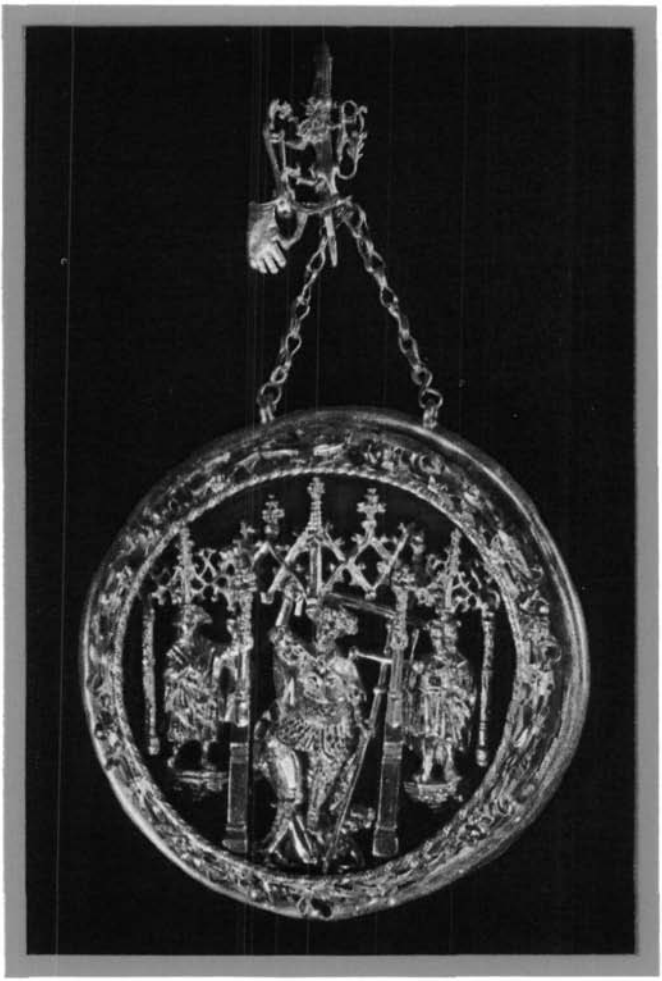

BADGE OF A GUILD

In his corporate identity as a member of a guild, the common man too availed himself of the goldsmith's craft. This is thought to be the badge of the barber surgeons of Brussels. The central figure, between SS. Cosmo and Damian, is St. Michael, the patron saint of Brussels.

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THE CANNING PENDANT

Composed of a baroque pearl mounted in enameled gold, set with precious stones, this pendant is supposed to have been sent by a grand duke of Tuscany to one of the Mogul emperors. It was purchased by Earl Canning, first viceroy of India, after the capture of Delhi.

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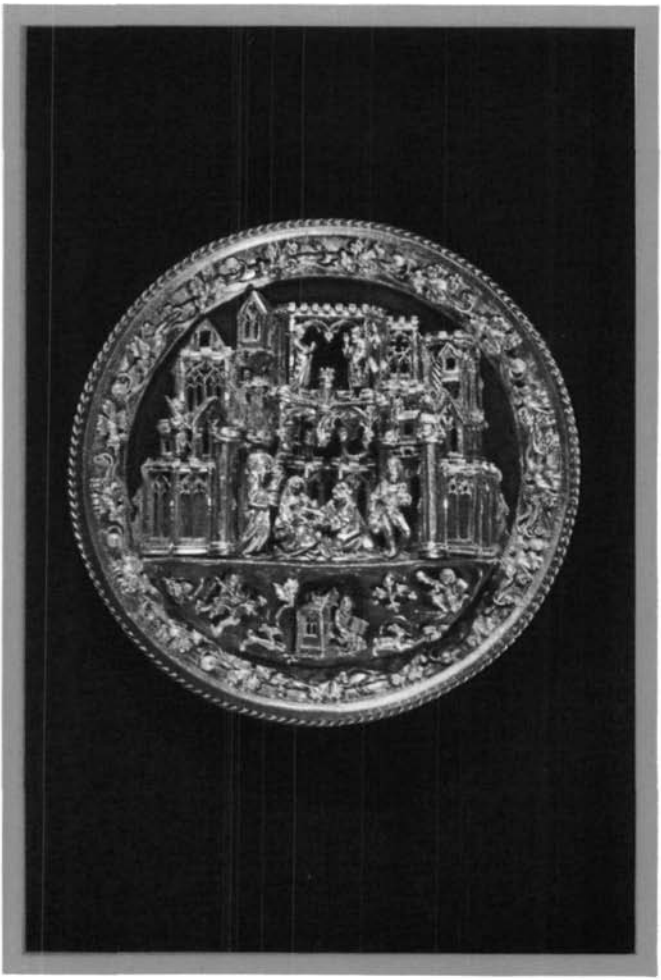

SILVER-GILT CLASP

This handsome morse, or clasp, is of silver which has been gilded and enriched with enamel and pearls. It is dated the second half of the 15th century and is thought to be either French or Flemish. The scene depicted in the upper section is the Adoration of the Magi.

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BADGE OF A GUILD OF ST. GEORGE

Another interesting example of the use of jewelry for a guild insignia is this badge of a guild of St. George. Definitely dated 1528, the country of its origin is not certain but is attributed to Hungary. It is silver-gilt, and is enriched with enamel, coral and malachite.

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

CASE FOR A BOOK

Formerly considered the work of Cellini, this miniature case for a book is now known to be of south German origin, dated at the end of the 16th century. Of gold with enameled ornaments, one leaf depicts the Creation of Eve and the other the Fountain of Youth.

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THE ABBÉ

IT WAS STRANGE THAT A PRIEST SHOULD BE ONE OF THE BEST SHOTS IN THE PROVINCE

THE Abbé Laurent is tall, lean and dark, and about fifty-five. His nose is not too aggressively beaked, his eyes are darker and more deeply set, his head longer and brow more domed than most Walloons. The result, perhaps, of the Spanish occupation.

The Abbé is political science professor at the Catholic College in Chimay.

Chimay is a quietly thriving town of 3500 in the Province of Hainaut in Belgium, fifteen kilometers north of the French frontier. It lies in the Ardennes foothills, near the Route de Mons, which leads northwest to Waterloo.

The country surrounding Chimay is covered in rolling bright green pastures, forests of black pine and oak. In the woods and forests, on the lac de Virelles that constitute the present domaine of the Prince de Chimay are partridge and woodcock, duck and deer, pheasant, wild geese; rabbits *and* rabbits and here and there, now and then, a boar.

The Abbé Laurent is one of the best shots in the region. Sunday afternoons he goes shooting with the sixteen-year old 19th Prince de Chimay, whose name is Jo. I had never before seen a priest holding a rifle and smoking cigarettes.

This evening the Abbé, who is the château's *archiviste*, came to call on the Princess. She asked him if he believed in the recent guarantee of the inviolability of Belgium signed by Germany.

The Abbé smiled into the great oak-log fire, slipped a silver case from the sash of his *soutane* and took a cigarette.

"It's a respite, of course," he said. "But only two months ago I was going home towards midnight when under a street lamp I saw a familiar face, a face with a short, pointed beard.

" 'I beg your pardon,' I said to the face, but aren't you the Kommandant von S . . . ?'

"The face jumped. The man said yes.

" 'The von S . . . who was head of the German secret police at Mons during the Occupation of Belgium?' I asked.

" 'Yes . . . and who are you?' he answered in perfect, absolutely perfect French.

"I took off my spectacles. 'I didn't

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wear glasses twenty years ago . . . Do you remember me now?' I asked.

" 'Of course,' he answered evenly. 'You are the Père Laurent.'

" 'And you,' I said to him, 'now you *foutez le camp!*' " Which simply means: Get out of here.

"The Germans," continued the Abbé, "are slow. It took von S . . . forty-eight hours to leave Chimay, but it only took me ten minutes to get Brussels on the telephone. Within two hours the police had arrived and started to work. Von S . . . had been making inquiries in the region as to how many horses and mules could be stabled and fed. Then, while he was out, the police found in his hotel-room a quantity of documents. They burned the papers and left. They didn't even question von S . . . He would have enough explanations to make, after his return to Germany."

The Abbé laughed at our gasps. The Princess stirred the ashes in the fireplace.

"It's a pretty gesture," he remarked, "stirring ashes. Of course there are different ways of stirring different kinds of ashes.

"I had noticed during the invasion and occupation, that Germans are so sentimental, have such a sense of duty. They always, officers and men, sent their pay back to their families. Which left little," he added, "to spend on women.

"I made a profound study of which officers ran most after women. Then I would know who could be bribed. I had to pay a thousand marks every time I wanted to cross the lines, or to help some poor devil get through that electrified wire boundary.

"Some officers had a higher price, of course. I had to pay 40,000 marks to the military tribunal to save my uncle from being shot. The chief trouble was being able to raise the forty thousand. But I did it.

"In Mons there was a staff-officer, von L . . . He liked women, he liked Burgundy, he liked cigars. He was a man to cultivate. I needed a few German passports at the time and had little money to buy them. So I took three bottles of good old Burgundy and a few cigars and went to call on von L . . . I knew that Burgundy would always come in handy if he wanted to entertain a girl.

"He was most appreciative, and insisted upon opening a bottle for ourselves. We sat in his study and smoked our cigars.

"He was called out of the room for a minute or two and I dropped my cigar-ash into his glass of wine, stirred it, stirred it.

"Von L . . . came back, finished his wine. He wasn't a very strong man and in two or three minutes he was dead drunk, flat on the floor under the table, unconscious.

"I helped myself to four new stamped and signed German passports and slipped them under the sash of my *soutane*. Here."

The Abbé tapped the small of his back and smiled contentedly

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"Then I called for help," he continued. "I sent for a doctor. Poor old von L . . . He was ill for a week.

"I went to see him every day, to see how he was getting on. It was only my duty," he added with a sly laugh, "as a priest."

The Abbé suddenly leaned forward, fripped his knees.

"About two years ago," he said, "I had to go to Switzerland for a cure. Liver. In the Berne railroad station I saw von L . . . Imagine, after all those years.

"We didn't have much time to talk We only had time to take a drink . . ."

The Abbé rose.

"That was a great game, during the Occupation," he said, "bribing German officers and officials. But the one point of the game was after bribing one, having somebody denounce him. Then he would be degraded, and at best, transferred to another locality.

"In that way we made the Germans imply frantic, what with changing *kommandants* and military tribunals and all. And we continually had fresh game.

"Yes, we would bribe them, then tell on them. You're shocked?" the Abbé noted with a laugh. "Yes, it was a *sale blague*, a dirty trick. So is war.

"I must go home now. I have a lot of work to do. I keep up a big correspondence, trying to get jobs for the boys in the college after they graduate.

"By the way, Princesse," he said, turning to the chatelaine of Chimay, "there will not be any shooting this week end, will there? Sunday is All Saints Day, and Monday is November the first, *le Jour des Morts*."

"I always confuse the *Jour des Morts*," I interposed, "with Armistice Day, which is November eleventh, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I shot *my* last German November the nineteenth, to be precise," he chuckled. "I didn't sign any armistice. Bon soir, Princesse. Bon soir, Mademoiselle."—SYLVIA LYON.

BOSS VS. SECRETARY

I've been surprised lately at the number of notoriously inaccessible business men who would just as soon be seen. I have especially in mind a famous banker, generally believed to be aloof from the public, who will gladly talk to almost any casual caller. It one must have the foresight to call when his secretary has stepped out of the office. This secretary has given his boss an undeserved reputation as a grouch, because of a desire to make his own job more formidable. The secretary evidently thinks to himself: "If the boss is going to see everybody that comes along, then he doesn't need any secretary. I'm important in proportion to the number of people I shoo away from him."

—FRED C. KELLY

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FLYING FISHES

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN A LAND PLANE LETS YOU DOWN WITH AN OMINOUS SPLASH

NEW tales of adventure are finding their way into the wardrooms of Uncle Sam's men-of-war. They are tales of pilots who fly over the ocean in landplanes as part of their regular duties. They have to do with pilots who have experienced that most sinking feeling of all—the feeling that comes with a sputtering engine in a landplane far out at sea.

On Friday the thirteenth, in April, 1934, an ensign in the Navy piloting a fighting plane, went down in the warm southern waters of the Pacific. As soon as the pilot realized he must "drop her in," he glanced around to see what possible means of rescue might be at hand. The nearest ship was on the horizon, 20 miles away.

His engine had stopped as he shifted the gasoline feed from an auxiliary tank to the main tank. There were still over 50 gallons of gasoline in the plane but the engine wasn't getting it. With mind and body fairly snapping with energy he tried every known method to bring back the spark of life to the engine, but it was "no go." A "water landing" was inevitable and the pilot headed into the wind. As he skimmed over the swell they looked mountainous indeed. H needed a strong wind to reduce hi landing speed but unfortunately ther was only a light breeze blowing "Well, I can't argue," he said to him self, "so here goes."

He rolled back the stabilizer grasped part of the fuselage with h left hand, held the stick firmly wit his right, shut off the ignition switc pushed his goggles up above his eye and gritted his teeth. Smash! H remembered hitting the water though crashing into the side of mountain. The pilot was knock out, and the plane came to rest on back. A few moments later he r gained consciousness and tried to c lect his stunned senses. "Don't infl your life jacket—don't," his mi said over and over again. "If you c you'll get stuck under there." H brain reacted just as though he w coming out of a steep dive: he s black, yet had feeling with his han as he fumbled for his safety belt, a unbuckled it. Pushing off from floor of the cockpit with his feet got out with his parachute s

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strapped to his back, for he had been too occupied to remove it. In the darkness and in his dazed condition he started for the surface in the wrong direction. His head struck something hard, and he could go no further. Luckily, the buoyancy of the parachute gave him the right "tip" as to the correct direction to the surface. His endurance was almost exhausted when he finally reached the air.

Everything "came clear" as he panted and relaxed alongside the end of a lower wing. The plane was sinking with the lower wing now a foot or so below the surface. One wheel and the auxiliary tank had been torn off and were sinking from sight. It was of paramount importance to keep the plane from sinking so that he could get the boat out of it. He must get back to the cockpit and pull the toggle which would inflate the two flotation bags. These bags cannot be inflated while in the air, for the force of the water on the initial impact would tear them off. Quickly taking off his heavy flight clothing, he dove back down into the cockpit, found the toggle, pulled it. A hissing and bubbling told him the bags were filling.

Back on the surface in need of rest, he planned to wait for the plane to rise with the flotation bags before attempting to unlash the rubber boat. But the plane did not rise. One bag popped off before it was fully blown up. The plane sank at once, and with a scramble the pilot just managed to reach the other bag before it got away. Of course he was in no danger of sinking now, but it was an overpoweringly gloomy feeling to see the silver-colored airplane glimmer down, down . . . and out of sight.

Troubles were just beginning, for the bag soon started to leak. The valve had torn out of it when it broke away from the wing and it looked as though the unfortunate man had crawled from the wreck all for nothing. In the meantime, however, others were highly interested in what was taking place and had watched the developments below with anxious eyes. A torpedo plane was now overhead, having been summoned by radio, and was circling lower and lower. One of the mechanics was taking off the cowling on the left side of the plane. He was trying to get out his rubber boat. This he finally succeeded in doing and dropped it uninflated.

Should he leave the sinking gas bag and try to swim to that rubber boat? "Well, this bag won't last long," mused the desperate pilot. He cast off and began a long swim. It seemed like a mile but he finally reached it and after a wrestle with it found the carbon dioxide bottles. The boat blew up nicely and now, to climb aboard . . . He found that he should have gotten into it before filling it. Each time he attempted to climb aboard, that side would go down and the boat would upset on top of him. Cautiously he tried the end, finally succeeding by this method. He had been in the water

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twenty-five minutes and now took a well earned rest, bobbing up and down like a cork on the big swells.

There was nothing in sight. Suddenly, from his low position on the water, he could see a destroyer speeding to his rescue. And before long . . . a shower, dry clothes, and a bite to eat.

Another navy pilot, H. V. Harshman, went down in these warm southern waters in the spring of 1931. Taking off one morning at 8:30 from one of the aircraft carriers he took part in a formation flight. It had been clear when the formation took off but during the first two hours of flying, clouds had formed and thickened gradually so that now it was necessary to fly through them occasionally. When flying through clouds it is necessary to follow closely the plane ahead in order to keep it in sight. When passing through one of the clouds the auxiliary tank supply of gasoline ran out with the result that the engine "cut out," and the pilot lost altitude. He became detached from the squadron. Under ordinary conditions he would have seen the gasoline pressure gauge flicker, the warning to change the control valve to the main tank, but being intent on keeping close to the other planes in the cloud, he did not notice this.

Upon shifting to the main tank, the motor picked up again and the pilot climbed up through the cloud in search of his squadron which was at an altitude of 7000 feet and still climbing when he dropped out of the formation. Arriving up through the clouds in the clear, he made a circle so that he could see in all directions, but saw nothing of the planes. Quickly spiraling down through the clouds into the clear below he again scanned the horizon with no better results. After these unsuccessful attempts at finding his squadron, he realized that he was lost. He reasoned the next thing for him to do was to make scouting circuits. His first circuit was a square in which he traveled five minutes north, five east, five south, and five west. He did not see anything on this circuit, so he decided to make it larger. The next one was a square with legs of ten minutes each.

In the meantime the weather was steadily getting thicker, which resulted in ever poorer visibility. It was necessary to drop down soon to 1000 feet altitude, and the range of visibility was not over two miles at best. The gasoline supply before long was so low that the pilot realized a landing in the water was imminent. It must be remembered that in those days radio equipment in planes was not as universal as it is today, and the pilot, having no set installed in his plane, was deprived of this aid. Deciding to land in the water while he still had power and thus avoid a "dead stick" landing he next headed into the wind, which was from the west, and, after flying some fifteen or twenty miles in a straight line he landed in the water. It was 11:15 o'clock. He knew he had been lost in the air. What he did not know was that he was going to be lo

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on the water for a long time somewhere south of Panama, and somewhere northwest of South America. The landing was a good one and did not damage the plane or injure the pilot. The flotation bags worked very well, both bags inflating to their full extent. He then selected, from his tool compartments, a rubber boat, a canteen, a Very Signal Pistol, nine Very Pistol cartridges, two red flags, a pair of pliers, and a piece of white line about twenty-five feet long. This equipment he laid on the top wing of the plane.

Half an hour later rain fell in torrents and continued to fall until after dark. Meanwhile a slight leak was detected in the left flotation bag so he inflated the rubber boat. At 6 p.m. the left flotation bag had completely deflated causing the left wing to sink and the right one to stick up out of the water.

Launching and boarding his boat he then transferred the equipment from the top of the wing into the boat and tied up to the tail of the plane. About 2 o'clock in the morning the right wing bag deflated. "I was warned by a kind of sighing noise the plane made," he said later, "that she was sinking, so I cast off."

During the night when it was clear enough for a few stars to make their appearance four red Very Pistol signals were fired in the hope that some passing ship might sight them. No lights or ships were seen the first night.

The next day, Wednesday, the sky was overcast and rain fell intermittently. The general drift was estimated to be in a northeasterly direction, and about two knots. Nothing was sighted all day. Then sharks began to bother him.

"I managed to keep them away from the boat by using my oar like a spear, and hitting them with it. They would come up under the boat, hit it with their tails, and spin me around several times when I did not see them coming and get a chance to hit them first. I also saw numerous spotted dolphin. These fish were most playful and seemed to take a delight in rubbing their sides against the bottom of my boat, in the same spirit, I think, that a horse rubs against a fence or tree. During the day I saw several schools of porpoises.

"Because it is so very quiet out there, they would "blow" and sound very loud. I also saw a couple of black fish, but none of them paid any attention to me except the sharks and dolphin. They were a constant source of trouble, because they insisted on striking my boat."

Catching rain water was important, and this the pilot was able to accomplish by spreading out his silk scarf with the pliers in the center to form a sort of funnel out of which the rain water drained into the metal cover. Only water obtained in this manner was used. The canteen water was kept in reserve.

On the third day the sun came out for about three hours and was very hot. It was necessary to pour ocean

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water on the rubber boat to keep it cool, for otherwise the rubber became so hot that it got soft and increased the danger of leaks. About noon a hissing sound disclosed a leak on the right-hand side of the forward air chamber. It was repaired with the rubber patching kit that is standard equipment for all aircraft rubber boats. A hand pump is also supplied with each boat. At this time both the hand pump and the patching kit justified their existence. The leak was caused by the rubber expanding due to the heat from the sun. It was soon discovered that when the sun hit this cement patch it began to melt and so the spot was kept covered with a wet signal flag.

In the meantime the Navy was frantically searching each day with planes and ships.

From the boat nothing was sighted. On Saturday evening, the fourth day adrift, hopes were raised by a near rescue. A ship which came fairly close at hand was sighted. It was a small coastwise steamer, headed in a southerly direction.

When finally it was at the point which seemed to be the closest, the last two Very Pistol stars were fired, but they were unnoticed. Later it was learned that the ship had a native seaman on watch that night who reported to the captain the next morning that he had seen "two falling stars," and thought it queer that they were red, both of them!

The next day, the steamer that was destined to pick him up was sighted about 12:15. It was the S. S. *Cerigo*, of the Hamburg-American Line. The captain and his first officer had just finished shooting the sun to get their noon position, which was Latitude 5 degrees, 21 minutes, north, and Longitude 77 degrees, 57 minutes, west. Harshman says, "I began rowing so as to place myself directly ahead of the ship. As it came closer, I waved my red flags, trying to attract attention. The captain of this boat stated later that he and his first mate had seen this flag, but took it to be a cormorant sitting on a log, flopping his wings. When I was certain they saw me, I took a good big drink of water from my canteen."

The ship put into Buenaventura, Colombia, where Harshman got in touch with the Navy and his wife through the American Consul.

An experience such as Harshman went through is less likely to happen in these present times, in view of the development in the art of weather prediction and also in view of the superior radio equipment now carried by airplanes.

But whenever a plane goes down it is a serious matter and every facility known to science is employed, if necessary, to effect a prompt recovery of the individuals in danger.

Man has not yet conquered the ocean from the air and the sea will provide thrilling tales of adventure for some time as man continues to fly landplanes over its boundless areas.

—LIEUTENANT C. ADAIR

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PERRY AND THE SAMURAI

HERE'S ONE TREATY THAT OUGHT TO STAND, IF ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS SO HARD TO MAKE

THE Yankee souvenir craze was America's first cultural gift to Japan. Appropriately enough it reached its first full flower there on April Fool's day. This was in 1854, just after Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry had written his signature beneath the involved markings that identified the Japanese High Commissioners, on the first treaty ever effected between a Western government and the Mikado's empire. The treaty had been completed with all the decorum the decorous Japanese had been able to put into an act which scrapped their foreign policy of two centuries' standing, with the trifling hitch that signatures, as we understand the term, were as unknown in Japan as pens and fluid ink. So the ideographs that identified the four commissioners were impersonally inscribed with a paint brush.

Next day A. L. Portman, Perry's Dutch-English interpreter, approached Commissioner Hayashi with a tremendous favor to ask. He wanted the gift of the brush that had affixed the august Japanese names to the Document. He explained that he wished to keep it as a family treasure, to be handed down to his children's children to the end of time.

The Japanese were puzzled, and a little suspicious. Why did the Americans want the brush? Portman's explanation was put aside as too infantile a lie even for international diplomacy to swallow. If it pleased this inexplicable stranger to burden his descendants with a cheap Japanese paint brush, he knew he could have plenty of unused ones for the asking. Clearly this was another Yankee trick—and both parties to the treaty had grown excessively wary of unobtrusive little favors whose strings became visible when it was too late. So Portman hovered around anxiously while the Commissioners ferreted out the diplomatic trap for which this fussy request might be the bait.

Finally Hayashi hit the solution. The paint brush was evidence! The Japanese could not sign their names like the American Lord, and how were the august Congressmen in Washington to know that the treaty was not just another of Perry's little ideas? Clearly, by letting their own

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eyes behold the brush that had inscribed the Commissioners' names! No skepticism could stand up against that monumental proof. With beams of relief the High Commissioners assured the delighted souvenir hunter they were honored by his request. The brush itself had been thrown out with the other rubbish when the treaty pavilion was cleaned after the ceremony, but a new brush was smeared with ink and given to Portman without disturbing his simple faith with the truth. Thus the incident ended, as usual throughout these Alice-in-Wonderland negotiations, with everybody happy over the wrong thing—the Japanese because they had established the authenticity of the treaty by their covert little substitution, which they had not; and Portman because he had achieved the Souvenir to End All Souvenir hunts on this expedition, which he had not also.

Perry's treaty would have been a sizable diplomatic feat between even the friendliest of nations, international relations being what they are. But it implies a diplomacy of Olympic omniscience when the conditions surrounding the treaty making are considered. These conditions can never occur on our planet again. No two ethnic entities can so shock, amaze, startle, confuse, embarrass, frighten and—if the truth is insisted upon—cause so much laughter as did the fire ships of our country and the seven castes of Japan, when they met in Uraga Bay in the summer of 1853. Both nations were seeing nightmares—things which could not happen. Outside a handful of nobles and military men, the Japanese in general had never even known there *was* an America.

The Americans were little better equipped to understand the Japanese. They had the Anglo-Saxon's amusement over any superstitions not their own, and were indifferent to the finely balanced social orders of Japan that arose through centuries of a carefully nurtured, esoteric civilization. But they were dumbfounded by a people whose every principle of living was the negation of their own knowledge of life. They were in a land where bread was unheard of—or butter, or milk, or cheese, or pies or beef, or knives or forks to eat them with, or chairs to sit on while they ate. No tobacco; only one liquor and that very scarce; people who wasted in elaborate tea-drinking rituals the energy that they might have consumed in getting drunk; where prostitutes were received in polite society, but adulterers were not; where married women strove to make themselves unattractive to all but their husbands. Japanese armament and military technique also were inept enough in the visitors' eyes to make them constantly suspicious that something menacing lay behind the archaic matchlocks and flimsy fortifications that confronted them. It was the only way they could account for the bravery

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and self confidence of their hosts, in the face of armaments so formidably superior as the Americans'.

In language the contracting nations were hopelessly separate. The first communications were made by translating Japanese into Dutch, Dutch into English, and back again. Religious indifferences bred a mutual contempt expressed more politely by the Japanese than by the visitors; the latter openly deriding their hosts for being Buddhists and Shintoists and the Japanese secretly discounting the Americans because they were neither. Perry and the Japanese Commissioners must have concealed a gift of diplomatic magic sorely needed today, when they bridged this fathomless misunderstanding with a treaty which has lasted for eighty years, between a country that wanted no treaties or intercourse with any strangers whatsoever and one that was further from Japanese comprehension than any other nation on the globe. Europe at least knew a caste system roughly comparable to Japan's, and historically had some points of contact. America had none of these —only the consummate nerve of a stranger who crashes a party so remote from his own social sphere that he is unaware of the grounds on which he is unwanted.

The immediate history behind this utterly unique meeting adds to the glory of the men who saw it through. An economist could claim that four commodities were responsible for Perry's appearance in Japanese waters in 1853—coal, tea, whale oil and Bibles. It would be hard to disprove this theory with the facts. The tea trade in 1850 was one of the absolutes of Christendom's intercourse with the Orient.

Steam power was coming into its own in all the Western seas, but lack of coal barred the steamers from India and China waters. Innumerable Yankee whalers were thronging the Western Pacific and occasionally coming to grief on the uncharted Japanese coasts. American missionaries were ubiquitous all over Asia except in forbidden Japan, and they clamored for Congress to come to the aid of the Lord and force the Japanese to admit His Servants.

These pressures combined into a demand that freedom of the seas in a very material sense be extended to all Asiatic waters. Dangerous coasts must be charted, coal beds located, and supply depots established all along the far Eastern seaboard as an indispensable first step. But extending down three-quarters of the Asia coast, and imposing an impenetrable barrier to safe navigation stood Japan, for two centuries refusing any intercourse with outside nations, leaving her shores unlighted, treacherous waters uncharted, mainlands impenetrable—her people hostile, unfathomable, scornfully uncommunicative, an everlasting menace because of the carefully woven veil of mystery that hung over their inexplicable

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civilization and forbidden waterways.

Various European governments had made persistent attempts to treat with this strange people for over a century. The Dutch trade that had still remained after the islands were closed in 1635 was tolerated to a degree—the degree being that one Dutch ship yearly would be received under guard, provided that her captain would open proceedings by a visit with sumptuous presents to the provincial governor before whom he must prostrate himself, knock his head against the floor and crawl out backwards.

It is a curious reflection in the light of after history, that if the Japanese and the Americans had been aware of the mutual weaknesses behind the flamboyant fronts that both put up in that exciting summer of 1853, there would have been a tolerably fair chance of ending the treaty-making with bloodshed in spite of everything, for one or the other would have tried to presume upon that knowledge. Of such is International Amity. The Shogun, however, was as dubious about Perry's intentions as Perry was ignorant of the Shogun's existence. Japan in those days had two rulers—the Mikado who was the nominal and spiritual head, and the Shogun who conducted the real business of governing.

When news came, through Dutch and Chinese sources, of the approach of Perry's fleet, there was no Japanese inkling of the visitors' objective, or where they would land, or what they would do when they landed. There were terrifying rumors of the gigantic size of the fair-skinned Americans, of their irresistible weapons, and their perfect order and equipment. (If Perry had only known this!) The Shogun could only strain his ears for rumors of the foreginers' approach, and use their coming for a much needed excuse to assemble the Empire's full military strength on the shores of Yeddo Bay, where he correctly assumed the visitors would head. All news of the impending visit was carefully hidden from the populace. Outwardly Japan had the ordered calm of its centuries, the evening of July 7, 1853, as the peasants and fishermen about Yeddo Bay went their traditional ways, contentedly unconscious of the political thunderbolt aiming itself at them from the blue horizons beyond Cape Idsu.

The shadows of that evening caught the Americans still outside Yeddo Bay, so the squadron was compelled to stand off and on at the entrance all night, the crews at general quarters, officers alert, their eyes asking tense questions of the darkness while they pondered the unknowable menace of the dawn. But the dawn answered no riddles, for it came wrapped in mist and the squadron was compelled to take its chances on the unknown inner shores, and shape its destinies on whatever developed.

The developments arrived without much strain of delay. Out of the murk, dim wavering shapes advanced— Ja-

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panese fishermen out for an early start. They were the vanguard of the far-famed American-Japanese accord, but they were not impressed with their historical importance. They caught sight of these fabulous, fire-breathing monsters bearing down on them through the fog and their interest in fishing vanished for the day. Some put back with all speed toward Yeddo; others scurried out of the course of the approaching ships and gaped astonishment and alarm evident in every move. Their alarm may be excused for their eyes beheld a burning ship, mammoth beyond their dreams, moving directly against the current with *sails furled*. They had never seen a steamship before.

As the morning grew brighter the weird native craft increased in number. When their crews caught sight of the American ships they ended their day's work and turned aside to marvel or went ashore to pray. The news spread inland, and soon wondering crowds lined the shores. On the shore and afloat the marveling Americans had plenty to keep their own eyes occupied, finding time even then to note that the Japanese did their rowing all wrong from the Western point of view, for they stood to their oars facing forward instead of sitting and rowing backward as a Christian should.

As the squadron passed the inner cape of Sagami, the mists suddenly lifted and the watchers on the warships beheld an unforgettable sight. They were in the center of a sparkling blue bay, covered with silver capped wavelets. Along the shore line arose serrated wooded hills, dotted with villages and the thatched white cottages of peasants. Ahead, the town of Uraga nestled in an inlet and in the far horizon behind it the Americans thrilled to the sight of mighty, whitecapped Fujiyama, brooding twelve thousand feet above their decks.

Half-way down the bay the hostile attitude of the Japanese government asserted itself. Back in the mountains a cloud of smoke arose; a shell soared skyward and exploded, spreading a signal cloud of black dust over the hills. Down the bay from Yeddo immediately appeared a swarm of small boats floating large banners with strange characters inscribed. They separated to let the fleet pass, then closed in behind. Long low fortifications on the headlands revealed themselves. They were alive with soldiers plainly preparing for action. Other defenses were more puzzling. They looked formidable at distance but close inspection showed them to be long stretches of muslin striped with black to give the appearance of forts. It was afterwards found that these flimsy defenses were erected to break the force of musket shots, should an attempt be made at landing. They might have been effective against the uncertain matchlocks of the Japanese but the American small arms could have torn them to pieces. The uneasy crews of the warships could not know this, and their uncanny appearance

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set the Yankee nerves more on edge.

Off Uraga the squadron drew into broadside formation and let go its anchors with a mighty crash that drew shouts of amazement and panic on shore. The *Plymouth*, maneuvering into position, let go a blast with its whistle. A small Japanese boat was alongside at the time and the startled crew dove overboard to a man.

The crash of anchors was echoed by a signal gun from the forts. Immediately a swarm of guard boats crowded with soldiers fantastically dressed closed in around the fleet. This was too much for the nerves of the Americans, and the Japanese were ordered by signs to stand off. They persisted however not only in approaching but in trying to board the warship. Just as a fight seemed inevitable a voice hailed the *Susquehanna*:

"I can speak Dutch."

The thunderstruck Americans permitted this boat to come alongside for an interview.

"Are you the Americans?" was the first question.

This was admitted. Whereupon the Japanese demanded to see the chief of the squadron. The Americans now put into effect the amazing diplomatic routine that Perry had devised in order to force the attention of the highest dignitaries. The American chieftain was none other than the great "Lord of the Forbidden Interior" the Japanese were told—a rank of such Alpine grandeur that no ordinary mortal could address him. There were, however, officials on board who might deign to recognize the governor of the province if he chanced to be around. But the law forbade the governor to go on board ship, was the somewhat enigmatic reply. It seemed to be a deadlock, since the only two beings of sufficient dignity to be on speaking terms were out of reach of one another's voices. After some circuitous haggling in Dutch and English it was agreed that a Japanese vice-governor might mix socially with a Yankee naval lieutenant.

Early next morning the flagship was boarded by Yezamain, governor of Uraga—who was supposed to be forbidden to board ships—clad in a heavy silk robe bordered in gold and silver. This was a step-up in rank of the negotiators, so Perry followed suit by sending two captains to receive him. The interview was the beginning of a three days' continuous sparring match over points grotesquely insignificant on the surface, but full of meaning to the Japanese and to Perry who quickly grasped their point of view. The main debate was over the proper place to deliver President Fillmore's letter. The Japanese insisted upon Nagasaki, because there they had always dealt with the Dutch. Perry refused stubbornly for the same reason. He would not be tricked into dealing with minor officials on the level of Dutch subservience.

Nevertheless the Japanese persisted. The Americans were importuned to be reasonable and take the letter to

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Nagasaki. The Japanese were importuned to be reasonable and receive it in Uraga. Where was this letter, Yezamain finally asked. He was shown the magnificent gold-and-rosewood box prepared in Washington with the President's message reposing therein. The sight silenced Yezamain. At last here were foreigners who seemed to know what was expected in corresponding with a Son of Heaven. Such people deserved respect, and Yezamain and all Japanese officialdom accorded it fully thenceforward. Another case of a seeming triviality turning the balance, because Perry understood the Japanese. Two of the highest princes of the Empire were detailed by the Shogun himself to receive the letter with grand ceremony at a special pavilion erected near Uraga for the purpose. And a week later Perry sailed for Macao that the Japanese might have a few months to consider the letter's contents, in the triumphant knowledge that for the first time in history an ambassador from the Western World had been received on terms of equality and respect by the Japanese High Court.

The winter of 1853-54 was full of tumult in Japan. Perry's landing had forced the Shogun's hand. The country seethed with excitement. The scholars openly championed the foreigners, and the common people were in a frenzy of terror at the thought of resisting them. The military caste began to desert the diehard cause, as they perceived that centuries of isolation had rendered their weapons worthless in case of attack by a modern enemy. The landowners and conservative nobles, however, continued to urge resistance.

The Shogun declared for a treaty, thus paving the way for a victory of the Liberals, the infiltration of modern ideas through world commerce, the restoration of the Mikado, the final overthrow of the thousand-year-old Shogunate, and a constitutional monarchy for the nation, all of which followed in rapid succession within two decades. Thus inexorable history prepared Perry's success for him when he returned to finish his negotiations amidst the snows and bitter gales of a Japanese February.

While the commoners fraternized and the rulers exchanged grave compliments and courtesies, shotted guns on the warships were trained on the throngs ashore, while armed Japanese guard boats patrolled the waterfront, and on the hills the pick of Japan's cavalry stood motionless with lances poised, ready to charge down and sweep the Americans into the sea in case anything went amiss.

The peoples of both nations intermingle now, while the guns of their guardian governments still remain watchfully trained on each other. This peace has lasted for eighty years. Probably if the people have their way, and can persuade the guns to keep silent, they will carry out literally those peaceful phrases with which the treaty opened. —Edward M. Barrows

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AT FIRST, of course, the temptation was to quote on this page some of the flattering comments with which art critics greeted the advent of VERVE, the international quarterly of the arts. After all, Esquire-Coronet is the father by adoption of VERVE, and resents praise as much as any parent.

We resolutely set aside the temptation, however, in favor of a more humanitarian purpose. It appears that the art critics need our help as much as we need theirs. Through their comments runs such a pathetic note that we hasten to bring consolation.

As one critic puts it, with admirable understatement, "The field of art publications is certainly not congested." They welcome VERVE in accents of "Where have you been all my life?" and mournfully wonder why it had to pioneer a trail of public art dissemination that should have been a superhighway by this time.

Why, in other words, should VERVE be all but unique as a publication devoted solely to the representation and evalutation of good art? Why, for that matter, should Coronet be unique, without qualification, as the only general magazine that treats art consistently and comprehensively?

The obvious answer is that the public is not interested in art. The *right* answer, however, now seems to be that "that's what the publishers thought"—just as the book publishers once thought the public was not interested in long novels, say about the length of *Gone With The Wind.*

We remind the critics that when publishers catch on, they catch on awfully fast, as any periodic scrutiny of newsstand offerings will amply testify. They can look for a follow-the-leader in magazine art presentation starting now. And, in this case, whoever they want to consider as the leader, they can certainly count us in on the cheering section.

In view of repeated requests for copies of the first issue of Coronet, although the regular edition has long since been exhausted, Esquire-Coronet has segregated from its reserve supply seventy-five copies of this issue to be offered to subscribers in a de luxe binding as a collector's item. These copies will be full leather bound in white vealskin with black vealskin inlay, 24-carat gold lettered and tooled. Each copy will be autographed by the publisher. They may be secured at their cost price of $2.50 each, and constitute the final copies of Volume 1, Number 1 that can be offered. Seventy-five de luxe copies of each of the following seven issues (December, 1936 to June, 1937) will also be made available at this price, bound in the same manner as the copies of the first issue but not autographed. Orders should be addressed to Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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CORONET

for

MARCH

1938

Continued from inside front cover

SIX "FEELER" SKETCHES BY ABRAHAM RATTNER 39-44

SEVEN ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PORTRAITS

The Doge . . . . . Bellini 59
Portrait of a Man . . . . . Franciabigio 60
Portrait of a Lady . . . . . Baldovinetti 61
Portrait of a Young Man . . . . . Lotto 62
Petrarch's Laura . Romanino 63
Portrait of a Youth . Botticelli 64
Portrait of a Youth . Vivarini 65

MODERN PAINTING:

Louisiana Town at Night . . . . . Aaron Bohrod 66

CARVED IVORY MANIKINS 99-106

RENAISSANCE JEWELRY 171-178

Aquatints by George Jo Mess 11, 75

Pen and Ink Drawings by Tony Palazzo 90, 91

PHOTOGRAPHS

COMPOSITION

On the Corso . . . Kunszt 107
Waterplay . . . . Brassaï 108
Firework . . . . . Brassaï 109
Snug Harbor . . . Brassaï 110
Roof Pattern . . . Brassaï 111
St. Mark's Pigeons . Zucca 112
Ringaround . . . Szöllösy 113
Micropolis . . . . Kletz 114
Macropolis . . . Wallace 115
Harbinger . . . . Brassaï 116
Genius Loci . . . . Deutch 117

SPORTS

Descent . . . . Wallace 118
Ascent . . . . . Wallace 119

STREET SCENES

Sidewalk Café . . . Lotar 120
Louvre Courtyard . Lotar 121
Magyar Village . Ramhab 122
Morning in Grinzing Wallace 123

ANIMALS

At Bay . . . . . Eke 124
Strange Company . Kornič 125
Panoply . . . . . Kornič 126
"Beautiful Savages" . Dorr 127

CHILDREN

Fountain of Youth . Tolnai 128
Sunbeams . . . Kocjančič 129
Discord . . . Denkstein 130
Three Abed . . Denkstein 131
Contentment . Denkstein 132
The Visitor . . Denkstein 133
Floraphile . . . Wallner 134
Jacks . . . Truskovszky 135

LANDSCAPES

Millstream, Bosnia . Zucca 136
Rampart, Bosnia . Zucca 137
Wild Yucca . . . . Obert 138
Forest of Fontainebleau . . . . . Brassaï 139

SEASONAL

Snow Anemone . . Steiner 140
Winterfast . . . . Gruber 141
White Wilderness . Gorny 142
Thaw Weather . . Kletz 143

MARINE

Awash . . . . . Sutton 144
Vortex . . . . . Hamilton 145
Moon Path . . . . Meys 146
Open Sea . . . Macaskill 147

PORTRAITS

All Passion Spent . Vadas 148
Winter Sunshine . Morvan 149
Bandana . . . . . Deutch 150
Turban . . Alliance Photos 151
Drapery—I . . Blumenfeld 152
Drapery—II . . Blumenfeld 153

STUDIES

Everglade . . . . . Dorr 154
The White Hood . Gittings 155
Fragrance of Spring Kletz 156
Puppet . . . . . Wallace 157
Dark Corolla . . Schlatter 158
Alfresco . . . . . Deutch 159
Hill of Dreams . . Inman 160
Träumerei . . . . . Ulan 161
Viennese Favorite . Willinger 162
Pipes of Pan . . . . Dorr 163
Sea Grapes . . . . . Dorr 164
South Wind . . . . . Dorr 165

HUMAN INTEREST

Public Opinion . . Kletz 166
Outside Looking In Deutch 167
Arabian Mother . . . Ergé 168
Vin Ordinaire . . . Dumas 169
Firstborn . . . . . Cěněk 170

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